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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PMH 72

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 29, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 18

WOMAN'S BEST CAREER

AMONG other things in this bridal issue we give you suggestions for what to wear at your marriage. What we cannot tell you is how your marriage will wear.

That is something that only the years will tell. It has been the subject of advice since time immemorial, but it remains always a problem which essentially can be solved only by the two people concerned.

Individuals may fall broadly into general categories, but they are all different. They all have their own special quirks and virtues and faults, which make it necessary for a couple to work at the job of getting along together for life.

Though both partners have a responsibility towards making a success of marriage, the bigger task falls to the woman.

Most wives must look forward to spending the greater part of their lives within the house. Their working day necessarily lacks the wider stimulation of the outside world.

Inevitably there are times when they feel that this is a dull existence.

Yet there is still no question that, of all careers for a woman, marriage is the most interesting and the most important.

She has no union hours, but she is, in many ways, "her own boss." She has within even the most modest home the scope to express herself as a personality.

As a mother, she is in a special sense the real head of the family. Only an unwise woman interprets this to mean that she gives the outside world the impression of being captain of the ship.

Nevertheless she is, or she can be, the centre around which family life revolves.

The whole meaning of marriage is family life. When the initial romance fades, as it inevitably must, that is what remains, and is worth while—indeed, the most worthwhile reality that human existence has to offer.

Our cover:

● The portrait of Princess Anne, who was four last month, was painted by Ludmilla Trapp, a European artist, who has become a highly successful portrait painter of children in Britain. It will probably be presented to the Queen Mother to hang beside the painting of Prince Charles which Mrs. Trapp painted two years ago. Mrs. Trapp, daughter of a Polish mother and a Greek father, came to England after the war from a Displaced Persons' camp in Danzig. The Queen Mother first saw her work at the Society of Women Artists, and commissioned a sketch of Prince Charles, which she gave to Queen Elizabeth. Later Mrs. Trapp painted the portrait in oils. Similarly, she first made a pencil study of Princess Anne.

This week:

● Never a week passes in a newspaper office without someone ringing up and asking, "Which arm does the bride take when she's walking down the aisle with her father?" or some similar question on wedding etiquette. As this is our bridal issue, Kay Melan has chosen these matters for the subject of her feature, "Here's Your Answer," on page 42.

● We decided to extend this bridal issue to cover the housekeeping problems of the newlyweds, too, so that its interest extends to those who have long since shaken the confetti out of their hair. On page 45 there's a kitchen chart which you will want to cut out and paste on cardboard, plywood, or pressed board, to hang in the kitchen. It is a good idea to use photographer's paste. This saves any risk of crinkling. Otherwise you can always make home paste by adding boiling water to plain flour. Finish the whole effect by giving the chart a coat of clear varnish.

Next week:

● Any girl, and we really mean any girl, can make the holiday dress we're showing you in our next issue. It's an American design, just about the simplest design conceivable. You could cut it out and run it up on the machine in an hour.

The pattern page next week is given over entirely to children's clothes.

● Florence J. Soman, author of our two-part serial "Love Is a Lonely Thing," which begins next week, is well known as a writer of romantic stories. This is her first novel, and it is a lively romantic drama. Incidentally, Florence Soman lives in a three-room apartment in the heart of New York, just big enough to hold herself, her lawyer husband, and her five squirrels!

Letters from our readers

ARE the authorities in Sydney doing anything to check the industrial "smog" which is settling over this fine city? As an annual visitor from the West, I was horrified this year at the density of the smoke and filth which spreads its pall over the city.

B. Beavers, Perth.

WHY don't tennis authorities sell seats for the Davis Cup Challenge Round at a price that the ordinary public can afford? The cheapest seats this year are £3/15/-, and not many people can attend each day.

B. Haversham, Newcastle, N.S.W.

MANY Australian teenagers would love Princess Alexandra to visit Australia. We could welcome her and follow her and her fashion styles as women follow Princess Margaret.

K.E.B., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

I AM an English migrant and have been in Australia for seven weeks. I cried out with indignation when I read that Mr. James de Holden Stone said in "Worth Reporting" that Englishmen who gave seats in buses to women would nowadays be regarded as eccentric. In England I have often been given seats in buses by men who usually are young or of the "old school tie" type.

Mr. Stone is using the cry of "equality of the sexes" to hide his own selfishness.

Beryl Lownes, East Hawthorn, Vic.

WHY don't they extend the inquiries of the World Meteorological Association, which is conducting an inquiry to see whether the bad European summer was caused by atomic or hydrogen bomb explosions, to Australia? Our seasonal conditions have altered strangely since the first atom bomb explosions.

Bill McGuire, Mosman, N.S.W.

WHAT is happening to Australia with the price of meat now so great that families have to cut down on this important food? My family is practically living on rissoles these days, and I have also had to institute a meatless day to balance my budget.

A. Craig, Hurstville, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Summer Night

Romantic story... with a
delightful surprise twist...

By FRANK BENNETT

At last, the day's work had been finished. Whistling merrily, Jim Graham stepped out of the teller's cage of the First National Bank and hurried to the cloak-room. He took his grey hat from the hook, rearranged the crease in the crown and set it at a cocky angle over his straight, black hair.

Just then Don Nichols, the assistant cashier, came in. "For a man who's been on his feet all day," he said, "you seem pretty cheerful."

"Another day, another day's pay," Jim returned, grinning.

"Hey!" Don faced about to stare at him. "Aren't you wearing your Sunday best?"

Jim nodded, and Don went on, "Stepping out tonight?"

"Me and my best girl," Jim answered.

"I've a date tonight," Don said, "maybe our paths will cross."

"Not if I can help it," Jim thought as he hurried out into the foyer.

For a moment, he stopped before the mirrored wall in the entranceway, adjusted his tie and shrugged his shoulders a little under the coat of his best grey suit.

He was a tall, lean young man with wide-set, startlingly blue eyes and a rather long nose that had picked up a slight hump during a school football match. He felt fine. He gave himself a wink, straightened his hat and stepped out on the crowded street.

It had been a delightful summer day. Neither too hot nor too cold. Just right; and the shadows of the tall buildings seemed as black as night in contrast with the bright blue of the cloudless sky. And tonight there would be a full moon. It would be a night filled with the magic of romance. A night for love.

Jim picked up the tune where he'd left it off in the cloak-room, and whistling gaily made his way through the crowd. People turned to look at him, some resentfully, as if no one had a right to feel so good about anything.

But he didn't mind their stares. The day was right for whistling, and inside him lay a warm happiness that could not be ignored. At the corner he boarded a crowded bus.

As it went slowly on its way he felt his eagerness to meet Mary growing. Mary was wonderful. She was the most wonderful girl in the world, and tonight would be their night for each other. A block before he came to Eastland Park, where he was to meet her, he crowded out of the bus and walked along an almost deserted side street to Floyd's Flower Shop.

Mary loved flowers. Any kind, just so long as they were flowers. And Floyd's Flower Shop was not as expensive as the more fashionable city shops.

He stood in front of the plate-glass window quite a while, frowning, trying to make up his mind. Mary deserved an orchid. But he really could not afford an orchid, and for the moment he felt depressed.

Then he saw some violets tucked away in a corner of the window and was reminded of her eyes. Suddenly the violets solved his problem. Smiling again, he stepped into the shop.

The girl behind the counter had brown hair and brown eyes. She was taller than Mary, but not half as lovely. She went to the window and came back with the cluster of violets in her long, slim fingers.

"They're the color of her eyes," Jim said, "She has beautiful eyes."

The girl looked rather startled at this.

"She'll want to wear them," he continued, smiling, "fix 'em up some way with a pin."

The girl went into a back room. Jim lit a cigarette and

stood leaning against a glass showcase, unconsciously rubbing the little hump on his long nose as he thought of Mary.

Again he glanced at the orchid in the window. It was a delicately beautiful thing, and he wondered if there ever would come a time when he could honestly afford to buy orchids for Mary. Perhaps there would come a time. You never knew.

The girl came back with the violets. Jim paid her and hurried outside. As he strode along towards the park, his pulse quickened. He felt as excited as a schoolboy. He wondered what Mary would be wearing tonight.

But it really didn't matter. She was lovely. She was sweet and winsome. She would look wonderful in anything she chose to wear.

He came to the park and, turning westward, saw the

To page 66

"I'm glad you didn't buy an orchid," Mary said, holding the violets against her cheek.



Third instalment of a five-part serial

FALSE FACE

By VERA CASPARY



Before you buy
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STARTLING developments follow for pretty art teacher NINA REDFIELD when she impulsively tells police the whereabouts of the wanted criminal BUSHIE NEAL.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY SHANNON and his men, reporters, and others insist that she must also know details about NICK BRAZZA, Bushie's associate, known to have been her sweetheart of schooldays. She is pestered by salesmen, by anonymous telephone calls, and by blackmail threats.

Attractive PHILIP EVERCLYDE, representing a committee pledged to fight vice, tries to safeguard her from danger of reprisals, but she is wary of him, resenting his attitude about Nick.

On the evening of a Halloween party given by her friend FLO ALLAN, Nina enters a car with a masked escort, thinking he has been sent by Flo.

She realises then that he is taking her in a wrong direction. NOW READ ON:

NONE of the guests at Flo Allan's Halloween party could decide what her decorations were supposed to represent, but all declared themselves enchanted.

At half-past nine Flo, who had been sampling the drink with each new arrival, remembered that she had promised Nina an escort. Conscience-stricken, she studied male figures under improvised costumes and the shapes of faces hidden by masks.

Her eye fell upon a scarecrow of solid proportions. He was not eligible, but he knew the neighborhood and was not yet too drunk to drive safely.

"Will you do me a favor? I hate bothering you, but you're always so gallant."

"So those bright eyes have pierced my disguise."

"I'd know you anywhere."

"What can I do for you, fair lady?"

"Will you drive over and fetch Nina Redfield?"

William Halstead Rubble hesitated. Although he was eager to have a talk with Nina, who had not yet given her formal consent to appear on the Alison Bright programme, he did not care for a second encounter with the police.

"Nina'll be so pleased. She admires you so much."

"Does she now?" Rubble twisted a straw which his wife had tucked into his collar to give realism to the scarecrow costume. "I'll be happy to fetch her for you. Delightful girl, Nina."

By the time he turned in at her driveway Rubble had prepared a speech for the guardian cop who was to see in Nina's escort the very devil of a Don Juan. At her door his hopes were dashed. Neither cop nor girl showed up. He rang several times, heard the telephone as well, but since no one answered either bell he turned back to his car. A whispering in the shrubbery halted

him. Something hit him in the face. He raised his hands to protect himself and a second missile struck. The impact was less painful than startling. For a heroic instant he saw blood on his hand, but, as he examined the flow in the light of his car lamps, recognised the red fluid as the juice of a tomato flung at him by Halloween imps.

At the same time Philip Everclyde, having hung up the telephone, decided that he did not care where or with whom Nina was spending the evening. Several times that day, while he discussed bankruptcy with one client and capital gains with another, he had resolved to forget the wayward creature. And all the evening, by attempting to bury himself in the business of Everclyde, Leslie, Bernstein and Everclyde, he had tried to bar from his mind the excitement that rose at the contemplation of her voice, her flesh, her flaws, and her grace.

The ache aroused by frustration was not soothed by the knowledge that he had advised her not to answer the telephone. It pleased him to think that she had respected his advice, yet he was all the more irritated because his own good sense had thwarted him.

After pacing the room for a time he thrust aside his briefs and wrote a letter. The phrasing was a lawyer's, dry and formal. He tore it up and wrote

another. Too revealing. The third struck a balance between authority and friendliness. He marked it Special Delivery and went out to mail it.

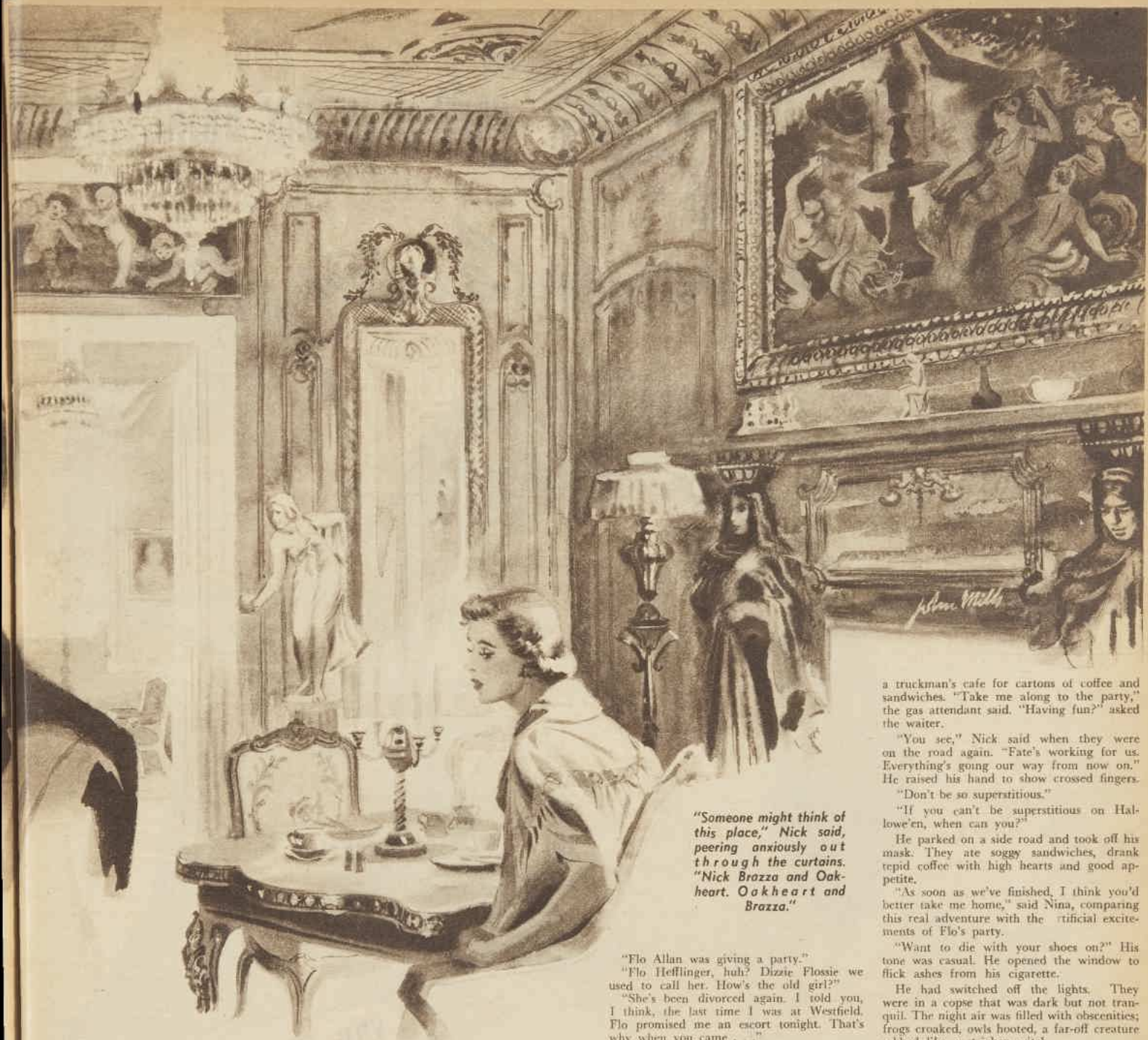
At this precise moment, nine-fifty-three by the dash-board clock, Nina was being carried off by a masked angel who drove at sixty miles an hour. This was just enough over the speed limit to be tolerated by highway police.

"What's this? A trick? Where are you taking me?"

He drove on. The clumsy fabric of the domino concealed the shape of his body, the hood and mask his face. The mask's absurdity, an angel's countenance assumed for a night of demons' revels, added the surrealist touch of nightmare. As in a dream she accepted the horrifying comedy.

A little later she roused herself to protest. "Please why are we going this way? Flo will be furious if I don't turn up soon."

The angel's mask showed no expression and there was no answering twist of the neck, no change of tension in the body. Nina was more than ever helpless, but in helplessness she recognised the sense of yielding. Her glance had fallen upon the ungloved hands. They were lean, brown, and held as in a caress on the white synthetic of the wheel. She was all quiver and



"Someone might think of this place," Nick said, peering anxiously out through the curtains. "Nick Brozza and Oakheart. Oakheart and Brozza."

tremor; every cell, every vein and nerve, every hair throbbed separately.

Wood and grove rushed past, green, false, and lovely as theatre scenery in the headlights' electric glare. On the road at intervals they passed the denizens of the night, a biped leopard, two demons, a gipsy, and upon a pole gibbeted a Jack O'Lantern.

"Who are you?"
"Don't get scared, I'm doing this to protect you."

"Nick!"

"Hi, Nina."

"But you're supposed to be at Westfield."

"I was this morning. I got out at eight."

"Free?"

"I am now."

"Did they let you out? I thought you were to be released after New Year's day."

He drew a deep breath. They had not treated him badly at Westfield, but there was not a rose in the warden's garden that smelled as sweet as the distant fragrance of skunk on the open highway.

"According to the records I'm still there. They got three carbon copies on yellow paper to show I'm in the infirmary and four copies on blue to prove I'm in Building 12, Section D-41."

"Oh, Nick, why did you do it?"

"I happened to feel like it." This was the Nick she knew, audacious and, she was certain, winking behind the mask. "There was a truck full of brooms and brushes labelled Westfield Industries. That's the name they use so people won't squawk at scrubbing floors with brushes made in prison. I rode out in it."

"Does anyone know?"

"A few people. My connections. Don't worry about that angle. There's people in Westfield who'll think they saw me on the grounds tomorrow. They won't be sure, they'll only think it. And by the time their thinking's investigated we won't have to worry."

The night slid by. A sign cautioned: Danger. The road curved and dipped. With Philip Everclyde she had hunched in a corner, nerves taut, foot pressed against a non-existent brake. Now as in a dream she lay back against the leather, relaxed, her body swaying with the car.

"Why are you dressed up like that?" His hand fell from the wheel to touch with insert lightness the fabric of her costume. "Going out to celebrate Halloween?"

"Flo Allan was giving a party."

"Flo Hefflinger, huh? Dizzie Flossie we used to call her. How's the old girl?"

"She's been divorced again. I told you, I think, the last time I was at Westfield. Flo promised me an escort tonight. That's why when you came . . ."

Robust laughter cut her off. "It's a sign. We're in luck. Everything's changed. I've had a sign. Oh, Nina!"

His merriment confused her. She pulled her satin skirt from his touch. "What sign? What do you mean?"

"You came with me, no arguments. I thought I'd have to waste a couple of hours convincing you. But you had on a costume, too, and walked into the car. It was like a miracle."

"A coincidence of Halloween. Thousands of people are masked tonight."

"You suppose I didn't think of that? Why I didn't come before, the minute I heard you were in danger? I was tempted, then I thought of it. Halloween, the one night in the year a man can go out in public in a costume and mask. How do you like my get-up? It's from a show we gave, an opera, Robin Hood."

"Oh, it's the friar's robe. I thought it was a domino. But the mask, Nick. That's crazy. It's an angel's face."

"Yeah. Me an angel!" He waited for her laughter to join his. "They're for the Christmas pageant, the only kind of masks allowed in Westfield. Angels and Santy Claus."

The car stopped under a light at a gas station. The angel in friar's habit joked with the attendant, just as boldly ventured into

a truckman's cafe for cartons of coffee and sandwiches. "Take me along to the party," the gas attendant said. "Having fun?" asked the waiter.

"You see," Nick said when they were on the road again. "Fate's working for us. Everything's going our way from now on." He raised his hand to show crossed fingers.

"Don't be so superstitious."

"If you can't be superstitious on Halloween, when can you?"

He parked on a side road and took off his mask. They ate soggy sandwiches, drank tepid coffee with high hearts and good appetite.

"As soon as we've finished, I think you'd better take me home," said Nina, comparing this real adventure with the artificial excitements of Flo's party.

"Want to die with your shoes on?" His tone was casual. He opened the window to flick ashes from his cigarette.

He had switched off the lights. They were in a copse that was dark but not tranquil. The night air was filled with obscenities; frogs croaked, owls hooted, a far-off creature sobbed like a stricken witch.

"Trying to scare me? How like you, Nick. But I'm not afraid. It's very amusing, but silly, I think." She wanted amusement to be his purpose, although she she could not make herself believe he had broken out of gaol for a Halloween prank.

"Maybe it was. Silly." He tossed away the half-smoked cigarette. "I tried to think of something better, but I couldn't wait any longer if I wanted to save you."

"From what?"

Nick's hand closed over hers. His palm and fingers burned dryly.

"I wouldn't scare you without a good reason. A day's coming, and I don't think it's far away, when a certain party's going to look at another party and say, 'Now's the time,' and you'll walk out of your door to pick a flower or get your car out of the garage and there'll be a gun looking at you. The gun might go off just once and it might go off a couple more times, but the second and third shots will be only a precaution. Because that gun will be aimed by someone who knows how to shoot."

"But why? Why should I be in danger?"

"Squallors are safer dead."

The word offended Nina. She spoke as of

To page 10

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LIP SURFACE

Amusing short short story
complete on this page

By E. R. CATHCART

It was Monday morning. I surveyed my week-end's growth of beard while I held in my hands the means whereby I could make my face so-o-o smooth. As smooth and soft, in fact, as a baby's face.

Suddenly it hit me—no, not the baby's face, but an idea! It came to me in a flash! I should grow a moustache!

Why hadn't it struck me before? It was practically there. A whole week-end's start, my moustache had. Why, by the end of the week it would be an established fact and so much a part of me that no one would remember me without a moustache.

Lathering my face feverishly, I shaved. But I shaved carefully, mind you; cheeks, chin, lower lip—but my upper lip? Oh, no.

There! My hirsute appendage stood out like the Rock of Gibraltar!

I said nothing to the "little woman" of the house until I was seated at the breakfast table.

Then I grinned at her. I positively leered at her. I pushed my face to within six inches of hers and waited for the words I wanted to hear. She opened her lips to speak. With bated breath I hung on every word. "Darling," she said.

"Yes, my dear," came my whispered reply.

"Move your silly head and let me feed the baby."

Oh, cruel world! Can it be that my most prized possession and most recent acquisition must go unnoticed? Hot tears of mortification sprang to my eyes as I started for the bathroom to check that my razor had not slipped.

A face wrought with pain appeared before my weeping eyes as I gazed in the mirror. Using the baby's towel, I wiped the film from before my eyes. Yes. It was still there, although maybe—yes—perhaps not quite as noticeable as I had thought previously.

I sighed resignedly as I thought again of the pain my wife had caused me, but, bracing my shoulders, I marched with set jaw to the table once more, determined that I should not be again hurt in a similar manner.

My wife, bless her, was so pre-occupied with the baby, coaxing a sticky mess she called porridge into the infant's loudly protesting mouth, that she hadn't even noticed that I had left the table.

Gulping down the remains of my breakfast, I said airily: "Well, dear, must be off to catch my tram."

The little woman said, "Good-bye, darling, open its-bitsy mouth—don't be late home—oops 'oo naughty boy, 'oo's dithering—did you get your lunch off the kitchen table?—oh, you messy little thing . . ."

I kissed her lightly on the cheek and beat a hasty retreat.

Halfway down the path she called to me: "Terry!"

"Yes, dear."

"Did you shave this morning?"

Bless her, she'd only been teasing me and pretending not to notice.

"Yes, dear, why?"

"Then why can't you put your shaving gear away when you finish?"

I clenched my teeth, set my hat more firmly on my head, and stamped

out through the open gateway without deigning to reply.

Standing outside my front gate, I gazed upon a brilliant sky flecked with wisps of cotton-wool clouds chasing each other like playful imps.

With tender care I stroked my upper lip, reflected on the beauty of the day, and checked my wrist-watch to find that I had eight minutes to catch my tram and only a two-minute walk to the stop.

The thought occurred to me that I might pass the time of day with such of my neighbors who were abroad at this early hour. The only person about in the street was Mrs. Brimblecombe, from the house opposite.

Mrs. Brimblecombe was a soured, angular woman of uncertain years and the owner of a sharp, biting tongue. It just shows my exuberant state of mind in that I waited while Mrs. Brimblecombe crossed the road and knew no feeling of the fear and trepidation I usually experience when in her company.

Breathily I said to her, "Morning, Mrs. Brimblecombe."

"What right have you to make such an observation, young man?"

The old battleaxe was surely showing form this morning.

"Well . . . I . . . well . . . was just passing the time of day."

"In other words, you were just wasting time. You made some stupid observation, absolutely meaningless, but said purely because convention demands that you be polite to persons you meet in the street, and then when queried on that observation you insult the person you meet by indicating that you had no desire in the world to speak, but used the opportunity to waste time—now don't interrupt! You distinctly said you were merely 'passing the time of day'—because you happen to have disorganised your humdrum existence by being outside your home a few minutes earlier than usual.

"To add to that, you stand blocking my way, completely without conversation, playing with a few miserable hairs on your upper lip, in a vain attempt to prevent me visiting your charming little wife."

In one swift movement I hung my hand down from my face and leapt to one side, out of Mrs. Brimblecombe's way, tripping as I did so, almost falling flat on my face in the gutter.

Mrs. Brimblecombe gave her famous sniff of derision. You know the type of thing—reminds you always of someone blowing out the candles on a birthday cake—and said, "Your attempt at humor is even more asinine than your speech, young man, and I advise you to complete your toilet tomorrow before your appearance becomes more commensurate with your actions." At which she stepped past me, head high in the air, opened the gate, and sailed up the path.

Whew! What a battleaxe! No wonder her husband accepted with open arms the opportunity offered to expire during the influenza epidemic.

One thing, though. Even though she was not complimentary, she noticed my moustache. It must be becoming increasingly obvious. This thought was ever with me as I walked



around the corner to my tram stop. I had not long to wait for my tram to come along. I settled myself in this uncomfortable monstrosity, facing forward, because of my phobia of seeing where I've been, and held myself in readiness for the jolt which indicates the beginnings of a journey of torture.

George Boothby, my friend of long standing, came puffing up at this moment and flung himself into the seat beside me just as the driver released the brakes. The tram shot forward, causing my hand to flatten over my face (I had been stroking my moustache). When the gravity force had lessened I peeled my hand off my face and heard a gasp of horror from beside me. George said in a shocked voice, "No, Terry, no—please."

I replied coldly, "I do not understand your remarks, George." Knowing full well, with the acute consciousness of one who has recently acquired something of which he may be justly proud, that he referred to my shiver of hair.

George said, "Terry—look; I like you; we've been friends for a long time. But look, old man, if you value our friendship at all, do me a favor, will you? Have a good shave tomorrow morning."

At which I made some ineffectual remark about a man distinguishing himself from his fellows, then changed the subject, feeling quite hurt and more than a little dejected.

Man normally permits day to follow day with a sameness that becomes increasingly boring and more than a little monotonous, until eventually, in an endeavor to raise himself to a higher plane, he attempts to alter his make-up both mentally and physically.

So it was with me.

For this reason was I growing my moustache. My moustache, to me, was symbolic of my feelings on this Monday morn. Why should I remain as I had been for years? Why shouldn't I be different if I want to?

Reflection on this day at the office and of the mental cruelty I suffered at the hands of my fellow workers is painful to the extreme.

"Hiya, Errol Flynn."

"Mo-mo, the dog-faced boy!"

"Anybody seen Hairy Tairy?"

"Want me, Terry? I'll be with you in 'half a mo', ha-ha-ha."

These remarks and more I put up with during the day, until at five o'clock I emerged from the day's taunts beaten and sore, with one thought uppermost in my mind—"I have experienced the hades of notoriety, let me sink back into the haven of obscurity."

The way home seemed long and unending until I remembered with relief that my wife had not noticed

"Terry," my wife said, as I took the baby in my arms, "I've been thinking about you all day, darling."

my beginnings of a moustache this morning. Strange, isn't it? This morning I was so hurt and upset because my partner in life had ignored my changing appearance, but now I was glad.

I would remove this appendage which obviously offended my fellows' finer feelings and present a smooth face on the morrow to the students of physiognomy.

Knowing that my wife would be in the kitchen carrying out this eternal business of baby-feeding, I let myself in the front door quietly and crept stealthily to the bathroom.

With a quick lather and a few swift strokes with the cruel, sharp razor I became as I have always been. Clean-shaven. Ah! What a relief. Now I can face the world without fear of searing, hurtful remarks from my fellows—or Mrs. Brimblecombe.

Light-hearted now, I entered the kitchen with springing step and kissed my wife full on the lips. Turning around, I picked up the baby and began cooing and making all those meaningless noises which parents make in an attempt to indicate to the baby that they think he's wonderful.

"Terry," said my wife, "Yes, darling," I said, still playing with the baby.

"I've been thinking about you all day," she said.

"Gee! That's nice of you, dear," feeling that it was really wonderful to have someone who was having kindly thoughts of me while I was undergoing a period of adversity, "I hope they were nice thoughts."

"Oh, yes. I was thinking how distinguished you would look if you grew a moustache . . ."

(Copyright)

A dog, who was
friendly, and his
lovely mistress,
who wasn't, made
life very hectic
for poor Norman.

Princess Gigi

By ISABELLA TAVES



HE had hesitated before bringing his old Navy binoculars to the office. It seemed such a childish trick. But for three months now he had been peering from his office window in Piccadilly, watching the girl walking with her dog in the park.

They were a spectacular pair. Little boys stopped playing by the water and stared when they went by. And Norman had noticed that an increasing number of wolves—human species—had begun to gather on the benches in the park to eat their lunches out of paper bags and whistle while they ate.

The dog was a big, golden Afghan, with long hair that streamed out behind him, and the girl was a tall, golden blonde whose long legs ate up space.

They were both aristocrats. They both kept their chins in the air and moved like trained dancers, but they differed vastly in one respect; the dog had a sense of humor and a love for fellow creatures, be they mongrel puppies or little boys with model boats. The girl was unapproachable. She turned deaf ears to whistles, whether they came from boys or wolves.

When the dog darted off to rub noses with a canine friend, she jerked him back. She was as cold as ice, and beautiful.

And she was a challenge, especially to a competitive spirit like Norman Carr. She made him bring his binoculars to get a better look, and, of course, he had to be standing there with the binoculars when Faith Furness, the head of his department, walked into his office.

"Spotting enemy planes?" she asked pleasantly.

The time to be careful of Faith was when her smile was open-faced and her voice rough and friendly like a little boy's. She fooled a lot of people into thinking she was a Nice Little Thing. But not Norman. No Nice Little Thing could have got where she had—head of the department at twenty-five.

He had met her when he was working for another advertising agency and they had clashed head-on in a battle to the death over a perfume account. She had used underhand methods but Norman, who was certainly no Nice Little Thing himself, knew how to go deeper underground.

When he won, she had invited him to lunch and fed him lavishly on her firm's expense account.

"We'd make a good team, you and I," she said, "and I could get you into our place. There's a vacancy for somebody like you. But you wouldn't like it, would you? Working under me, I mean. Men are supposed to hate being ordered about by women, and I'm head of our department."

She had smiled at him disarmingly,

indicating that should she ever have to order him about she would do so discreetly, with velvet gloves.

"No," she had said sadly. "You wouldn't like it. You've got too much ego."

Norman had said: "Listen, my dear. How do you know you could stand me? I'm unscrupulous enough to walk off with all your accounts and start my own agency."

She said she'd take the chance. So he had moved into the shocking-pink fleet of offices and took pleasure in teasing her little-girl assistants.

In a funny way, the combination worked. They were so busy trying to beat each other that business boomed and they both got rises, although in the booming Norman's social life suffered. It was probably a proof of his monastic life that he had taken to peering out of the window at a girl taking her dog for a walk.

Faith took the binoculars out of his hands. She stood looking at the park for a minute. Then she drifted over to his desk and put the binoculars down as though they were infectious.

"If I were as interested in a man as that I wouldn't waste time worshipping him from up here. I'd go down and pick him up!"

Norman felt the back of his neck getting hot. He hated anybody to catch him at a disadvantage, especially Faith. While he was still fumbling for an answer her smile grew broader.

"Of course, it probably would be a mistake. She looks like quite a cold cup of tea. You'd feel foolish if you couldn't pick her up, and then you'd probably take your wounded feelings out on me, wouldn't you?"

The hotness round his neck progressed to his ears.

"Faith, let me tell you something. You talk too much."

Her laugh was light. "Why not? It's the privilege of the boss, isn't it?"

The door shut softly behind her. Norman let out his breath. He went to the window. The golden girl was sitting on a bench. The dog was beside her.

Norman grabbed his hat. "Back after lunch," he told the switchboard girl.

The blonde was still on the bench. Norman stood behind her. Close up, the back of her neck was even more entrancing than from a distance—through binoculars.

He said: "That's a beautiful dog."

The dog turned. The girl didn't, although the breeze blew a strand of golden hair towards him.

He cleared his throat. "You're a beautiful girl, too. And I'm not such a bad sort of chap. I'm a bachelor. I have a good job. I have a two-roomed flat off Sloane Square—quite well fur-

ished, with a friendly porter. I believe they even allow dogs."

She stood up. "Come along, Silky!" She was obviously addressing the dog, not Norman. Norman watched her walk away. The dog looked back once or twice, but not the girl.

When he got back to the office the switchboard girl was out to lunch, and Faith's pretty little assistants were in the cloakroom, making up their faces. The office was very quiet. He found Faith sitting at her desk, eating a sandwich and reading a magazine. She seemed glad to see him.

"Didn't get on very well, did you?"

She looked like a pretty schoolgirl, with her dark hair crisp as pencil shavings and a blob of salad cream on her chin. Norman knew better.

"I know her dog's name."

Faith yawned. The salad cream began to drive Norman crazy. He took out a handkerchief and wiped it off her chin.

"I bet you five pounds I'll have a date with her in two weeks."

"How?"

"I don't know how. I have brains. I knew nothing much about perfume when I started out to get that account. Before I had finished I knew a lot more than you did."

"Rubbish," Faith said. "And why should that make you so proud?"

"You're a woman. You're supposed to know about things like perfume."

Her eyes were round. She dropped the rest of her sandwich in the waste-paper basket, wiped her fingers on a scrap of lawn and stood up.

"I'll take on that bet, Norman Carr. The girl's name is Marcia Henderson. She's from Devon and is staying in London with her married sister. She's looking for a millionaire to rebuild the ancestral manor. Still want to bet?"

"How did you—"

"I read the newspapers, dear, and the society magazines, where they have all those pictures of pretty girls looking for husbands or pretty girls looking dreamy because they've become engaged. Also, I have friends in high society."

"You knew who she was this morning?"

"Certainly. It made me laugh to see you out there, spilling charm in all directions. It still makes me laugh to think of you barging in where only millionaires would dare to tread."

She walked past him and out of the door.

Norman went into his own office and lit his pipe. The usual stack of layouts required attention. A client was waiting for Norman to telephone him. The blue-eyed copy-writer in the back office was nervously awaiting a summons from Norman.

He sat with his desk empty. After two hours he had sent the blue-eyed copy-writer back to her office with tears in her eyes, and he had filled his blue blotter with a series of doodles, mostly extremely amateurish versions of Afghan dogs. Just before five o'clock an idea came to him. Like all the best ideas it was so simple it made him laugh.

He told the switchboard girl he wasn't coming back. If anybody wanted him, he'd be at his club.

The next day, at noon, he rang from a telephone box in a Sussex village and said he had a cold coming on and felt it was a good idea to get some country

air in his lungs. Then he heard Faith's voice on the line and hung up. When, his business accomplished, he drove back to London that night, he found a lot of messages with the porter at his block of flats. The messages told him repeatedly to ring Faith Furness—at any hour.

He ignored the messages. It is doubtful whether, even if he had any desire to contact her, he could have. For he had his mind and hands well occupied with a seven-months-old Afghan puppy named Princess Gigi.

Norman had never been a dog lover. His family had run two small fluffy animals which his sisters dressed in doll's clothes.

Princess Gigi, on the other hand, was not over-fond of people. She had lived her seven months in a kennel with other dogs. Humans brought her food, it is true. But humans also slammed gates on her and scolded her and washed her when she had managed to get delightfully dirty. She had never seen a car before and she was violently car-sick twice before they reached home.

These incidents had not endeared her to Norman, nor Norman to her. The car had been a borrowed one and the garage man had expected a substantial tip before destroying the evidence of Princess Gigi's presence on the back seat. Added to which, Norman had paid an exorbitant price for her and he was beginning to wonder if it wouldn't have been simpler to make out one cheque to Faith for five pounds.

He lived through the first night uneasily. Princess Gigi, he was assured, was thoroughly house-trained. But Princess Gigi had never been outside a Sussex farm before and London streets terrified her. She slunk along behind Norman, trying to dart miserably into any doorway.

Somewhere about midnight, after a stranger had stopped Norman and accused him of beating his dog, otherwise it wouldn't be so afraid of him, Norman went home. He tried locking Gigi in the bathroom. He could have slept through any sort of din but, after three complaints from other flat dwellers, he gave up.

When he woke Gigi had her head on the pillow beside him, and the carpet near the door was ruined, but, somehow, the miracle had happened. The torments of the night and afternoon before had brought them closer together. Gigi followed Norman about the flat, panic-stricken even when he disappeared into the bathroom for an instant.

He tipped the porter lavishly to get him extra milk and eggs for her breakfast and gave up his own bacon when she indicated she was still hungry.

By the time he reached the office—late, because Gigi preferred to walk—she was his and he was hers. He bristled like a mother tiger when Faith strolled out of her office, looked at Gigi with a cold eye and said: "What is that thing?"

"It's an Afghan puppy. Very highly

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The girl and her dog were a spectacular pair. People gathered in the park to stare as they took their daily stroll.

with
delight



The Princess who never smiled

By ALAN MACDONALD,
Pymble (aged 8)



FAR away in outer space is a small planet called Calisto where the people are always laughing and smiling. Everyone smiled, except the princess. She was very beautiful but would never tell anyone why she would not smile.

One day a handsome earthman had trouble with his rocket-ship and landed on Calisto to have it fixed. In the palace was a television set that the princess was watching. She saw the earthman land and saw him smile. She called the guards and said, "Bring me that earthman!" He was very scared because he thought he was going to be killed. But instead the princess said, "However do you get your teeth so white? I won't smile because all the people would see my dirty teeth which make me look quite ugly."

"Oh," said the earthman. "I use Ipana Toothpaste, the best toothpaste on Earth." Then he gave the princess his tube of Ipana and a new toothbrush he hadn't used and showed her how to clean her teeth.

When all the people saw their princess smiling and her lovely shiny teeth they were very happy and everyone wanted some Ipana, too. So the earthman got into his rocket ship which had been fixed and returned to Earth. There he filled up his ship with Ipana and flew back to Calisto where he started an Ipana shop and made his fortune.

If and when Man conquers Outer Space . . . if and when Man discovers other Space Beings . . . and if those Space Beings have teeth . . . Alan's story might well cease to be fantasy and might even become something like fact. It's an interesting thought.

However . . . to return to earth, Ipana is a toothpaste with an immense appeal to children. They like it for its extra-minty flavour, its extra-foaminess, because it's "fun" to use. From a parent's point of view,

it's good to encourage the Ipana-habit of brushing after meals, because there's no greater precaution against tooth decay and other mouth troubles. Your dentist will no doubt endorse this advice . . . for 8 out of 10 dentists recommend Ipana above any other brand of toothpaste.

As a final word, please remember that IPANA is supplied only by chemists.



Continuing . . . False Face

from page 5

indecent things, remotely. "Because of Bushie? It's nonsense."

"Certain people don't think so. They figure you're dangerous."

"But why? How can I be dangerous to anyone?"

Nick slid over on the seat. His arms encircled her body and he pressed her close to his wild heart.

Bill Rubble drove home for a quick wash before he returned to Flo's party. He would not have minded entering the crowded rooms a hero with blood upon his hands, but he did not care to turn up as a tomato surprise.

Nina'd left before I got there," he told Flo, whom he found among an enthusiastic crowd bobbing for apples in a great tub of champagne. So that the apples would not float off when grasped by the teeth, people were drinking the champagne as fast as they could.

"She's here already, thank you so much, darling." With slightly crossed eyes Flo directed Rubble's glance towards a slender creature swathed in scarves, veils, and a plastic flower curtain decorated with signs of the zodiac. "Isn't that the most ingenious costume you've ever seen? So like Nina?"

RUBBLE danced with this person several times and begged her to sign a release which would permit him to announce in the next evening's papers that she would appear on Allison Bright's Wednesday evening programme. She insisted upon playing her role in silence.

"Why so mysterious, Nina? You can't fool Rubble. I'd know that pretty little figure anywhere."

Flo thought the same thing. When prizes were awarded, the mysterious fortune-teller won Ladies' First, an expensive brown leather handbag chosen because Flo knew Nina needed one.

The winner was extravagant in gratitude, but when she pulled off her veil, presented to her hostess's confused vision the face of an unbidden guest, a party crasher, Stonycroft's girl.

"I'm so glad you won, my dear," said Flo, with as much dignity as disappointment and champagne permitted. Now that all masks had been removed, she sought Nina in all the chambers and crannies where her guests were enjoying themselves.

Her searches were in vain. Nina was in a man's arms at this time, but far from Flo's party.

Nick said, "Hey, Nina, remember a place I took you to near Sutton?"

"Not The Cushion?" The words came jerkily from paralysed lips.

"What are you freezing up for? It was good while we were there. Only afterwards," he pushed away the recollection of afterwards. "I always dreamed of going back there sometime. With you. It was a dream I had for years, night and day. To finish up unfinished business."

"No."

"We've got to finish it up sometimes in our lives. Have you dreamed about it, Nina?"

She edged away. Nick said, "It's nice now, this time of the year. I hope the red leaves are still on the trees." In the rear-view mirror he saw a big car speeding towards them. "I hope the cabin's still in good condition. No leaks in the roof if it rains."

The big car passed. In it was a country club crowd in Hallowe'en costume.

"I'll keep logs burning in the fireplace and bring water from the spring so you can take baths every hour if you want to. It'll be kept hot for you, too, the water. I've got a load of food in the back of the car, and wait till you taste my cooking. My mother taught me."

"Was it your idea to live there permanently?"

"Only for a few days. I've got plans. I'll tell you about them." He drove off.

"You'll like it in the cabin for a few days. It's nice. No fancy fixings, but cosy. It came to me when I was planning. Could you think of a better hide-out?"

"Why are we looking for a hide-out?"

"Why, why, why?" In mocking falsetto he jeered at feminine doubts. "I told you before, you're in danger. As soon as I started thinking about what to do, it came to me, the cabin. Won't be like going to a strange place, that's the best part, it'll be like home, sweet, home. Firelight and candlelight, I even remembered to bring candles."

"I don't see how you did it. Managed things, I mean. Out of Westfield this morning and you have a car and food. Even candles. Where did you get the car, Nick?"

"Money, too. And clothes." He lifted the friar's habit to show the hem of a trouser.

"How did you get them?"

"Don't worry. They're not stolen. Brazza never takes a chance on little things."

"But how?"

"Through my connections. Word was passed out that I'd be wanting certain things. They were waiting at a certain farm house. All but one thing I asked for."

He turned his attention to the road. Something had gone wrong. Landmarks and turns were not as Nick remembered.

"I thought I could find my way around here blindfolded, but everything looks different. Does it to you?"

"I didn't know it as well as you. Besides, things look different in the dark."

Presently he found the reason for his bewilderment.

"Look!" He directed the spotlight on to a sign that offered Homes With a Future in the Cushing-Woodland Tract—another Vance & Son Project. "That's why it's different. Those swines change everything. Wasn't it Sonny Vance that brought you to Oakheart?"

Nina had fallen into her dream again. Frustration is the fabric of nightmare; the strange wood, the lost path, fruitless movement on the unknown road. A herd of skeletons approached, mammoth, like bones in a museum. This was their second journey past the group of unfinished buildings.

"Hey, this is it, maybe."

Nick braked so abruptly that Nina's inert body slid forward. "Were you sleeping? Sorry if I gave you a shock. This looks like the place the road ought to be, but it's a new road, new surface."

She half-heard and only half-felt the movements, backing, turning, shifting of gears, changing of speed, an upward climb, variations of grade and level.

An animal flashed past, its eyes twin torches flaring yellow. When they had gone on, it howled. She smelled mould and mushroom, saw the dark webbing of bare boughs, the interlacing in the car's electric beam of ferny leaf and stem. Darkness fell again; she slept.

An explosive sound in the distance aroused her. She was alone in the bewildered murk of sudden awakenings. Alone!

Sitting straight, she perceived the dim light shed by

To page 56

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- White flowers with plenty of spirit inside (5).
- Once more a luere (5).
- Smashed-up plane could be lining for a saddle (8).
- Parasitoid to a Frenchman (5).
- Swing on the end of which hangs a fish (5).
- Tom is troubled and wet (5).
- Talking about Eve, you reach the president of a Canadian town council (5).
- This slogan for progress attributes an activity to duration, which in a man would require two legs (4, 7, 2).
- Quivering as a writing implement (5).
- Suffers continuous pain (5).
- This port is one of the "Three Towns" (5).
- This could be disturbed shore animal (5).
- Connected with treasure, its owner is unknown (5).
- Countified mainly between European and Asian Russia (5).
- Olfactory organs (5).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Steamer follows mother in large number (4).
- Taxi in a small, rude dwelling (5).
- You have it in a rag man (7).
- Make one (5).
- A hookie starts to foam (5).
- Stirs up in quotes (7).
- Levies half a score in suites of rooms (8).
- "Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it . . . light-headed variable men by its very awfulness." (R. L. Stevenson, *Virginibus Puerisque*) (8).
- It's not a headcovering for a male, but his very masculinity (7).
- Prevents progress (7).
- Pale as a bird (5).
- Shows skill in a short postscriptum (5).
- Found in an elephant's tusk or ivory in a tangle (5).
- "Where's my serpent of old . . . ?" (Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*) (4).

REPTILIAN
EUDYNIA
SINKING
INGOIC
GENT NOODLE
NIN
SATIRE
THACKS
REKEY
USAGE
NUT
KE SEMILUNAR

Solution to last week's crossword



SYDNEY WEDDING. Major John Swinton and his bride, formerly Judy Killen, leave All Saints' Church, Woollahra, N.S.W. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Killen, of Burradoo and Borellan, N.S.W. John was formerly A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Sir William Slim.



COVERED WITH CONFETTI. Douglas Boyd-Gurney, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Boyd-Gurney, St. Kilda, Vic., and his bride, formerly June Kennedy, leave Christ Church, South Yarra, Victoria. Bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Kennedy, Windsor, Vic.

FOUR SPRING BRIDES

• In Australia, spring, not June, is the popular time for wedding bells. On this page are four lovely brides whom we photographed in color on their recent wedding days. Our section "Specially for Brides" opens on page 31.



LEFT: At the Scotch College Chapel, Rolf Deutgen and his bride, formerly Pamela Beard, and Mary Sheu, Lou Sallman, Mary Evans, John Culliam, Susan Beard, Michael Young. **ABOVE:** Norman O'Bryan and his bride, formerly Margaret Uniacke, at Xavier College Chapel. Attendants are Carmel Uniacke, Kevin Silk, Lois Creed, Brian Doyle.

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GERMAN SHEPHERD feels the strain of a too-short lead. If your pet has to be chained up for any length of time he needs a lead long enough to allow him room for comfort.

HOW TO BE KIND TO PETS

• World Animal Week begins on October 1 as a reminder to be kind to animals of all kinds. The pictures on these two pages illustrate the ways in which human thoughtlessness can cause hardship and even suffering to pets.



ALL ALONE in the cold, this unhappy-looking Sydney Silkie needs warmth and human companionship. Make sure that your pet has adequate shelter in all weathers. See that his kennel or sleeping box is warm, dry, and completely free from chilly draughts.

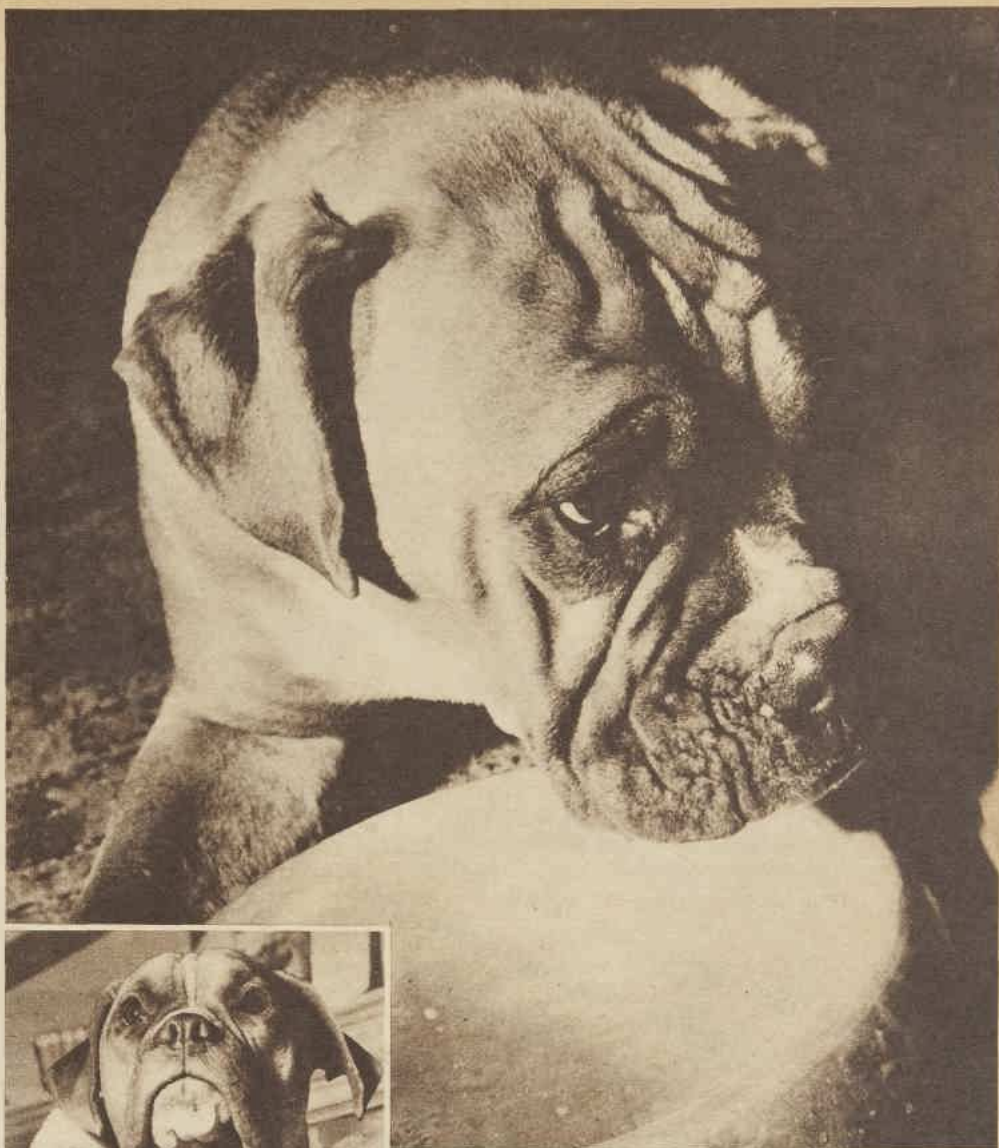
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 29, 1954



MOURNFUL Cocker spaniel locked in a stuffy car feels shut-in and deserted.



WELL - MEANING little boy handles his cat roughly because he knows no better.



EMPTY WATER DISH is no consolation to this thirsty Boxer pup. He is a big dog and he gets thirsty often. See that your pet's water dish is kept filled. You may have to refill it more than once a day.



INSPECTION for ticks at least once every day is necessary during tick season, which lasts from early September to mid-January.



SWEET THINGS such as cake and confectionery are bad for animals. They encourage dental decay and skin diseases.



FREQUENT washing will not harm most dogs if adequate care is taken to protect them from chills, and an oil-based dog soap or shampoo is used. Pictures by staff photographer Phillip Merchant.



Dri-Glo towels laugh at sun, sand and surf



"Dri-Glo"
TOWELS

last twice as long because
they're double-warp for
double wear

and longer-looped for
extra absorbency

(they absorb up to three times
their own weight in water)



**"Super-absorbent
Dri-Glo NAPS
for me! Lay-by a
supply now,
wherever you shop."**

Write to Bond's Industries, Box 36, Camperdown, N.S.W.
for the name of your nearest Dri-Glo retailer.

Boy Fencer



DRESSED in white duck jacket and breeches, eight-year-old Gerard Bassell adjusts his steel wire mask before the start of his lesson at the Sydney Fencing Club.



TURKISH BATH follows Gerard's weekly lesson. Back home, Gerard practises in front of a mirror, trying parrying, full beats, doublets, coupes, and lunges.



"LUNGE LIKE THIS," says club instructor Mr. Charles Stanmore, who has represented Australia at Empire and Olympic Games.

● Carrying his foil in a special case, Gerard Bassell, youngest member of the 135 who belong to the Sydney Fencing Club, hurries along after school for his lesson. Most fencers start young.



EN GARDE position (above) is corrected by Mr. Stanmore as he adjusts the position of Gerard's foil. At right: Gerard lunges. Mr. Stanmore was Gerard's age when he began. Pictures by staff photographer John Askew.



OUR LOVELY IRISH MODELS



● Sydney's two leading mannequins, Judy Barraclough (above) and Elyane Evrard (below), who will appear with the three Irish girls in our parades. Here they both wear models from Germaine Rocher's spring collection.



MAUREEN TRENDALL (above) wears "Stella," an enchantingly feminine evening gown of moiré chiffon.

RACHEL FITZGERALD (right) poses in a romantic evening gown named "Elisabeth." The dress is flowered.

● On these pages are our first color pictures of the three Irish beauties and the two Sydney mannequins who will show the Sybil Connolly collection at our Irish parades. Added to the latest Connolly collection, which has been internationally successful, are clothes specially designed for the Australian climate and way of life. The swimsuit, the first ever designed by Miss Connolly, is not a "spectator" beach suit but is made to withstand a strenuous summer season of surfing and swimming.



MAUREEN TRENDALL in a dream dress of grey gossamer linen, spun in Ireland. Sybil Connolly calls the dress "Maere." Note the original use of carriage pleats on the bodice top. The shaped midriff is fitted, and the wide skirt made in two tiers.



PAT O'REILLY wears a striking black-and-white evening dress named "Veiled Illusion." The entire dress is finely pleated, the bodice moulded and strapless, and the skirt has enormous fullness.



PAT O'REILLY'S casual ensemble (above) is named "Evening At Home." The red flannel quilted lounge coat is worn with slender black slacks.



RACHEL FITZGERALD (right) wears the internationally famous "Irish Washerwoman" evening dress. The dress combines scarlet flannel and incredibly sheer linen.



PAT O'REILLY (below left) in "Kitchen Fugue," evening separates made in Irish cross linen tea-towelling. The stole to match has a red wool fringe.

PAT O'REILLY (below) in "Little Dipper," a one-piece swimsuit made in Irish linen. The suit has a matching beach coat lined in scarlet terry.



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NEW TOPICAL REVUE



DRESSED in original 1920 model clothes, the chorus of the new topical revue "Hit and Run" satirise the Charleston and Jazz Age. Left to right are Lyle O'Hara, Lola Brooks, June Salter, and Suzanne Musitz.



IN KILTS but with no bagpipes, Bettina Welch sings a skit on the Dagenham Girl Pipers who visited Australia recently.



"Hit and Run," the third intimate, satirical revue to be produced in Sydney recently, is now running at the Phillip Street Theatre.

Written by John McKellar, Gerry Donovan, and Lance Mulcahy, who also wrote "Top of the Bill" and "Metropolitan Merry-Go-Round," it is produced by William Orr. This team has set a new vogue for topical revue in Sydney.



ROMANCE on the house-hunting front comes from Lola Brooks and Charles Tingwell in a song-and-dance comedy number "Single Bed-Sit."

ABOVE: The finale. From left: Gordon Chater, June Salter, David Netheim, Lyle O'Hara, Charles Tingwell, Bettina Welch, and Lola Brooks.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 29, 1954

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"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

Their wedding was big gala day in French town



CUTTING THE CAKE at their wedding reception at the Yacht Club at Le Havre, France, are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Curtis. Guests kissed bride and groom as they cut cake.

Groom from Sydney attracted crowds

Before young Sydney lawyer Peter Curtis married Mlle Chantal Courant at two different ceremonies on two consecutive days at her home city of Le Havre, France, he had to spend two months learning the French language, in which both ceremonies were conducted.



FIRST WEDDING. M. Pierre Courant officiates at the civil ceremony as his daughter Chantal marries Sydney lawyer Peter Curtis in the Mayor's office in the city of Le Havre.

FOR 24-year-old Peter, this meant much hard work and concentration. "I think I had to do as much study for my wedding as for my Law exams," he said.

He had never lived in France, so in addition to learning the language he had to study French wedding customs. There is the special "Le Havre kiss," for example.

In Paris, two kisses—one on each cheek—is the usual custom. But in Le Havre it is three kisses, starting on the left cheek and finishing on the left again.

Since 1900 in France, when Church and State were separated, it is the custom to be married twice—at a civil wedding and at a church ceremony.

Peter's wedding to Chantal was no ordinary one. It was the biggest and most fashionable in Le Havre for years.

For the 23-year-old girl with whom Peter fell in love when they were both studying at Oxford University, England, is the younger daughter

of Monsieur Pierre Courant—Le Havre's Mayor for 12 years and one of the most popular men in the city.

Monsieur Courant himself officiated at his daughter's civil wedding. He resigned from his position as Mayor this year, but as a member of the municipal council he is still qualified to conduct a marriage service.

He is a barrister and also a member of the French Parliament.

As Mayor, Monsieur Courant supervised the reconstruction of Le Havre after it had been bombed in 1944.

Peter's only relation at the wedding was his sister, Antoinette, who flew from Sydney for the occasion. He is the only son of the late Mr. William Curtis, K.C., and the late Mrs. Curtis, of Elizabeth Bay.

The other Australian guests were dentist Frank Starr and his sister Gloria, of Sydney, and Sue Flynn, of Vaucluse, N.S.W. Sue travelled from Paris, where she is now working at the Australian Embassy.

Frank Starr chartered a



SECOND WEDDING. Peter Curtis and his bride are pronounced man and wife in the religious ceremony in the church of St. Michel, Le Havre. The priest holds the ring.

YOUNG LAWYER'S ROMANCE



CLIMBING THE GANGPLANK with their little attendants, the bride and bridegroom arrive on the terrace of the Le Havre Yacht Club for the first reception after their church wedding. There were so many guests that they had to be entertained in relays.



CHEERFUL CHURCH WARDEN smiles at the big crowd of spectators as he mops dust off the red carpet half an hour before the ceremony. Le Havre citizens packed the streets to see the bride and groom.

special plane, complete with an Australian pilot, to fly his sports car from London to France, so that he could drive guests to and fro between weddings.

Peter plans to take his bride home to Australia after he has finished his Bar final examinations at Oxford.

When Peter first met Chantal two years ago at Oxford he was doing law and she was studying English. They were introduced at a college dance. Each agreed that the other was a good dancer.

They followed up their first meeting with excursions on the river, when Peter took Chantal boating in a punt—the traditional craft for Oxford undergraduates and their friends.

Four months later they were engaged. "But I didn't learn French even then," Peter said. "Chantal could speak quite good English, so I didn't bother."

So for two months before the weddings Peter stayed with Chantal's family and they coached him. Chantal's sister, Madame Jean Pierre Bardin, speaks English well.

The two wedding ceremonies were the talk of the town, and all of Le Havre was excited about the marriage.

Although Le Havre is a large city and the second biggest port in France, the ex-Mayor's daughter is as well known there as if it were a small country town.

To cope with the large number of guests, three receptions were held—one after the civil ceremony and two after the church service. One thousand guests were invited to the church.

Flowers for the bride arrived from all parts of Le Havre. The President of France, M. C6ry, sent a telegram of good wishes.

Wedding presents poured in by the hundred—and all of them different.

In France a bride takes no chance that there will be "doubling up" in her wedding gifts. Weeks before her wedding, she hands in to a big city store a list of everything she needs for her new home.

People buying gifts for her ask to see the list and tick off as they buy. Thus the bride never gets duplicates.

Le Havre townspeople, shopkeepers, taxi-drivers, and residents of nearby villages were all eager to see the Australian man Chantal had chosen for her husband.

She was asked fantastic questions about him. "Many people here know very little about Australians," she said. "One shopkeeper asked me if my fiance was black or white."

ing the ceremony, gave a spontaneous and moving talk. The emotional French, men as well as women, had tears in their eyes.

Then members of the bridal party and the 50 guests went on to an evening reception at the home of Chantal's parents—a two-story house overlooking the water.

It is a house with a history. At the end of last century a former President of France had lived next door. In the house now occupied by the Courants lived his beautiful French mistress. Their secret gate between the two houses is still hidden in the Courants' garden.

The guests at the Courants' reception had champagne and savories and then they were all served with dinner.

Many of them stayed until



AWAITING THE BRIDE, the ten children who attended her sit in a sedate row by the church door. After the service they took up a collection in their silver flower-holders. The six little boys wore white sailor suits with navy-blue collars.

cameramen perched on high steps and window ledges.

As Peter arrived, whispers of "C'est lui" and "l'Australien" went through the crowd. Then the bride arrived in her beautiful white dress and veil with her father, and there were murmurs of admiration from the women and children.

She was attended by 10 beautiful children dressed in blue and white—six boys and four girls.

The ceremony took a full hour, and after it ended the bride and bridegroom shook hands with the 1000 guests and kissed many of them.

A reception and luncheon at Le Havre Yacht Club followed the wedding ceremony. There were more kisses for the bride and bridegroom as they cut the wedding cake.

At 5 p.m. the 100 guests moved off to make room for the 500 invited to the evening party. When it was over, Peter and his bride left for the honeymoon at the Italian lakes.

As they went off, Peter said to his bride, with a sigh, "Next time we get married, darling, let's do it in Australia."



BRIDEGROOM'S SISTER, Antoinette Curtis, of Sydney, leaves the church with the bride's father, M. Courant. She travelled from Australia specially to attend the wedding. M. Courant was Mayor of Le Havre for twelve years.

Kisses and tears

Another one said, "Is he a VERY dark brown?"

They were disappointed when they found that Peter had the blond good looks of an Englishman.

When Antoinette arrived from Australia the townsfolk were surprised to see a pretty, smartly dressed girl.

"They expected to see her in a grass skirt, with black hair down to her waist," Chantal said.

The two weddings were quite different. The first, the civil wedding, was a sentimental, homely ceremony in the Mayor's office, with Chantal's father officiating.

Chantal wore a simple suit of navy-blue silk grosgrain and a matching hat. Peter wore a grey suit. There were about 50 people—members of the family and close friends—at the ceremony.

M. Courant, after perform-

10 p.m., and as each guest left there were more kisses and handshakes for the bride and bridegroom.

The reception was regarded as a simple family occasion in keeping with the civil wedding ceremony. During the evening the bride and bridegroom, assisted by Antoinette Curtis, unwrapped their wedding presents.

The wedding next morning at the historic old church of St. Michel, one of the few to survive the bombing, was quite a different scene.

Crowds of people lined the streets, and 10 handsome, white-capped gendarmes had difficulty in keeping onlookers on the footpaths.

Nearby shops closed down, and the owners hurried to take up their positions outside the church hours before the bride arrived. Scores of



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BRIDAL GROUP. From left are Roseanne Fuller, best man Dr. John Hassall, Dr. Michael Solling and his bride, formerly Sue Macintyre, Bridget Macintyre, and Susan Fuller.



SIGNING THE REGISTER are Dr. and Mrs. Michael Solling after their wedding at St. John's, Muswellbrook. Victorian posies of field flowers decorated the pews in the church.

Getting Married

ALMOST half of Muswellbrook's feminine population gathered outside St. John's Church to watch the town's "wedding of the year," when Sue Macintyre married Dr. Michael Solling.

Sue is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. David Macintyre, of "Kayuga," Muswellbrook, and Michael is the son of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. M. Solling, of Maitland.

Sue chose a bouffant gown of white needlerun lace mounted on petticoats of tulle and taffeta. Her veil was the traditional "something borrowed"—from recently married Mrs. John Scott Waine, who was formerly Elizabeth Latham, of "Ellerston," Scone. The veil was held in place with a crescent of orange blossom from the "Kayuga" gardens.

With her wedding dress, Sue wore Michael's gift—a beaten silver bracelet and a sapphire eternity ring.

AND the color of the ring was emphasised by the bridesmaids' dresses of sapphire-blue marquisette. Sue's sister, Bridget Macintyre, wore a slightly darker shade than the junior bridesmaids, Susan Fuller and her sister Roseanne.

Sue and Roseanne's gifts from the bridegroom were coral bracelets, linked with silver. Bridget's bracelet, similar in style, was of cornelian.

AFTER the ceremony, a long stream of cars took the bridal party and guests to "Kayuga"—which is about eight miles from Muswellbrook—for the reception, where a marquee was set up on the lawns in front of the house.

GUESTS. Mrs. Fred Bell, of "Pickering," Denman (left), Mr. Bell, Mrs. Bill Bishop, of "Wootton," Scone, and Mr. Bishop arrive at "Kayuga" for the reception after the Solling-Macintyre wedding.

MUSWELLBROOK hasn't had any rain for about six months, and the weather stayed perfect for Sue and Michael's wedding. "And now that the wedding's over," one of the guests told me, "we can all hope for rain with a clear conscience."

CAPTAIN MACINTYRE'S former regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, wasn't forgotten at his daughter's wedding. The bride and groom cut their three-tiered cake with a dirk that is part of the Captain's full dress uniform. And Mrs. Macintyre pinned a miniature of her husband's regimental badge—set with diamonds rubies, and emeralds—to her dress of grey pleated chiffon.

AFTER the reception, Sue and Michael left in a cream sports car for their four-day honeymoon in Sydney. Sue's going-away ensemble, in her favorite sapphire-blue, was a velvet dress and jacket with a matching beret.

On their way down the "Kayuga" drive, Sue and Michael stopped and planted a tiny wattle tree, so that Captain and Mrs. Macintyre will have something in their garden to remind them of their daughter.

For Sue and Michael left in the Orontes for England, where they will spend the next two years at Deal, near Dover. Mrs. Macintyre, who is an English woman, says she hopes to visit them there.



PLANTING a wattle tree in the garden at "Kayuga" before leaving by car for their honeymoon in Sydney are Dr. and Mrs. Michael Solling.



IN THE GARDEN at "Kayuga," Muswellbrook, are Bridget Macintyre (left), sister of the bride, Roseanne and Susan Fuller, who attended Sue Macintyre at her wedding with Dr. Michael Solling.



LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding are Tony Prell, of "Abgunyah," Crookwell, and his bride, formerly Mary Street, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Street, of Double Bay. They are honeymooning in Ceylon.



MUSICIANS WED. Bass-baritone John Young and his bride (centre), formerly Sidonie Goossens, who is a harpist with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, with (from left) the bride's sister, Renee Goossens, best man Richard Tiley, Mrs. Eugene Goossens and Mr. Goossens, who is resident conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.



BRIGADOON



LOVELY village lass Fiona Campbell (Cyd Charisse) and happy-go-lucky American Tommy Albright (Gene Kelly) are suddenly in each other's arms when he tells her that he has decided to remain in Brigadoon. By the end of the day he changes his mind and returns to New York.



ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, Tommy RIGHT. American Jeff Douglas (Van Gene Kelly) and Fiona (Cyd Johnson) is embarrassed by the at-Charisse) run to embrace when, tentions of Meg (Dody Heath), a unable to erase the memory of Brig. persistent lass who considers him a adoon, he returns from America to "winnin' lad." But Jeff is in no remain forever in the Highlands, mood for this enchanted romance.

★ The grandeur of the Scottish Highlands is the setting for "Brigadoon," an enchanting musical which blends gay songs and dances with romantic fantasy.

GENE Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd Charisse are the stars of Metro's technicolor CinemaScope production.

They are supported by Elaine Stewart and three talented newcomers from New York—Virginia Bosler, playing her original Broadway role, and ballet artists Hugh Laing and Michael Maule.

The story tells how two American tourists in Scotland (Gene Kelly and Van Johnson) stumble across the quaint old village of Brigadoon while grouse shooting.

Later, in strange fashion, they discover that they have stepped back 200 years in time, and that the village and all its people are under a spell which brings the township back to life for one day in every 100 years.

The one condition to this miracle is that no person of Brigadoon may ever leave the village or it will disappear forever.

During the day, while the clans assemble to celebrate the wedding of a young local couple, a jealous swain attempts to leave the village, but the spell is preserved when he fails to cross the boundary.

Meanwhile, one of the Americans (Gene Kelly) falls head over heels in love with Fiona (Cyd Charisse), the beautiful sister of the bride. As the day draws to a close he leaves for home.

But he comes back to claim Fiona and share with her the magic of Brigadoon.





VILLAGE patriarch Mr. Landie (Barry Jones), the only man who is able to tell about the miracle, relates to Tommy (Gene Kelly), right, and Jeff (Van Johnson), left, how the village comes to life one day in every 100 years. Fiona (Cyd Charisse) listens.

BELOW. Clans gather by the ruins of an old abbey for the wedding of lovely Jean Campbell (Virginia Bosler) and gallant Charlie Dalrymple (Jimmy Thompson). The Americans are thunderstruck when they notice the date of the wedding is May 24, 1753.





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PYJAMAS, TOO! Comfortable the first night you wear them because they're "Beaucaire" tailored. Comfortable for all the years you wear them because they're Anti-Shrink by Grafton and cannot shrink!



"Stop it at once—when the train starts."



"You again!"

It seems to me

ONE of our correspondents mentions on the letter page this week the news that experts in Geneva are trying to find out if nuclear explosions affect the weather.

Ever since the first atom bomb people have been suggesting that the weather has gone more awry than usual. So far scientists have taken no serious notice of these ideas. They point out that weather is always odd.

Now so many people have written to the World Meteorological Association complaining of Europe's bad summer that the association is investigating.

If indeed there proved to be some connection between nuclear explosions and the weather, it might turn out to be the most hopeful development since the atom was split.

There's a well-known theory that man will never stop having wars because the only real uniting force is common danger.

Nothing makes humans madder than weather. They don't like rain and they don't like dry spells. They dislike storms, they hate being hot, and they hate being cold.

Certainly these things have always existed, but previously there was no human agency to blame. Suppose there were.

Could shared irritability have the same effect as common danger and unite the world? Or has the current delightful spring weather produced an unreasonable optimism in me?

A NEW YORK paper recently enlightened some of its readers about the Australian language.

At least the writer meant to enlighten readers, but it is necessary to correct him on one matter.

He said: "If you hear somebody say something about 'going crook' don't yell for the cops. It only means he doesn't feel too well."

At the risk of seeming pedantic, I must point out that he has confused the verbal and adverbial use of the word.

To go crook means to remonstrate or complain. When feeling crook one lacks the strength, as a rule, to go crook. I hope I make myself clear.

THE other night I went along to see a revival of the film "Grand Hotel," made 22 years ago.

"Wouldn't Joan hate to see that now?" said a woman behind me as Miss Crawford stuck her neck out archly with a chin-lift and rolled her eyes right into the late John Barrymore's face.

The facial goings-on of Miss Crawford, and, to a lesser degree, of Miss Garbo, show that in 1932 there was still a hangover from the silent days.

Directors hadn't become properly accustomed to the fact that the audience had ears as well as eyes.

However, the producers got away with more frankness in those days. I doubt that a similar film made now would be allowed to show quite so plainly the degree of, shall we say, friendship which flared up between Miss Garbo and Mr. Barrymore, and Miss Crawford and sundry other gentlemen.



Dorothy Drann

AS this is our bridal issue, it seems appropriate to note a paragraph in the answers to the correspondents of "The Girls' Own Paper," issue of December 26, 1885.

"Half-a-dozen of each article is the usual number of a plain trousseau (not trousseau)," the editor told a questioner named Myrtle. "One plain, warm dress for everyday wear, one for bed, and, perhaps, two common dresses would be sufficient. If you had given us any idea

of how much you had to spend, we should have known how to advise."

The last sentence shows that feminine problems remain constant, but there is an impatience in the editor's reference to Myrtle's wrong spelling, which has disappeared from modern women's magazines.

In fact, in the whole bound volume of this magazine, recently lent me, there is a very sharp tone used to the readers.

"We do not write to order," begins another answer. "We supply our readers with what we think generally desirable, and do not put in long receipts for knitting and crocheting. Procure a sixpenny knitting manual for the petticoat you require."

Perhaps the sharpness is understandable when you consider the variety of questions answered.

Take the following, my favorite by a narrow margin: To M.E.M.—"We think the portrait of your brother would be good looking if his ear were not in the back of his head, instead of which we imagine he has only one ear. Is it a family failing? Toads eat worms, insects, and small molluscs."

ACCORDING to a high military authority, stated a report from the South East Asia Treaty Organisation conference in Manila, the wording provided for the military planning of the treaty would be left "blurred."

If you want to play safe, be vague; It's dangerous being too clear.

It's a thing to avoid like the plague Whenever decisions are near.

If you mean whatever you say,

And say just whatever you mean,

Why, then, on the reckoning day

The fact you were wrong can be seen.

Whereas, if instructions are "blurred"

And the meaning to find needs a thresh,

You can always assert, "But you heard!"

And proceed to interpret afresh.

It's handy in all walks of life,

It means you need never be wrong.

You can cry, whenever there's strife,

"But that's what I said all along!"

You can have lovely skin like this
BUT— ONLY WITH PURE WHITE

LUX TOILET SOAP !



Here's lovely **JANET LEIGH** complete with a dreamy new fur and mighty proud of it. Janet's mighty proud of her smooth, pearly clear complexion too! Her secret? "I use Lux Toilet Soap" she says — and there you have the answer. (Janet stars in M.G.M.'s "ROGUE COP" out soon).

When the ingredients used in the making of toilet soaps are highly refined they become colourless. The soap they make is white!

The absolute whiteness of Lux Toilet Soap is the outward sign of its purity. Only a soap which is so highly refined could possibly be so beautifully white. Soaps which are less highly refined are obviously less white, less pure.

Begin making your skin lovelier right away

It's easy to have soft, smoothly glowing skin — easy if you use pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Use Lux Toilet Soap and only Lux Toilet Soap, the very next time you wash your face — and *keep on using it!* In no time at all, you'll notice your skin becoming softer, smoother, really lovelier!



PUREST! So mild, so gentle, so pure — it's perfect for even the most delicate skin . . . from dad to baby.

MORE LATHER. Richer lather covers you with refreshing fragrance — and the one cake lasts and lasts.

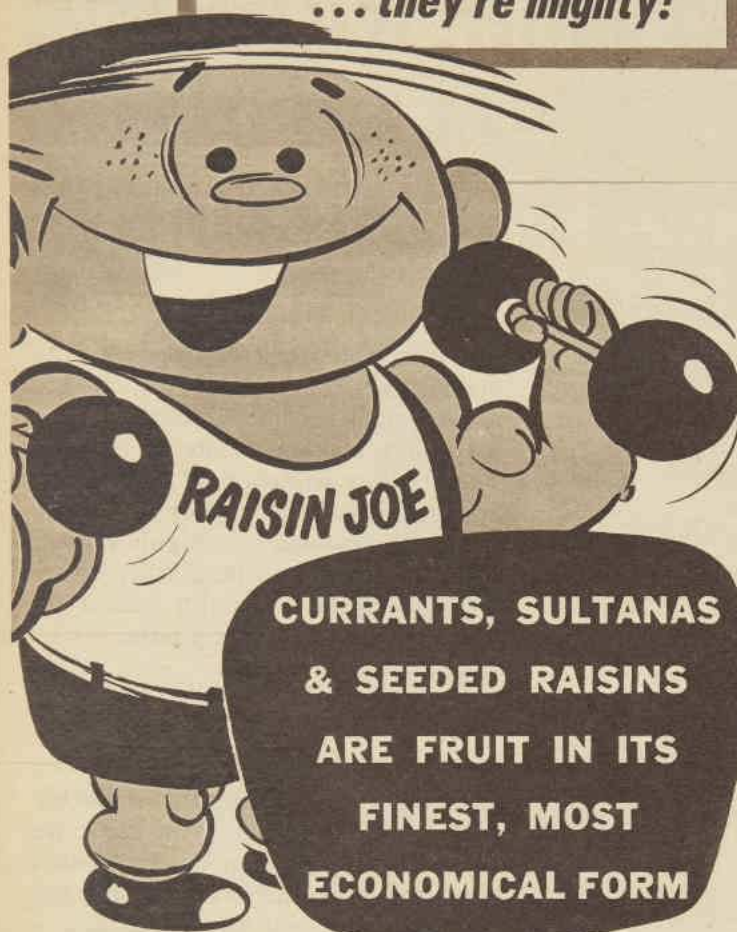
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Worth Reporting

AN interesting new medium for artists has been created by septuagenarian Mr. M. J. H. Otto de Grancy, former Assistant - Registrar of Titles in Western Australia.

Mr. de Grancy makes mosaic pictures of the bark of the Western Australian paper-bark tree, fitting in jagged edges to make the outlines of hills and rocks.

When he needs a touch of green for his landscapes he uses bark that has become wet, then mouldy, and turned varying shades of green.

Scorched bark from trees that have stood in the path of bushfires is used to represent dark, northern hills in the distance.

Bleached, weather-beaten paper bark is shaped to represent inland river beds, and the colors are highlighted with different colored clay soils.

Shrubs and trees of the north-west of Western Australia are depicted by shaped seaweed pressed flat upon the bark.

The idea of making "bark pictures" first came to Mr. de Grancy three years ago when he dragged some ten-year-old bark from under the cellar of his home at Mahogany Creek (W.A.) to fill a fern-basket.

Looking at it, he could see the pictures that could be made, and, forgetting the fern-basket, began to tear the bark into shapes.

He fitted the jagged pieces like a mosaic and arranged them according to color to represent dry creek beds and arid lands.

"The time taken for each picture varies," said Mr. de Grancy. "Sometimes the bark just refuses to fit, and other times it falls easily into place. But then it is not the bark at fault, it's me."

WE think we know now where Johnnie Ray gets some of that bounding vitality he puts into his electrifying stage performances. A few hours before he made his final appearance at Sydney Stadium before returning to America, we were doing some shopping in the suburbs. Johnnie pulled up in a big black hire car and went into a greengrocer's shop. He bought—and it was an astonishing enough purchase for a young man of his wealth, fame, and glamor—a bunch of celery and six tomatoes. We like to think of Johnnie sitting in his dressing-room before going out to wow 'em in the aisles, getting his intake of vitamins and calories from raw salad vegetables. It was remarkable, incidentally, how the word flashed round that Johnnie was in the greengrocery. The street was empty when he went in ... there were fans galore when he emerged a couple of minutes later.



"Be careful, don't stumble, watch the furniture, look out for the waxed floor..."

Greetings in the Swedish way

IF you travelled around Australia asking people "Who stole the till?" when you met them for the first time, you'd soon find yourself locked up in a cosy, padded cell.

But according to Lieutenant-Commissioner Edgar Grinstead, if you ask the same question in Sweden, people reply: "Very well, thank you," or something similar.

"Who stole the till?" is the English approximation to the Swedish "How do you do?"

When we met the Lieutenant-Commissioner and his wife, who are the territorial commanders of the Salvation Army in Eastern Australia, at a civic reception in Sydney, he told us how useful the phrase had been during his visit to Sweden as the Army's International Youth Secretary.

"Not knowing the language," said he, "I was forced to just bow and smile when I met people. So I asked the interpreter if I could learn the Swedish equivalent of 'How do you do?'"

However, he admitted wryly, "By the end of my visit I was beginning to wonder who HAD stolen the till."

WE'D love to know why a

European woman, friendly enough with a man to walk down a busy Sydney street eating pigs' trotters with him, suddenly asked: "And what country do you come from?"

Love among the rodents

WE can't help feeling that after centuries of being hated and hounded, tracked down and poisoned, several rats used in an experiment overseas must be the most astonished animals alive.

Reading about the experiment in a medical research bulletin, we learnt that "even rats like love."

The extract reads:

"As part of a study of the relationship between childhood care and adult emotional stability, a research worker made a practice of picking up several baby rats for a few minutes each day and stroking them gently.

"As the young animals grew up they gained more weight, showed better bone development, and were less easily startled than rats allowed to grow without any fondling.

"Furthermore, as adults, the petted animals stood up to severe physical stress better than other rats.

"Resistance to stress, of course, is not a desirable quality in a rat—at least from the human point of view—but the experiment is believed to have added new insight into the problems of human development."

Sheep sales in South Africa

TOURING South Africa, Miss Barbara Foley, of Wollstonecraft, N.S.W., found herself in Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, at the time of the yearly ram sales.

Barbara, who grew up on a N.S.W. sheep property, was particularly interested in the bidding.

"Buyers are very cautious over here," she writes, "and top price was 1050 guineas, compared with 5000 guineas at the last Sydney ram sales."

As is usual, sheep pens were marked with the names of owners and studs, but Barbara was pleased to see in shrieking, outsize letters indications of the progeny of Australian stud sheep with words like "Wanganella Strain" and "from Bundemar, New South Wales."

Our Irish parades

● Our Irish fashion parades in Sydney will be presented in association with Mark Foy's Ltd. They begin with a fabulous evening of fashion at Prince's Restaurant on Monday evening, October 4. Reservations at £4/4/- each for this gala dinner and parade may be made at Mark Foy's Ltd.

From October 5 to 9, parades will be held in the morning and afternoon in Mark Foy's spacious Empress Ballroom, finishing with a Saturday morning parade on October 9.

Bookings for the opening dinner at Prince's at £4/4/- a ticket and for the daily parades at 10/- may be made at the special booking bureau at Mark Foy's store.

The special business girls' parade arranged for Friday evening, October 8, and the final parade on Saturday morning, October 9, are already completely booked out, but some seats are still available for other dates.



QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Queen Mother, in October will pay an official visit to America. Always interested in children, Her Majesty, here accompanied by Princess Margaret, watches kindly a small girl taking part in a road-safety demonstration.

U.S. agog to greet Queen Mother

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, leaves England on October 21 in her name-sake, the Queen Elizabeth, for a month's visit to the United States and Canada.

THE visit has nothing to do with politics, yet in Washington and New York the most fantastic intrigue has been under way all summer.

The scheming is among American hostesses. The Queen Mother is the greatest social prize they have had to fight over since the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited President Truman in 1951.

If the Queen Mother were to accept a private invitation, her lucky hostess would become a legend.

Tales of the fabulous sums that have been offered for the privilege of entertaining her have reached the Queen Mother. She has asked Embassy officials dealing with the social side of her visit to keep the closest watch on the details of her programme so that she may avoid becoming a bone of contention.

String-pulling and wangling are still going on, but they are being kept within bounds.

Meantime New York is pre-

paring a ticker tape welcome for a lady who is universally admired. Newsreel, television, and radio companies have teams ready to film and broadcast her arrival.

In Washington Her Majesty will be the guest of President and Mrs. Eisenhower at the White House.

The Washington visit will follow her stay in New York, where, on arrival on October 26, she will stay as the guest of Sir Pierson and Lady Dixon (he is permanent British delegate to the United Nations) at their Riverdale home outside the city.

On three evenings during her stay in New York she will drive in from the Dixons' home to the Waldorf Astoria for banquets being held there.

The largest banquet will be one given by the Columbia University professors on October 30 to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the University.

Next day she will receive an honorary degree at Columbia University at the

convocation ceremonies commemorating the granting of the Royal Charter to King's College (now Columbia).

Her speech here will be the most important of the tour. Deeply conscious of the need for Anglo-American friendship, and a firm believer in higher education and university training, her words will be worthy of the occasion.

Her Majesty is to have the biggest audience of her life on a coast-to-coast television and radio hook-up.

On November 1 the British community in New York is giving a ball in her honor.

Her visit is not a State one, though it is a Royal visit, so the ball will be hedged around with a certain amount of ceremonial.

On a much more intimate note will be the Queen Mother's visit to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt on November 2.

On November 4 she will fly to Washington to be the guest of the President and Mrs. Eisenhower at the White House.

Dinner on the first night there will be strictly private. The following night, after a Press reception for hundreds of American journalists, there will be a State dinner at the White House.



RECENT picture of the Queen Mother. For her American tour she is planning a beautiful all-British wardrobe.

This being a State occasion, Her Majesty will wear the Order of the Garter and her dress will almost certainly be one of the crinolines Norman Hartnell has designed for her visit.

On November 12 the Queen Mother will leave by air for Ottawa, where she will be the guest of the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey.

He is an old personal friend of hers from his days in London as High Commissioner for the Dominion.

With her immense personal charm the Queen Mother is sure to make many new friends both for herself and for Britain.

The Queen Mother would be the first to deny she is in any way a fashion leader. Nevertheless she knows American and Canadian women will regard her as an ambassador for British styles.

For this reason the Queen Mother has ordered from Norman Hartnell, the Royal couturier, a complete new wardrobe.

She is also taking with her some of the most exquisite and valuable items in her personal collection of jewellery, including the famous three-strand matched pearl necklace that was a wedding present from King George V.



What every young rascal loves about flying

He's fascinated by the huge sleek airliner... the deft movements of superbly trained mechanics... the gold stripes and smiling eyes of the Senior Captain. Yes, he's a flying man now and he will be proud to wear his TAA Junior Pilot badge.

It will give you a rest when TAA look after him... and they do it so well... in a way he will never forget.

Fly **TAA**
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From next week you will be able to buy your copy of **The Australian Women's Weekly** one day earlier.

It will be on sale at all newsagents on **THURSDAYS**.

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See how Venetian Blinds so effectively and economically modernise your present windows, in keeping with modern interior decoration trends



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. . . inexpensive, too.

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THE VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA

Specially for brides

Here commences our special bridal supplement with advice on correct wedding-day wear. Articles on succeeding pages will help bridal and trousseau plans and carry the bride over the threshold into her homemaking career.

PLAN your wedding gown to be the loveliest dress in your life.

For a traditional bridal gown the classic purity of white is unsurpassed at any time and at any season.

Sheer materials are in fashion for brides, so is a combination of different textures and weaves.

For a summer wedding, organdie ruffled with yards of valenciennes lace and made to imitate an elaborate infant's christening robe is the height of newness.

After white, a faint blush-pink and a deep ivory are the second color choice—and often a wise one for the girl who has an olive skin.

The Veil: A wedding veil is worn only once in a lifetime, so make the most of it, because it is flattering. There is something about clouds of tulle that lends enchantment and glamor to the most homely face.

A petite girl looks best in a short veil, shoulder or shoulder-blade length. The tall bride can carry off a knee-length or even a hem-length floor-sweeping veil.

A simple coronet or wreath of flowers is still my ideal of bridal simplicity and elegance. But that is only where bridal head-dress begins. There are halos, bonnets, juliet caps, and bow arrangements from which to make a choice.

Important: A bridal head-dress should be correctly wired for fit and comfort. Be wise and consult your milliner on this item.

The Men's Choice: Male dressing varies according to the time the wedding will take place and the formality of the reception, but the bridegroom and the male members of the bridal party all wear the same attire.

For a formal evening wedding the men should wear outfits of black or midnight-blue worsted tailcoat with trousers to match,

white pique waistcoat and tie, white pique shirt with starched bosom and cuffs, and a starched wing collar. The shirt should be fastened with three studs—not buttoned. Black hose and patent leather oxfords and a high silk or opera hat complete the outfit. White kid gloves are carried by the groom.

For a less formal evening wedding a double or single breasted dinner-jacket is correct with a black silk butterfly tie, a matching waistcoat, if the jacket is single-breasted, and a shirt with a pleated front or a plain white pique shirt with a turned down collar. The shirt is fastened with buttons; studs are not correct.

Black oxford shoes and hose are worn. Gloves are never worn with a dinner-jacket.

For a formal day-time wedding a morning suit is the correct dress—which means a black or oxford-grey cutaway jacket with a black or grey wool waistcoat and black or striped trousers; a plain white shirt with a separate starched wing or turned down collar and starched cuffs; a grey ascot or four-in-hand cravat; black hose and black calf oxfords and a grey or black top hat.

However, since the war a less formal mode of dressing has been accepted, and it is now quite customary for the male members of a bridal party to wear a single or double breasted lounge suit.

This suit must be oxford-grey or navy with a matching waistcoat, and be worn with a white shirt and separate starched cutaway collar, dark hose—ribbed, plain, or clocked—black calf oxfords, grey or lemon gloves, and a homburg hat.

The men in a bridal party all wear a white flower buttonhole.

A carnation or a gardenia is the most popular choice.

The Mother of the Bride: For an afternoon wedding, however formal the bridal dress, the mother of the bride wears an elegant street-length dress with a becoming hat. The hat can be small or large.

If the wedding is in the evening the bride's mother wears a floor-length dress with a small flowered, feathered, or jewelled hat.

A good choice of material for either time of day is lace or chiffon.

The bride's mother carries a small bouquet of flowers—a gift from her future son-in-law.

The Bridal Attendants: The ideal fashion for a

bridesmaid is a dress with a bouffant ballerina or above-ankle-length skirt. This length is far newer than floor-length. Material and color are a matter of personal taste.

All that is required of a bridesmaid's dress is prettiness, and to be chosen so it does not clash with the bride's own dress and taste. This rule also applies to the bridesmaid's head-dress.

A bridal attendant carries flowers, a gift from the bridegroom.

A matron-of-honor follows

the same fashion rules as a bridesmaid.

When a small attendant is chosen to be a flower-girl she can wear a long or short dress; either is correct.

The traditional page-boy attire is ankle-length black velvet or satin trousers buttoned to a white frilly shirt.

It is quite a romantic gesture for a very small page-boy to precede the bride, carrying a white satin cushion on which the bride will later kneel.



Her trousseau is a LIFETIME JOB

● "The bride of today lives in a glamorous era," says attractive Mrs. R. N. Morten, of Castlecrag, N.S.W., who was a bride in the 'thirties and has waited twenty years for the home of her dreams, pictured on these pages.

FROM the home-making point of view the modern bride has the world at her feet. She can buy good furniture, wonderful furnishing fabrics, lovely table linen, china, glass, and silver.

She can have a streamlined, pretty kitchen equipped with shining labor-saving gadgets that were dreamed-of luxuries in 1934.

Every bride-to-be is absorbed in the collection of her trousseau for her future home as well as for her person.

But collecting a trousseau for a home is a life's work. This is the story of Mrs. Morten, whose trousseau is now nearing completion.

"Until we moved into our new home at Castlecrag," Mrs. Morten said, "we lived in rented houses and flats in Queensland and in New South Wales."

"But all this time I was planning the sort of home I would one day live in. Many a piece of china, glass, and silver was bought for the home of my dreams."

"We did not buy our home site at Castlecrag until the war was over. The site, a steep one, presented many difficulties and many of my preconceived ideas had to go by the board."

"My husband, who is an engineer, prepared plan after plan. We had visions of building a home on three levels, but we decided on a two-level design to fit in with the available site-levels."

"My husband decided to supervise the building, but we found we had to wait 18 months for bricks and could get only dribbles of timber at a time."

"Much of the internal construction was done by my husband. For instance, he laid the floors, hung the doors, built in wardrobes, cupboards, and shelves."

"I had a wonderful time choosing the color schemes for the rooms. Actually, the colors for the kitchen were planned round some canisters."

"Our little home is not yet complete. I have yet to furnish the bedroom to my satisfaction. I want orchid-pink walls, a china-blue ceiling, white woodwork, and a wall-to-wall carpet in grey."

"Curtains on the big, wide windows will be flounced in delicate Swiss voile

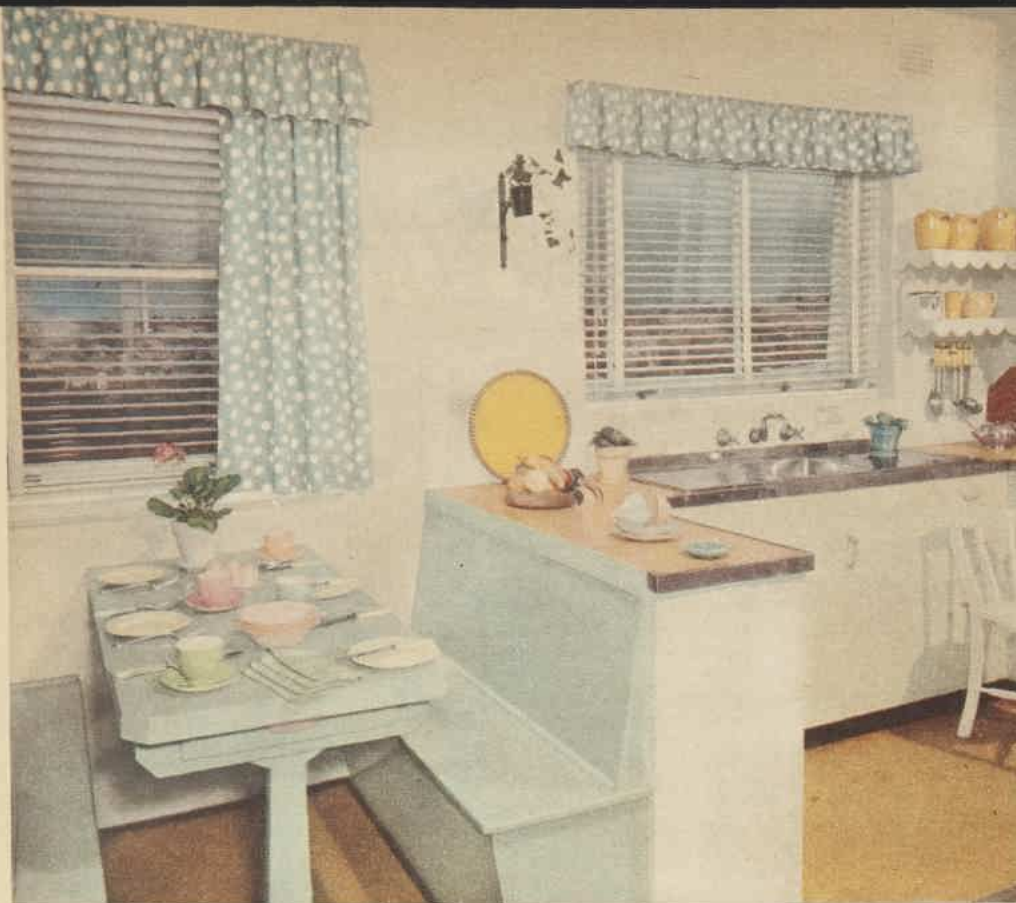
to match the pink of the walls. There will be china-blue drapes, a bedspread of the same rich fabric, and a blue upholstered tub-chair."

"I am going to get right down to the decoration of the dining-chairs. I have had the suite for some years. We thought of replacing it, but it is well and simply made."

"I am going to upholster the chairs in either a heavy grey-green or crushed straw berry brocade."

"We are also investing in new table silver and some enchanting old pieces of bric-a-brac for wall and mantel-piece decoration. I have a passion for lovely china, and like using all the pretty pastels for breakfast and informal luncheons."

For brides



ABOVE: Pretty as a picture is the kitchen in Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Morten's home at Castlecrag, N.S.W. Cupboard interiors are painted in a coral tone to match the doors. Notice the scalloped trim of the cupboard shelves.



ABOVE: Mrs. Morten's well-stocked linen cupboard. The colorful, satin-trimmed blankets, smartly striped sheets, and towels are ribbon-tied by the proud homemaker.

LEFT: Beautiful china has a fascination for Mrs. Morten, who is shown here admiring a piece of old Chelsea in an antique shop.

RIGHT: Table set for a luncheon for four by the picture window in the dining area of the Mortens' living-room. The shell-pink table linen matches the color of the ceiling.



Your ideal home equipment

● While there is no such thing as a basic trousseau, there is, of course, an ideal one from the homemaker's angle

HERE is a list that will make your home a pleasant and easy place to live and work in.

Linens cupboard: Four pairs double-bed sheets and two pairs blankets, eight pillowslips, six bath towels, four hand towels, two face washers, two bathmats, three guest towels, One dozen tea towels, two or three hand towels or two roller towels, two pot holders, one oven cloth.

The list of table linen is not formidable. All that is really necessary is one good tablecloth with eight matching table napkins for visitors, one "second-best" cloth, one breakfast cloth, and one supper cloth.

Place mats are attractive and very useful. One or two sets with table napkins to go with them are nice, and the mats can be used as traycloths as well.

Kitchen needs

Cooking utensils: Colander, egg-slice, egg-whisk, chopping board, flour sieve, rolling pin, mincing machine, a large and small strainer, set of 6 different size saucepans, 1 double boiler, 1 pressure cooker, shallow frying pan, deep frying pan with basket, kettle or hot-water jug, grater.

Cutlery for cooking: Round-

ended knife, carving knife, vegetable knife, saw-edge knife, 3 forks (large, small, and a two-pronged one), set of 3 wooden spoons, frying spoon, basting spoon, potato peeler, apple corer, tin opener, corkscrew, bottle opener, kitchen scissors, knife sharpener, set of skewers.

China and miscellaneous: Two or 3 jugs, 2 mixing bowls, 3 assorted pudding basins, 3 or 4 plates, 2 pie-dishes, 2 casserole dishes, standard measuring cup, lemon squeezer, set of food storage canisters, bread board and knife, dish mop, dish cloth, soap holder, bottle brush, scouring brush.

For laundry use: Dipper, copper stick (if no washing machine), large enamel dish for starch making, soap holder.

Tableware

China, glass, and cutlery: Dinner set, afternoon tea set, teapot, two jugs, six tumblers, glass water-jug, salad and fruit bowls, half dozen each of dinner knives and forks, dessertspoons and forks, small knives, teaspoons, two butter knives, carving knife and fork.

A reserve stock of china, cutlery, and glass is usual, and can include wine glasses, fish knives and forks, fruit knives, salad spoons, soup spoons, and salad servers.



LIVING-ROOM in Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Morten's home at Castlecrag, N.S.W. After deciding on color schemes, Mrs. Morten collaborated with Cecily Adams, well-known interior designer, in the choice of fabrics in order to achieve the final harmonious effect.

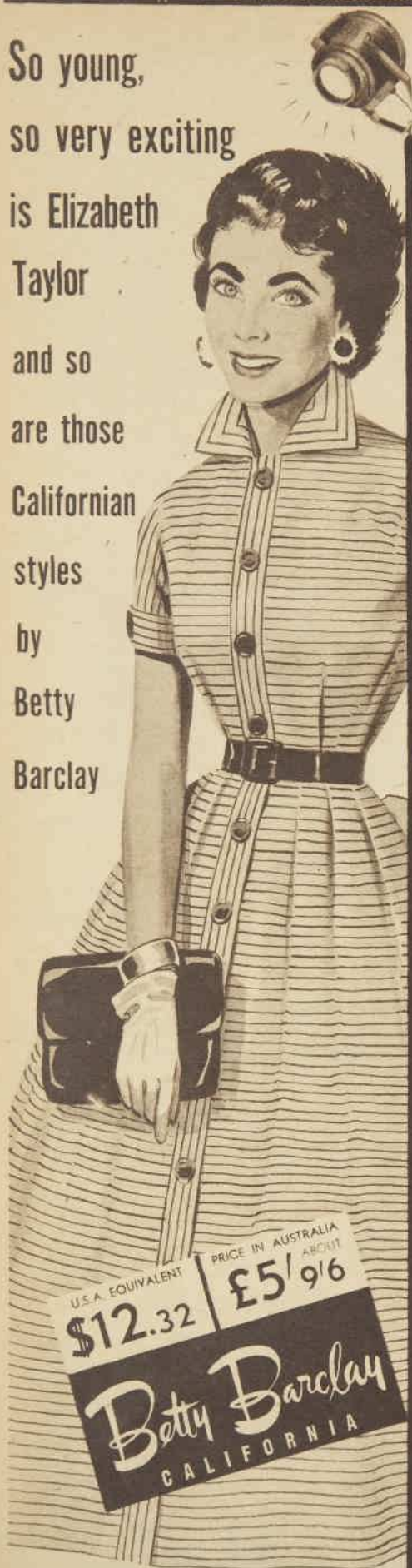


SUNROOM in the Mortens' home with its wide windows has a stimulating color scheme. Walls are mist-green and ceiling primrose. A green rug covers the floor. The comfortably cushioned cane chairs are upholstered in Chinese-red.



THE TERRACE is a pleasant spot for relaxation—warm in winter and cool in summer. The L-shaped house is white cement-rendered and has daffodil-yellow eaves to match the front door. Color pictures on these pages are by staff photographer Bill Howarth.

So young,
so very exciting
is Elizabeth
Taylor
and so
are those
Californian
styles
by
Betty
Barclay



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CALIFORNIA

FROCK OF THE WEEK: (Style 4722). Horizontal pin stripes in crease-resistant cotton. Black patent belt, large buttons. A glorious *Marchington* Fabric.

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DRESS SENSE

D.S. 108. Wedding gown in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 15yds. 36in. chiffon plus 3yds. 36in. lace for the sleeveless bodice and 4yds. 36in. lace for the design with sleeves. Price, 4/6. Pattern may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4038, G.P.O., Sydney.



The lace and chiffon wedding gown illustrated above is designed for a young bride's summer wedding.

THE design answers the request of a reader who writes:

"I always do my own dress-making and now I am shortly to be a bride. I wondered if it would be silly for me to make my wedding gown. I would like to know if you could design the style and cut a paper pattern for the frock."

As you make your own clothes, of course you will want to make the most important dress of a lifetime—your wedding gown. The design I have chosen for you is sketched above. The pretty bodice-top is lace and chiffon, and the lace continues down in an apron over the bouffant chiffon skirt. The dress can be made with or without sleeves. You can obtain a paper pattern for the dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The lines beside the illustration give further details and how to order.

"Is it correct for a bride to wear a wedding veil with a street-length wedding frock, and could such a frock be made in net—or would that material be too heavy?"

Yes to both queries, and I think you will be wise not to forgo the flattery of a wedding veil. Actually the only informal thing about a street-length wedding gown is the skirt length. The design can be just as elegant and formal as a floor-length gown.

One of the prettiest wedding dresses I ever saw was ballerina-length. The dress was de-

signed with a simple lace top, the lace continued to the hem and parted in front to show an underskirt of pleated nylon net. The bride wore short gloves and a stiffened lace butterfly bow on her head. The veil was shoulder-length and circular.

"I AM having only one bridesmaid, and I would like some assistance from you about her outfit. She is a fair girl and quite pretty, and I think she would look very sweet in pink taffeta. Perhaps you would be kind enough to add any advice regarding the above chosen color and fabric, also the hat style, etc."

I like your idea of pink taffeta for your bridesmaid. My design suggestion is a bouffant dress with a strapless top under a snug, matching bolero. Have the bodice of the dress bra-shaped, and a fitted midriff section done in fine tucking. Repeat the tucking in a wide band on the ballerina-length skirt, and finish the band with a wide, flat bow.

Have a curved, around-the-face, bonnet-shaped hat in a matching shade of coarse straw, lined with the dress taffeta. Keep the entire ensemble pink—short, wrist-length gloves, and a tight Victorian pousy of pink carnations.

"SHOULD a bride have all her trousseau made in white, or is it correct to have colored underwear? I would

be very grateful if you would help me in this matter and let me know any other fashion points of interest about bridal lingerie."

It is customary in a trousseau to have one lingerie set in bridal white. I do think, too, that every trousseau should include one really luxury dressing-gown. Color is a matter of personal taste. Flower-printed lingerie material is a current fashion, and the newest colors are delicate pastels and jewel shades of aquamarine, jade, and coral.

"WHAT do you consider to be the correct amount of underwear for a girl's trousseau?"

I don't think a large trousseau of lingerie is necessary, and I do think it should be practical, not just a dazzling array of garments which later represent endless work in up-keep and laundering. Certainly have your underwear pretty, but do try to have it in nylon, and choose "stay-put" pleating and ruffles that wash easily, need no ironing, and are good packers.

Here is a list of what I consider adequate trousseau underwear for the average girl:

Four nightgowns, two girdles, four pairs panties, three bras, two petticoat slips, one half petticoat in a stiffened material, one easy-to-laundry housecoat, one glamor dressing-gown.

By Madame de Groot, well known Continental dress designer and fashion advisor.



"Vilene" is a new miracle fibre, non-woven interlining that has revolutionised dressmaking in Europe and U.S.A. because it builds permanent, uncrushable shape into fashion garments. It washes, dry-cleans, dries quickly. Never trays, never shrinks, never needs starch. People ask me—



Q. Can I make a half-slip from Vilene?

A. You certainly can. The half slip is one of the most exciting ways to use "Vilene" because it makes a skirt "bounce out," and it never requires starching. Cover the "Vilene" with an attractive material. Use qualities A65 or S65 (black).

★ BALLERINA SLIP PATTERN is Weigel 1673 in waist sizes 24, 26, 28 at your favourite pattern department... or by mail if you send 3/4 (which includes postage) to Madame Weigel, 229 Lennox Street, Richmond, Victoria.



Q. Can I make a strapless without bones?

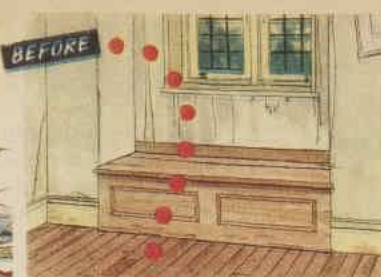
A. "Vilene" interlining is magic for strapless dresses! You shape the bodice by using darts and seams. Instead of bones, use strips of the heavier-weight "Vilene." Attach material at top and waist of bodice only. Use qualities A65 or A80. Don't use under pure white.



Q. I sew for my husband, too

A. Then see how much better a sport shirt looks with the lightweight "Vilene" giving proper shape and roll to the collar. Then, of course, in dressing gown collars, cuffs, sashes a "Vilene" interlining gives a tailored, male-looking line. Use A65 or A50, depending on how stiff you like it.

★ Shape stays put in cuddly toys with Vilene behind the fabric. Another way to do a lot with just a little Vilene!



Not enough cupboards, over-packed drawers. Old-fashioned rooms full of designing flaws. Bought some Timbrock, hammer and saws. Now we come in for rounds of applause.



It's a hobby—not work—

WHEN YOU IMPROVE YOUR HOME WITH TIMBROCK

In a few words we can tell you what Timbrock is—it's natural wood made better. It can be nailed or planed and even the most thumb-hammering husband will find it easy to work wonders. Impossible to splinter it. It's a great money-saver for cupboards, shelves and all built-in fixtures. It costs little. It comes in 5 waste-saving lengths . . . 5, 6, 7, 8 and 14 feet. Each length is 4 feet 6

inches wide. There are also Timbrock Shorts for smaller jobs. By the way, it's 3/16" thick in all sizes, and remember that white-ant proofing is standard with Timbrock.

Timbrock readily takes any paint finish. If you want to use a professional carpenter or builder, he'll be glad to hear you specify Timbrock because he'll know he can give you a keener quote.

C.S.R. Building Materials make it easy to carry out all these exciting ideas around your home.



Ceilings can be different

You can have recessed ceilings giving rooms appearance of greater height by using Cane-ite or Ivory Cane-ite or both together to get contrast of texture as well as the type of colour-contrast as shown. Insulates against heat and cold, too.

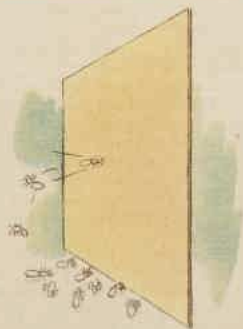


Curves are so exciting

Think of a curved partition to separate the dining table end of your living room. Or a curved floor-to-ceiling wall in the hall—or any room. Can be installed any old time—in an hour or so—at very little cost—with Timbrock. Try it!



Get up through the manhole — insulate your ceiling in 30 minutes. You can buy Cane-ite, the year-round insulating building board, in new short lengths especially for this purpose. No hammering needed with Cane-ite Batts. Just place them end to end between the ceiling joists. Avoid even sawing. Cane-ite Batts also soak up possible roof leakages, saving ceiling and high repair costs.



Timbrock is white-ant proofed



You're sure to have some space-wasting corner in your house, too. Ours was a useless built-in angle-nook of the mission oak era (see "BEFORE" picture above). We ripped it all out. Fred built this smooth arrangement of shelves and cupboards as well as the platform for the lounge on which I put a mattress which

I quickly and easily covered myself. On the floor was lino—and we'd had it. Wall-to-wall carpet was beyond us—but we know we've done better. The room looks more up-to-the-minute than any other floor we see simply because we chose our own design in C.S.R. floor tiles. We're thrilled with it!



Timbrock is Strong — yet forms almost any contour



Lasts a house-time



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Gemey
face powder**

*keeps you fragrantly
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Silk-sifted for super-fineness, Gemey Face Powder's velvet-soft texture is balanced to give just the right effect to every type of skin. It's light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking its youngest and freshest, fragrant with the subtle magic of Gemey—the loveliest perfume of all. At all chemists and selected department stores . . . 5/6.

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THE BRIDE'S PRIMER

When the honeymoon is over, and her new husband has gone back to work, the day soon comes when the bride has to face one of her major chores as a housewife . . .

FAMILY WASH

IT is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules about the organisation of washday because no two households are the same.

To make washday easier, start work early, at least an hour earlier than you normally begin. Plan carefully so that you do not have to rush back and forth from one job to another.

If you use a copper dove-tail your work so that while the copper is boiling you are either getting on with quick routine housework or doing the warm-water washing of silks and woollens.

Sort your clothes according to fabric, and again according to soiling. Such things as tea-towels, grease-marked pillowcases, and collars should be put to soak the night before in cold water.

Soiled handkerchiefs should always be soaked in a separate vessel, such as an enamel dipper or basin kept for this purpose.

Put them in cold water to which about a tablespoon of salt has been added. They must then be washed and thoroughly rinsed before being boiled.

Having sorted the clothes, prepare the copper with cold water and to every gallon of water allow a heaped tablespoonful of soap flakes. You will find it more economical to fill the copper half to three-parts full, and have a second boil if there are too many clothes for one boil.

When dealing with white clothes put ones which have not been soaked overnight into the cold water in the copper, bring to the boil and allow to boil for about ten minutes.

Before putting in the second lot of clothes, either cool down suds or wet the clothes, because the suds in the copper will be almost boiling and will be inclined to set any stains if clothes are put in dry.

Good rinsing is essential and you should give at least two rinses, and if possible three, before bluing.

Clothes should be opened out and shaken before hanging on the line. If they are hung straight, time and labor will be saved in their preparation for ironing. When removing clothes from the line, fold them tidily. This, too, make ironing quicker and easier.

White organdies, muslins, or voiles should not be hung, as they quickly get too dry to iron. They should be rolled up and put on one side until about to be ironed, when they should be well shaken and ironed immediately.

Colored clothes should never be left lying about in damp bundles, they should be

spread out to dry immediately after washing. Even color that has shown no tendency to run in the wash or rinse waters may blur or bleed if left about in a damp condition for any length of time.

If prints and colored articles are dried out of doors, always turn them inside out and hang them in the shade to dry. Strong sunlight is liable to make them fade, especially when they are wet.

COLOR TEST

WHEN buying any colored article always find out if it is washable.

There are two methods of testing whether it will wash successfully:

1. By wetting an inconspicuous part of the garment such as the inside of the hem or an inside seam and placing it between two folds of a dry white cloth.

2. By taking an inconspicuous part of the garment and, without wetting it, place between two folds of wet white cloth.

STARCHING

IT is a matter of taste to what extent cottons and table linens are stiffened. Real linens need very little starch. As a general rule it is better to dry off starched things, re-dampen and roll up for a while when they will then be of even dampness and ready to iron.

The exceptions to this rule are such things as organdies and muslins, which are ironed "out of the starch." For "out of the starch" work, the starch solution should be very thin.

Place the fabric that is being tested between the folds of a dry or wet cloth, according to which method is being used, and then press with a warm iron until it is quite dry.

If any color is transferred on to the white testing cloth it is advisable to set the colors before washing.

The most useful every-day setting solution is a salt one.

Use a good handful of common salt to a gallon of water. Allow the salt to dissolve before putting the garment in to soak. Soak for 10 to 15 minutes.

During the setting process the article should be moved about. It is also important that it should be well covered with water all the time.

Color setting after washing: If the color of a garment has been set before washing it should be put into either a vinegar or salt solution after the final rinse. Vinegar is effective and simple to use for this purpose. A vinegar rinse should be given to any multi-colored garment as a precautionary measure. Use 1 cup of vinegar to every gallon of water.

Having set the color once does not mean that it is permanently fixed. If you are at

all doubtful of the color being fixed, set it each time before and after washing.

IRONING

IRONING is an art and needs practice and patience. However, if certain simple rules are followed skill will come with practice.

The heat of the iron is important and must be adjusted according to the fabric being ironed:

- Hot for starched goods.
- Moderately hot for unstarched work.
- Warm for real silks.
- Cool for all types of artificial silks and woollens.

To test for a hot iron hold it slightly sideways and touch with a moistened finger. If the moisture bubbles then the iron is too cool to use. A hissing sound, however, shows that the heat is right for a hot iron.

If the moisture evaporates so quickly that there is scarcely a sound, take care, for the iron is too hot to use at all, as it will cause scorching.

To test for a cool iron, stand it on newspaper while slowly counting 15; if a noticeable scorch mark shows on the paper, allow the iron to cool a little before using for artificial silks and woollens.

When dampening down clothes it is better to use warm water, as it spreads more quickly and evenly.

The degree of dampness also has an important bearing on the final appearance of the clothes:

- Wet for "fused" men's collars (a specially pre-stiffened type).
- Fairly damp for cottons and linens.
- Just damp for silks, otherwise a papery effect is obtained.
- Almost dry for locknit, marocain, sheers, and most crepe fabrics.
- Dry but not aired for woollens and artificial silks of the crepe suede type, otherwise oily patches may occur.
- Quite dry for tussore and shantung—otherwise a papery and patchy effect will result.

When ironing, do those parts first which crease least, such as trimmings, sleeves, collars, before body parts. Always iron articles (especially starched ones) until perfectly dry, otherwise a short time after finishing they will take on a rough-dried appearance.

Before starting to iron silks see that they are evenly damp all over, otherwise they will look patchy when finished. If for some reason silk or artificial silk has become too dry, on no account sprinkle it, but immerse it completely in

Continued on page 37

• A comprehensive guide to washing, ironing, and cleaning and the selection of furniture and linen for your new home.

water, and dry off to the degree needed.

Colored linens and cotton should be ironed on the wrong side. If, however, a shiny finish is liked, they can be finished off by lightly ironing on the right side.

REAL SILKS. Self-colored and fast-dyed printed designs may be left rolled up in a towel until one is ready to iron them. Just prior to ironing, they should be shaken out and hung up for a little while.

RAYONS. Take no risks with artificial silk, so never omit to test the iron first. They should always be ironed on the wrong side, except fabrics with a satin finish, which can, if desired, be lightly touched up on the right side. Iron the way of the satin weave.

CREPE SUEDES. This fabric should be ironed when dry (but not aired off) on the wrong side with an iron that is just warm. To obtain a finish equal to new, place a double fold of fairly thick material between the iron and the fabric and lightly press a damp cloth over the top of fold of the pressing cloth, and then press with a warm iron. After each application of the iron lift up the pressing cloth and lightly iron the material before all the steam has time to evaporate.

SHEERS AND VOILES. Iron on the wrong side while slightly damp, gently stretching the material to its original size and shape as you go.

SATINS. These should be ironed on the right side with a firm pressure and with a

backward and forward movement overlapping each stroke to ensure an even finish. Iron each part as you go along until completely dried off. Do not iron the garment all over, leaving it half damp, and then re-iron it.

WOOL. To get a perfect finish, iron the fabric on the right side, using a fairly thick double cloth over the fabric. Damp the top fold of this and press, then lift the cloth and allow the steam to escape. This raises the pile and gives a perfect finish to woollen fabrics. If, however, time will not permit this care, iron on the wrong side on a very soft, padded surface, using a slightly dampened pressing muslin between the iron and fabric.

CLEANING

THE modern home with its new finishes is easy to clean, but even modern cleaning has its problems.

Every effort should be made to keep non-porous surfaces smooth by using only mild cleaning agents.

A simple way of testing whether a scouring powder or paste is scratchy or abrasive is to rub a little between the fingers for a few minutes and then note the feel.

If any particles of sand can be seen on the fingers the cleanser should definitely be avoided.

THE BATHROOM

HAND-BASIN: This



should be wiped over every day with a cloth wrung out of warm water and then polished with a soft dry cloth. When it needs special cleaning use a good paste cleanser.

THE BATH: Train each member of the family to wipe round the bath after use. Keep a special cloth in a convenient place to encourage this habit. When the bath needs attention use a suitable paste or powder cleanser and warm water.

Reddish-brown rust marks are a fairly frequent occurrence, but these are easy to remove. Make a solution of salts of lemon, a quarter teaspoon to a gill of water, and drop the solution over the mark.

Take care not to let the acid solution spread beyond

the stain, and rinse away quickly and thoroughly as soon as the stain has gone or you may impair the surface of the bath.

Bluish marks which sometimes appear if you have a gas-heater are due to traces of dissolved copper salt. Treat these stains with a weak acid, such as vinegar. Again take care to use only on the mark, and rinse vinegar off thoroughly.

TOILET: Brush daily, and once a week pour down hot water with a recommended detergent and brush vigorously.

FITTINGS: Chrome-plated fittings require little atten-

Continued on page 39

For Spring and Summer — attractive coats in new shades in plain and fancy lightweight woollens and worsteds.



Dominex
REGO

Ask for Dominex summer styles in lightweight woollen coats and pure flax Irish linen suits and frocks.

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STAIN REMOVAL

STAINS should be treated as quickly as possible to be removed effectively.

Carry out all stain treatments on an absorbent clean pad. Move the pad as it becomes soiled, and keep changing the cloth which is being used to apply the stain removal agent as it becomes soiled.

Here are the best methods of removing some common stains:

ACID. Treat with a weak solution of washing soda, ammonia, or borax. Use a teaspoon of soda or borax to each pint of water, or dilute household ammonia with 3 to 4 parts of water.

BEEETROOT. Cover stain with a piece of wet bread. As stain is absorbed into the bread keep renewing it.

EGG STAINS. Egg-stains are set by heat, so never sponge with warm water. Scrape surface egg off, then sponge with cold water.

BLOOD. On washable fabric soak the stain in cold water, then wash. On non-washing materials cover with a cold paste of laundry starch, brush off when dry, and repeat until stain disappears.

CHEWING GUM. Solidify the gum with an ice cube, scrape off as much as possible with a dull-bladed knife, then rub with eucalyptus.

COCOA. Soak in cold water to which a little borax has been added, then sponge with clear water.

COFFEE and TEA. Treat with borax and water. If the stain is an old one, soften first with warm glycerine. If the article is non-washable, glycerine can be removed with methylated spirit.

FRUIT. Do not use soap. On washable fabric sprinkle on salt immediately to prevent stain setting, then stretch material over a bowl and pour boiling water through.

GRASS. Dab with methylated spirit.

GREASE. Treat with eucalyptus or a grease solvent such as carbon tetrachloride, petrol, benzene, or benzol. The last three are highly inflammable, and must be used with care.

INK. On white materials apply peroxide of hydrogen and launder as usual. In the case of colored fabrics, spread with a paste of mustard, leave for a day, then sponge off with cold water.

IRON MOULD. On white cotton and linen these stains respond to a solution of salts of lemon or chloride of lime, but both solutions must be thoroughly washed out.

MILDEW. A difficult stain, but can be removed from white materials by soaking in a tablespoon of chloride of lime to each pint of water. Keep stain immersed for about half an hour, then rinse thoroughly and boil or wash as usual.

OIL. Treat as for grease stains.

PASPALUM. Treat with carbon tetrachloride. Work on the wrong side with a clean pad underneath, and move the position of the garment as the gluey stain is transferred.

RUST. Treat as for iron mould.

SCORCH. Nothing can be done to remedy a bad scorch mark, which is really a burn, but light scorch marks can be removed by soaking the affected part in lukewarm water, then rub with a mixture of lemon juice and salt. Place in sun and allow to dry.

TAR. Treat with benzol or oil of eucalyptus.

VARNISH. Use methylated spirit, turpentine, or white spirit.

WINE. Apply salt to the stain immediately, then treat as for fruit stains.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR



Lady, we've got your number —

This is your invitation to join in the famous Berlei numbers game. Anyone with a figure problem can play, and if that means you, then read on, for there's fun for all and wonderful comfort is the prize.

Run, don't walk, to your favourite store — ask to see the Berlei fitter. Because your number is up, and it's somewhere between 1 and 13. That's the number of fractional fittings in which Berlei foundations are made, and one of those fittings is perfect for you.

Just a spin of the wheel on the Berlei Indicator and there you have it — the lucky number which means the start of a new kind of comfort. For only Berlei foundations fit your *shape* as well as your *size* — and that's the difference between Berlei and ordinary girdles and bras.

What have you got to lose — nothing but that ill-fitting girdle you're wearing! Oh, the dragging aching torture of it all! ! ! !

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Have a Berlei try-on today.

If the Berlei fitter finds that you're a heavy average fitting — then your lucky number is 7, for that's the number Berlei give to your fitting. And there's a complete range of sizes to make sure you get the foundation that's "made to your measure."

For instance, the 7002 "Youthlyne" we've shown here would be perfect under the loveliest things you wear. And there are dozens of others just as delightful.

Yes, there's a prize in every Berlei box — wonderful comfort just for you.

Berlei

FRACTIONAL FITTING FOUNDATIONS



*fit your shape
as well as
your size!*

Be sure it's a Berlei Original

tion other than rubbing up with a soft, dry cloth.

MIRRORS AND WINDOWS: To avoid the formation of water drops as a result of condensation, clean glass with a cloth dipped in a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and methylated spirit and polish with a dry cloth.

THE KITCHEN

SINK: This should be cleaned daily and wiped over after use. If the sink has a porcelain finish, avoid scratchy cleansers that will wear the surface glaze.

Chrome and stainless steel sinks are best cleaned with a mild soap and hot water, then rubbed up with a soft, dry cloth. It improves the surface and appearance of stainless steel sinks and table-tops to rub them over occasionally with a little finely powdered whiting.

At least once a week flush all sinks and pipes with very hot suds. An efficient disinfectant should also be used. Should a sink become blocked with an accumulation of grease, pour down hot, strong soda water.

A dessertspoon of epsom salts flushed down sinks with boiling water each week is an excellent way of preventing any accumulation of grease.

THE STOVE: Wipe up spilt foodstuff or liquid as quickly as possible and wipe out the oven while it is still warm after use. Once a week the whole stove should be thoroughly cleaned.

When the oven is more than ordinarily stained a cleaning preparation containing caustic ingredients is suggested. Apply this carefully with an old dish mop. After treatment rinse the oven with a cloth wrung out of fresh water.

THE REFRIGERATOR: Take care to wipe up spilt

food immediately. Remove all food at least once a week and clean the storage cabinet with lukewarm water to which a little bicarbonate soda has been added. Remember also the importance of regular detesting.

PAINTED, ENAMELLED, AND TILED SURFACES: These can all be washed successfully. Use soap and water to remove marks, or a mild paste cleanser for any obstinate marks that soap and water won't move, rinse with fresh water, and dry well.

CHOOSING FURNITURE

SHOPPING for furniture is not the same as shopping for a new hat that can be thrown away when you tire of it.

Once bought, furniture is with you for a lifetime, so plan your buying, and consider each purchase carefully.

It's a good idea to draw a rough sketch of each room indicating where each piece of furniture will be placed, and carry it with you while you shop.

Personal taste will determine largely whether you buy period or contemporary pieces, but you must also bear in mind the type of home you have and the amount of space available.

If you intend to start house-keeping in a flat, part of a house, or anywhere with fairly small rooms or limited space, contemporary furniture is worth considering.

Its lines are simple and the pieces are adaptable.

Divans can be made to double for beds, occasional

chairs can be pushed together to form a settee, bookshelves can do duty as bedheads or can be used to divide a room.

Avoid extremes in contemporary design. Unusual geometrical shapes in coffee-tables, chairs, and occasional furniture have a certain novelty value, but they soon date.

However, while contemporary furniture is becoming increasingly popular with Australian newlyweds, good period reproductions will always have a large following.

Veneers are a handy proposition. Mrs. Cecily Adams, Sydney interior decorator, advises:

"Solid woods will always be the best buy. Leave veneers alone unless you know enough about furniture to distinguish a good veneer from a bad one."

"For long-lasting qualities a good french polish can't be beaten. A waxed finish is equally attractive, but it must be waxed regularly to do it justice."

"Varnished furniture is cheaper, but the finish does not wear as well. Every glass or vase you stand on a varnished finish will leave a mark."

Rather than undertake a large-scale time-payment scheme on all your furniture at once, one Sydney furniture retailer suggests buying by units.

"Choose a brand of furniture you like," he says, "and buy, for example, a table and four chairs. You can come back later, when you can afford it, and match it with a buffet or occasional table in the same timber and an identical finish."

"You'll have the same style and detail repeated exactly in each piece if you buy continually in one brand."

When buying new furniture

Continuing... THE BRIDE'S PRIMER

from page 37



look

for the gold label of the Standards Association of Australia on each piece.

This label does not ensure furniture of super quality, but simply guarantees that the article conforms with the minimum requirements for materials, construction, workmanship, and finish laid down by the association for the protection of the purchaser.

SELECTING LINEN

IT takes a lot to launch a household these days, and the wise bride selects her basic linen carefully.

If you know nothing about manchester goods and have no one to advise you, rely on the well-known brands which carry a guarantee.

Sheets are always the first major item in stocking the linen cupboard.

The more you have the longer each one will last, so if possible buy more than the minimum number of four pairs. It will pay in the long run.



The average price for the old standby, good quality white sheets, is £4/15/- for the 90" x 108" size, with the single-bed size about £3/17/6.

Check the size of the sheets before buying, and for preference choose double-bed sheets measuring 90" x 108" rather than the smaller 90" x 100". They will give extra comfort and wear.

Blankets, another essential, cost an average of £12/5/- for a plain double-bed pair, while single-bed size cost about £11 a pair. In the popular check designs they cost up to 15 guineas a pair.

When buying a blanket look for a light fluffy one with a firm weave, but make sure the fluff won't pull or rub off the first time it is washed.

Satin bindings are most attractive but tend to wear quickly, so unless you are prepared to replace them at intervals steer clear of satin-bound blankets.

Towels range in price from about seven shillings to £1/3/- or £1/14/- for fancy towels or bath-sheets.

A good average price is

14/6 for plain pastel bath-towels, six of which would give you a good start.

Hand-towels save wear and tear on the bath-towels and mean less laundry. Four should be sufficient for a start.

Huckaback (linen for preference, as it is more absorbent) can be bought by the yard to make guest-towels. Home-made ones can be just as pretty as bought ones, and cost several shillings less.

Two bathmats should be enough. They can be bought to match plain towels and range in price from about 16/- for a fairly plain one to 25/- for fancy types.

In table linen one good damask or lace tablecloth with table-napkins to match should be enough for special occasions. Damask cloths cost from about four guineas up, while machine-made lace dinner-cloths cost from £3 up.

A second-best tablecloth for everyday use can be bought cheaply, or place-mats in cotton, linen, rayon, or straw may serve the purpose even better.

A minimum of six linen tea-towels will stock the kitchen cupboard. Plain towels are shillings cheaper than the fancy ones and are just as good.

Buy linen rather than cotton, as they wear better and won't fluff on glassware.

A kitchen towel is useful and terry-towelling bought by the yard is as good as anything.

Once the basic things like sheets, towels, and pillowcases are bought, then is the time to buy the pretty non-essentials for the trousseau—the extra tablecloths, the traycloths, the organdie throwovers, the duchesse sets.

But to get the most use from your trousseau see that the basic things come before the frills.

life is easier for you



Venetian Blinds made of "Luxaflex" slats and tapes simply wipe out work. "Luxaflex" actually wipes clean with a stroke of a cloth... because the tapes are non-porous plastic... the slats "snap-back" aluminium. And "Luxaflex" wipes out worry, too. Let it rain... shine... storm, these tapes won't fade, shrink or stretch... these slats won't rust, peel, chip or crack. What's more, bending won't hurt "Luxaflex" slats... they snap right back to shape. To be sure you're getting the finest custom-made blinds, insist on seeing the "Luxaflex" trademark. "Luxaflex" slats and tapes, in a brilliant colour range, are used by leading blind manufacturers.



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Pretty pastels offset the

● Edwardian bridal gown (below) combines heavy silk tulle and guipure lace. The lace flows from the bodice into long curving lines on the skirt. The head-dress is a tiny crown of matching lace studded with seed pearls; the veil is cloudy tulle.

● The matched bridesmaids' dresses (above) are made in pastel pink and green tulle. The fronts of the dresses are laced with sashes that tie at above-hemline level with soft bows. Tiny half-moon caps are worn with alluring eye veils. Pink and yellow roses are used for the Victorian bouquets.

● The short-skirted dress (above) is designed for an informal wedding. The dress is made in guipure lace appliqued with matching marquisette bands at neck and hemline. The large-brimmed hat of matching lace has a ruffled crown of the marquisette. The flowers are hyacinths twisted into an exquisite trail.

spring bride's classic white



● Lilac faille one-piece (above) designed with a newly wide beltless midriff section. The dress is chosen for a matron of honor and is worn with a pale lilac drooped-brim hat.

● Short-skirted bridesmaid dress (above right) combines a sweater top in pure lace and a pleated marquisette skirt. The wide-brimmed hat is in matching yellow finished with green shoulder-length streamers.

● Traditional bridal gown (right) is made in mouseline de soie and has a form-fitting empire-type bodice, and skirt flowing into back fullness. The curving applique of lace on the bodice matches the beautiful lace stole that is worn mantilla fashion and then caught up under the flower arrangement.

● Demure dress for a little flowergirl (above left) is made in blue organdie banded with matching satin ribbon. The dress is above ankle length and worn with a matching organdie cap.

● The short-skirted bridesmaid dress (above) is made in finely pleated silk organdie held firm and shapely with narrow self bands. Large straw hat completes ensemble.

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DM 14/42

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER by Kay Melaun

Wedding Etiquette

Wedding etiquette is always a problem, so the page this week answers many questions by setting out the broad rules for what's "done."

A WEDDING can be as big and lavish or as quiet and modest as you like. But below are rulings for the sort of wedding that most girls have—a church wedding, with a reception for about 60, either at home or at one of the places which specially cater for such parties.

These are the main preparations:

1. Choosing the time and place.
2. Engaging the services of the clergyman and the use of the church.
3. Choosing the attendants for the bride and the groom.
4. Making a guest list, selecting and ordering invitations and announcements.
5. Arranging for church decorations; ordering the bride's bouquet, ushers' buttonholes, flowers for bridesmaids, etc.
6. Selecting music and artists.
7. Engaging a caterer if the reception is to be at home, planning the menu, the wedding cake.
8. Engaging a photographer.

The bride's expenses are: Invitations and announcements; all wedding decorations; transportation of the bridesmaids to the church; special music; the bride's trousseau; the wedding cake; the reception; and the groom's wedding ring, if he is going to wear one.

The groom's expenses are: The bride's bouquet, ushers' buttonholes, and flowers for the bridesmaids, for the bride, and for his own mother; the cars for himself, the best man, and the ushers to the church; and the car for himself and the bride from the church; gifts for the bridesmaids and the ushers; the licence; the clergyman's fee; and the honeymoon trip.

Wedding invitations should be posted from two to three weeks before the wedding date. If the wedding is very

small, invitations should be posted or telephoned a week or ten days before.

Invitations should take this form: Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith request the honor of your company at the marriage of their daughter, Sally, to Mr. Thomas Jones on Friday, the twenty-ninth of October, at four o'clock at the Presbyterian Church, Allanville, and afterwards at The Boulevard. R.S.V.P.

These invitations, of course, should be printed. It is correct to write wedding invitations only when the wedding is to be quite small.

Answers to invitations should be written, and in the third person: "Mr. and Mrs.



James Thompson have much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith's invitation to the wedding of their daughter, Sally, on Friday, October 29.

Wedding invitations are never refused. If you cannot go, you should write a formal acceptance, following it a few days later with a letter of explanation regretting that you are unable to attend.

It is quite correct to give information to newspapers regarding your own wedding. Most newspaper offices have a printed form which they supply, and which you can fill in with accurate information.

At the church the bride's friends and relatives sit on the left side of the church facing the altar. The groom's friends and relatives sit on the right.

LIONEL HAMPTON'S power-house style of music doesn't appeal to me personally, but you can't help getting a lift from his vigorous playing of "Drum Stomp" and "Piano Stomp" on EA4174.

DON'T tell me Australians can't write pops up to overseas standard after hearing Jimmy Parkinson sing "Why Can't I?" and "Madame" on A7842. Play them for yourself and see if Como or Fisher wouldn't have been glad to wax them.

FOR a slice of Turkish delight lend an ear to the toast of cafe society Eartha Kitt as she sings "Uska Dara" on EA4194. She won all hearts with it when she appeared at

The ushers stand at the entrance of the church and escort the guests to the pews. It is customary for an usher to ask a guest whom he doesn't know: "Are you a friend of the bride or of the groom?" and to seat the guest according to the answer.

The two front pews on each side are always left free for the immediate family of the bride and the groom.

The bridegroom and the best man go to the church a few minutes early and wait either in the front pew or in the vestry with the clergyman until the bride arrives at the church.

An usher usually alerts them about her arrival, but if he doesn't the Wedding March will. It is always played just as the bride is about to walk down the aisle on her father's right arm.

The bride's father stands at the left of the bride until he has given her away to the groom. He then takes his place in the first pew at the left with his wife and family.

At the reception the parents of the bride and the groom stand at the entrance. The bride's mother is first, next her father, then the groom's mother, who is third in line, and fourth the groom's father.

Sometimes relatives and a few intimate friends are asked to stand in line to help receive the guests. The bride and groom stand in the background of the room.

The bride throws her bouquet to the bridesmaids the moment she leaves the reception-room to change into her going-away clothes.

It is not necessary to invite the clergyman and his wife to the reception, but it is a thoughtful and polite gesture, and the usual thing when he is known to the family.

Introductions are usually necessary at weddings because many of the bride's and groom's friends may not have met. But guests should talk among themselves, without waiting to be introduced.

DISC DIGEST

the exotic Caravanserai Club, Istanbul. It's in Turkish with provocative asides in English. For the flipside she takes glamor to the Highlands and gives us "Sandy's Tune," allowing plenty of the Kitt magic to show through her Scottish accent.

ON DO70103 a newcomer called Charlie Applewhite gives his "all" to a very lovely melody, which explains the song's popularity abroad. The lad has a warm voice and will no doubt specialise in romantic stuff. Backing is another "soft lights" number called "This Is You."

ANOTHER vital newcomer is Peter Sellers, and I like his "Never Never Land" best of all versions. His imitation of Schnozzle Durante is uncanny, and the tune is simply irresistible. On the other side of EA4191 he puts over a zany item called "Dipso Calypso." It would be just the right disc for parties.

I ENJOYED my trip around the world with that pert Teresa Brewer as she sang "Le Grand Tour de L'Amour." The lyrics are refreshingly original, and that counts a lot with me. Flip to DO70105 is "Jilted," which gives Teresa a chance to capitalise on her funny little cracked voice.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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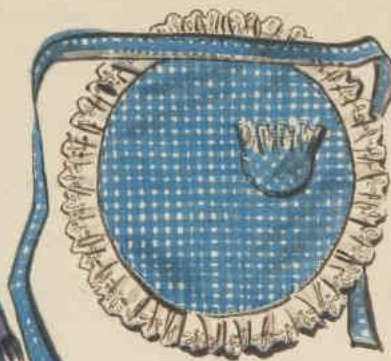
PHILIPS



PL13-54

AN APRON WARDROBE

● Here are five pretty aprons chosen for the girl who is about to set up house. No great dressmaking skill is required for the making; all can be made at moderate cost.



● It requires only 1/2 yd. of gingham and 2 1/2 yds. of cotton lace to make the pretty circular apron (above). Circle is approximately 20 in. and has 2 yds. of lace gathered around the edge. The other 1/2 yd. of lace is used as a pretty pocket trim.

● One yard of glazed chintz and a small hand towel are combined to make the kitchen apron (above). Three inches are cut from the towel for the pocket trim; the towel is then gathered into the waist belt. The name of the wearer is embroidered above the fringed end of the towel.



● "Cheers" proclaims the embroidery on this gay hostess apron (above). Only 1 yd. of material is needed for the making. The apron is a square with a large corner cut off. It is hemmed and trimmed with rows of chic braid.



● One yard of black organdie plus red roses cut from a piece of flower chintz are used for this apron (above). The flowers are appliqued to the organdie by hand. The lace-trimmed apron (right) requires 1 yd. of organdie and approximately 2 1/2 yds. of lace. The lace is stitched on by the inside edge only, leaving the outside edge free to stand crisp and sheer from the organdie.



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Lustre's smooth and lovely Dulbloom is fashioned for Spring in beautifully designed lingerie, rich with lace, to give trousseau glamour. Whether you buy the individual garment or the complete set, you'll be lovelier in Lustre.

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From dresses to overnight bags, from slippers to compacts, from feather-light zippers for filmy frocks or rugged types for tweedy skirts . . . "Lightning" zippers are giving excellent service throughout Australia.

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KITCHEN CUNNING

TO extract juice from an onion: Cut a slice from the bottom of a medium-size onion and twist on a grater.

To obtain a few drops of lemon juice: Pierce a whole lemon with the prongs of a fork, squeeze out quantity of juice required.

To remove vegetable stains from the fingers: Rub the fingers with a slice of raw potato.

To secure a mincer to the table: Place a piece of sandpaper with the rough side to the table before tightening the screw.

To remove odors from bottles and jars: Place a solution of water and dry mustard (2 teaspoons mustard to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water) in jar and stand for 2 or 3 hours. Rinse well in hot water and dry before using.

To roll breakfast cereals or dried bread into crumbs: Place between folds of a clean tea-towel or waxed paper and roll with a rolling-pin.

To remove egg stains from silver: Place the spoons and forks in an aluminium saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water and 1 tablespoon salt. Bring slowly to boiling point. Stains will disappear completely. Rinse and dry.

To keep mixing bowl steady when beating: Stand bowl on a folded damp cloth.

To season when doubling a recipe: Be careful! It is not safe to double salt or other seasonings. Use sparingly at first, adding what is needed after tasting.

To test a cake: Use a fine skewer or fine steel knitting needle—a straw from a broom is unhygienic.

To mix powdered milk quickly and easily: Warm the water slightly, sprinkle the required quantity of dry powder on top, and use a rotary beater or electric blender.

SUBSTITUTES

FOR brown breadcrumbs for coating cutlets, rissoles, or fish, use rolled, crushed breakfast flakes or savory biscuits.

For egg-glazing for coating cutlets, rissoles, or fish, use a thin pouring batter of flour blended with milk.

For cream in cooking use an equal quantity of undiluted evaporated milk.

For milk in scones use 2 tablespoons dry powdered milk sifted with each 2 cups flour and mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water instead of milk.

For each 2 teaspoons baking powder substitute 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

For meat stock use 1 teaspoon gravy browning powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon meat extract to each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water.

For thickening soups use rolled oats instead of barley.

Honey may be used in place of half the sugar in making cakes. If this is done, reduce the amount of liquid by one-quarter and cook the cake at a slightly lower temperature.

For biscuits omit the eggs and use 2 tablespoons custard powder to every $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour. Add a little extra rising and some grated orange rind to prevent dryness.

One teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 1 dessertspoon vinegar may be used in place of 2 eggs in a cake containing fruit or ginger. The soda and vinegar should be added at the last.

• For quick and easy reference, paste this chart on cardboard or plywood and hang it in your kitchen. If you have a problem not covered here, send your query to Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Accurate weighing or measuring is essential for good results. If kitchen scales are not available, standard measuring cups and spoons, correctly used, are satisfactory. Graduated glass or plastic measuring cups holding eight fluid ounces should be used for measuring dry or liquid ingredients.

1 cup flour (measured before sifting)	4oz.
1 cup sugar (crystal or castor)	8oz.
1 cup sifted icing sugar	5oz.
1 cup brown sugar	5oz.
1 cup fat, butter, or margarine	8oz.
1 cup soft breadcrumbs	4oz.
$\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid	1 pint
$\frac{1}{3}$ -rd cup honey	4oz.

A tablespoon used for measuring should hold one fluid ounce; a dessertspoon should hold $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounce; a teaspoon should hold 30 drops. Half a spoonful of dry ingredient means a level spoonful divided lengthwise. Quarter spoonful of dry ingredient means a level spoonful divided lengthwise, then cross-wise. For maximum accuracy when measuring liquid with a spoon, pour the liquid into the spoon, do not dip the spoon into the liquid.

American-type round, plastic measuring spoons, available in sets of four, should be used when measuring ingredients for American recipes. These spoons are labelled 1 tablespoon, 1 teaspoon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon. The tablespoon holds only $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounce and is therefore equal only to a dessertspoonful. The teaspoon holds $\frac{1}{4}$ fluid oz. Liquid measurements in recipes are based on the American pint of 16 fluid ounces—the British liquid measure is 20 fluid ounces to 1 pint.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes mean level spoons.	
2 level tablespoons flour	1oz.
2 level tablespoons cornflour	1oz.
2 level tablespoons cocoa	1oz.
2 level tablespoons custard powder	1oz.
2 level tablespoons rice flour or ground rice	1oz.
1 level tablespoon fat	1oz.
$\frac{1}{4}$ level tablespoons crystal sugar	1oz.
2 level tablespoons sifted icing sugar	1oz.
$\frac{1}{4}$ level tablespoons castor sugar	1oz.
5 tablespoons liquid	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint
2 level tablespoons gelatine	1oz.
1 tablespoon golden syrup	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
$\frac{1}{4}$ level tablespoons rice, barley, or split peas	1oz.
2 level tablespoons sage	1oz.
4 level tablespoons finely chopped suet	1oz.
2 level tablespoons grated cheese	1oz.

BASIC PROPORTIONS

TEACAKE. For every 2 cups self-raising flour (or 2 cups flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder) allow pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 or 4 tablespoons mixed fruit, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

PANCAKE BATTER. For every cup of flour allow a pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, and 1 egg.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY. For every 2 cups flour allow 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons shortening (any solid type cooking fat), 4 tablespoons water.

COVERING BATTER. For every cup of flour allow a pinch of salt, 1 egg-yolk, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Basic Butter Cake

• Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla (or other flavoring as desired), 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour (or 2 cups flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder), pinch salt.

Cream shortening with sugar and flavoring until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time. Beat until smoothly mixed. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, making a smooth mixture—do not beat. Fill into greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin, bottom of tin lined with greased paper. Bake 1 to $\frac{1}{2}$ hours in moderate oven, allow to stand in tin 3 or 4 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler.

BASIC PROPORTIONS

PLAIN SCONES. For every 2 cups flour allow 4 teaspoons baking powder (or use self-raising flour), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

WHITE SAUCE. For every cup of milk allow 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, pinch salt.

SPONGE SANDWICH. To fill 7in. tins allow 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour (or 1 cup flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk. For 8in. tins use 4 eggs.

OVEN TEMPERATURES and positions for cooking

Slow oven	250deg. F.—350deg. F.	Hot oven	400deg. F.—450deg. F.
Moderate oven	350deg. F.—400deg. F.	Very hot oven	450deg. F.—500deg. F.
FOOD		TEMPERATURE	
		POSITION	
		Gas, fuel, or slow combustion stoves	Electric stoves
Baked custards and milk puddings	325deg. F.	Below centre.	In the centre.
Rich fruit cakes.	300deg. F.	Top of cake level with centre of oven.	Top of cake level with centre of oven.
Casseroles.	325deg. F.	About centre.	Centre or below.
Roast meat.	325-350deg. F.	About centre.	Below centre.
Biscuits.	350-375deg. F.	Just above centre.	Below centre.
Butter cakes.	350deg. F.	About the centre or slightly below (depends on depth of cake).	Below centre.
Sponge sandwich or Swiss roll.	375deg. F.	Above centre.	Below centre.
Gingerbread.	325-350deg. F.	Just above centre.	Below centre.
Light fruit cake.	350deg. F.	About the centre.	Centre or below.
Patty cakes.	400deg. F.	Near top.	Near bottom.
Pastry (shortcrust).	450deg. F.	Small tartlets near top. Tart cases, filled tarts, and pies above the centre.	Small tartlets near bottom. Tart cases, filled tarts, and pies near the bottom.
Pastry (puff or flaky).	475deg. F.	Pies above the centre.	Pies near the bottom.
Scones.	475deg. F.	Near top.	Near bottom.

SAVERS

CURDLED egg custard: Caused by overheating eggs and milk. Remove custard from saucepan immediately. Add a small quantity of cold water and beat briskly with a rotary beater.

Burnt pie-crust or tartlets: Caused by over-hot oven. With a thin flexible-bladed knife scrape off burnt portion. Brush with milk or egg-white and return to oven for a few minutes, to crisp the pastry. For sweet pastry add a sprinkling of sugar after brushing with the milk or egg-white.

Over-cooked potatoes: Caused by too-rapid boiling. Drain off all possible moisture. Cover saucepan with tightly fitting lid, shake 3 or 4 minutes over low heat. Mash with a little dry powdered milk instead of fresh milk, add a nut of butter. Beat until creamy with a wooden spoon.

To beat egg-whites stiffly: This is impossible if the tiniest speck of egg-yolk gets into the whites when eggs are separated. If this happens, do not waste time trying to remove it with a spoon—use a piece of egg-shell.

Sauce too thin: Check quantity of thickening used. Stir in extra blended flour or cornflour and stir while sauce simmers 2 or 3 minutes longer to cook extra thickening.

Burnt top on eggless milk pudding (such as creamed rice): Caused by oven being too hot. Remove burnt skin carefully, stir a little extra milk into the pudding, and top with a few dabs of butter. Rebake at a lower temperature until top is lightly browned.

Burnt aluminium saucepan: Cover bottom with about 1in. water, add a tablespoon of soap powder, and gradually heat to boiling point. Repeat if necessary. This is satisfactory for a lightly burnt saucepan.

COOKERY HINTS

BEFORE weighing or measuring golden syrup, honey, or jam, dust the scales or cup lightly with flour to prevent sticking.

To freshen a stale loaf of bread, sprinkle with water and bake in moderate oven until crisp.

To revitalise salad greens without a refrigerator, wash thoroughly and wrap in food-wrapping plastic or place in tightly lidded aluminium saucepan.

Use kitchen scissors for quickly chopping parsley or mint (in a cup), removing rind from bacon, removing fins and tails from fish.

After frying crumbed foods spend a minute straining fat through a fine wire strainer to remove loose crumbs. If left, crumbs will burn and spoil appearance of food next time fat is used.

Rinse lemon squeezer immediately after use to remove pith and seeds. If allowed to dry on the squeezer cleaning is difficult.

To prevent curdling of baked milk puddings containing eggs and milk, stand the piedish in a dish of warm water while cooking.

When oven is to be fully loaded it is necessary to pre-heat it to "very hot," as the temperature drops immediately when a number of cold dishes are placed in.

First Dinner Party

For a young bride with a new home and beautiful wedding gifts to display, the first dinner party is an occasion to enjoy and to remember.

BY OUR
FOOD & COOKERY
EXPERTS



SPRING BLOSSOMS and camellias add charm to this delightful setting. Silver candleabra, serving-dishes, and cutlery give a touch of elegance suitable for a special-occasion dinner. The food is simple to prepare. See the menu on this page.



PEACH MERINGUE sponge is made up of layers of chopped peaches, velvety butter cake, and fluffy meringue with peach halves and almonds used to decorate. If apricots are your favorite fruit, substitute them for the peaches. The almonds combine with apricots just as well as with peaches. See recipe.

PLAN the menu for your first dinner party carefully and arrange for the shopping and house-cleaning to be completed the day before. Check kitchen cupboards to be sure staple stores are in order.

The menu planned on this page is for a dinner party for six. Shopping details, meal preparation, and recipes are given so that you can cope with your first dinner party easily and successfully.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

MENU

Grapefruit and prawn appetiser.
Veal birds, baked potatoes and pumpkin, green peas, carrots, cabbage.

Peach meringue sponge.
Biscuits and cheese.

Coffee.

MORNING PREPARATION

Prepare veal birds, leave in refrigerator on plate covered with greaseproof.

Prepare vegetables (except potatoes), place in clear plastic food-wrapping or screw-top jars in refrigerator.

Prepare grapefruit and prawn appetiser, place in large bowl, cover, keep in refrigerator.

Check flowers for table decoration, cloth, napkins, and silver.

AFTERNOON PREPARATION

When you are ready, don an apron and prepare peach meringue sponge and cook it.

Set dinner table.

Two hours before time set for dinner, brown veal birds, place in casserole in oven; heat fat for vegetables. Prepare potatoes, place in fat with pumpkin.

Prepare meringue and finish off sweet.

When meat is within 30 minutes of being done, place peas and carrots on to cook.

Serve appetisers in glasses and place on table.

When meat is cooked, remove birds, keep hot, and make gravy.

Return sweet to oven to brown meringue.

Place cabbage on to cook.

Check your appearance, freshen make-up.

Serve meat and vegetables, keep hot in oven (turned off) with dinner plates.

Put coffee on to brew slowly.

Remove apron, welcome your guests.

GRAPEFRUIT AND PRAWN APPETISER

Three grapefruit, 1 lb. prawns, 12 sticks asparagus, 2 or 3 tablespoons dry sherry (if liked), lettuce cups, parsley.

Peel grapefruit, cut flesh into dice. Shell prawns, reserving 6 for garnishing. If prawns are large, cut into halves or thirds, toss with diced grapefruit. Arrange in lettuce cups in serving-dishes, trickle dry sherry over each, chill. Arrange reserved prawns and asparagus tips on top before serving. Garnish with sprig of parsley.

VEAL BIRDS

Two pounds veal steak cut into pieces approximately 3 in. x 5 in., 1 lb. sausage meat, 1 1/2 cups toasted bread cubes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, salt, pepper, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons fat, 1/2 cup water, 1 cup tomato soup or puree or sauce, gravy powder.

Combine sausage meat, bread cubes, parsley, onion, celery, salt, and pepper. Bind with beaten egg. Spread over veal pieces. Roll up,

Continued on page 47

HOSTESSES SHARE THEIR RECIPES

● To help the bride, a potential homemaker, we asked well-known hostesses for their favorite recipes — or those that had proved most helpful to them when entertaining in the home.

LADY GULLETT, one of Melbourne's noted hostesses, has found that a delicious velvety-smooth sauce served instead of gravy with meat, poultry, or fish gives the dish a real "lift."

Her top favorite is Versatile Hollandaise Sauce, which she uses for this purpose and sometimes, too, to mask vegetables and leftovers.

Lady Gullett says it provides a foolproof foundation for a variety of sauces, ringing the changes with the addition of chopped parsley and a dash of tarragon, enlivening it at other times with finely chopped onion, grated horseradish, chopped hard-boiled eggs, breadcrumbs (for serving as a bread sauce with poultry), or dressing it up with capers or mint.

Here is the recipe:

Half cup butter, 14 teaspoons lemon juice, 3 egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons boiling water; 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon paprika, few grains cayenne pepper.

Melt butter slowly in a cup in a warm oven and heat lemon juice in another cup in same way. Have ready a small saucepan, containing lin. of boiling water, of a size to allow a small crockery or earthenware bowl to "sit" over it without touching the bottom. Beat the egg-yolks with a wire whisk in a bowl and set it over the saucepan.

As mixture begins to thicken, add one tablespoon of boiling water, repeating process until the four tablespoons of boiling water have been added. Beat in hot lemon juice and remove from fire; beating constantly with wire whisk blend in the

melted butter, salt, paprika, and cayenne.

The sauce is now ready for serving or may be covered with lid and put back over saucepan of hot water and set aside until the fish or meat dish is ready.

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN-BORN Mrs. A. E. Gollnick, of Brisbane, president of the Queensland Orchestral Subscribers' Committee and past president of the Lyceum Club, has found this old New England chowder recipe a great standby, particularly in winter.

Followed by a green salad and fruit for dessert, it is a most satisfying meal, she says.

Two rashers bacon, 1 onion, 1 pint milk, knob of butter, pepper and salt, 2 or 3 potatoes, 1 tin whole kernel corn.

Cut the bacon into eight or ten pieces, brown it in butter or bacon fat in frying-pan, add one chopped onion. In the top of double boiler melt a knob of butter with pepper and salt. Pour in pint of milk, allow to warm, then add the browned bacon and onion.

Add the boiled potatoes, cut into small pieces, and corn or corn from cob. When the corn has been added bring mixture almost, but not quite, to boiling point. Serve at once with salted cracker biscuits. (The quantity is sufficient for three people.)

★ ★ ★

MRS. J. W. D. Monteath, of Peppermint Grove, Western Australia, Finance Commissioner of the Girl Guides in Western Australia, is a constant hostess in her own home.

During the war she was organizer and president and also honorary housekeeper of the Fighting Forces Welfare Fund,

which ran the "Silver Bullet" canteen in Perth.

Mrs. Monteath's choice of a useful but glamorous sweet was Floating Island, which she considers easy to make and most convenient, as it can be put in the oven for two hours and "forgotten about."

Four eggs, 16 level tablespoons castor sugar, 2 level teaspoons cornflour, pinch salt, 1 pint milk, 1 level tablespoon sugar, 1-3rd pint cream, 1 tablespoon rum. Caramel: 1 cup sugar to 2 tablespoons water. Boil together until light golden color.

Have ready two basins, one large enough to hold a smaller. Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites very stiff, add salt and cornflour, gradually add sugar and continue beating until mixture is at original stiffness.

Lane small basin with caramel, fill with meringue, and stand small basin in larger basin, which is full of boiling water. Bake in a moderate oven for a few minutes, then turn very low and leave for two hours.

Make very thin custard with the egg-yolks, milk, and sugar, add whipped cream, and lace it with rum. Pour into serving-dish and turn cooled meringue out into centre of custard.

★ ★ ★

SYDNEY hostess Lady Lloyd Jones, of "Rosemont," Ocean Street, Woollahra, who is noted for the exquisite food served at her luncheon and dinner parties, says that the most useful recipe of her repertoire for a quick family luncheon or Sunday supper is salmon risotto, which she makes this way:

One cup cooked drained rice, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 green pepper, 1 medium-size tin salmon, butter, salt, pepper, 10 blanched almonds.

Open the tin of salmon, turn on to dish, remove bones, flake, and add chopped egg-whites, chopped green pepper.

Season to taste with salt and pepper, add coarsely chopped almonds and drained rice. Put in double boiler with a large knob of butter and heat thoroughly. Turn on to serving dish.

Have ready the egg-yolks, which have been pressed through a coarse sieve, and use as a garnish. Decorate with chopped parsley or parsley sprigs.

★ ★ ★

MRS. LANCE LEWIS is one of Adelaide's well-known hostesses who does not subscribe to the current trend of entertaining out, but prefers to do so in beautiful and historic "Benacre," her Glen Osmond home.

"Benacre," set in some six or seven acres of orchard, rambling gardens, and woodland, is well over 100 years old. Mrs. Lewis is a keen gardener, finds it a relaxing hobby. She is also interested in art, both academic and modern.

Here is her favorite recipe: Two loins and ribs of lamb (ask butcher to turn chops

Prize recipe

A MEAT loaf served with a piquant mustard sauce wins this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest for Mrs. M. Cunningham, 167 Fernberg Rd., Rosalie, Brisbane.

All spoon measurements are level.

HAM LOAF WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

Three-quarters pound minced steak, 1lb. minced veal, 1lb. ham, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 3 cups breadcrumbs.

Mix all ingredients together, press into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. Serve hot with mustard sauce.

Mustard Sauce: Melt 2 dessertspoons butter, add 2 dessertspoons flour and mustard, ½ cup sugar, and 1 teaspoon salt. Gradually add 1 cup vinegar. Stir over gentle heat until smooth and thickened. Gradually add 1 cup mayonnaise and 2 tablespoons chopped mixed pickles.

around and make them stand up like points of a crown), few strips of bacon, 3 or 4 cups breadcrumbs, 1lb. mushrooms, salt, pepper, sprinkling fresh thyme, 1 medium white onion, 2 egg-yolks, 3 egg-whites, 1loz. butter, 1 pint of cream, milk to moisten.

Season breadcrumbs with salt, pepper, and thyme. Add warm milk and butter. Then add minced onion (cooked in butter in covered pan). Add egg-yolks and mushrooms, which have been grilled and minced; then add cream to make a thick puree.

Season again, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Put this into crown of lamb and wrap fat bacon around the ends of chops to keep them from burning. Cook for 1½ hours or more or less according to size of lamb. When cooked, remove the bacon and replace with cutlet frills.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER Sydney hostess, Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, wife of the president of the Rural Bank, entertains constantly in her beautiful Rose Bay home.

During the warmer months of the year her luncheon and dinner parties are served on the spacious, attractively furnished verandah overlooking the Harbor.

Mrs. McKerihan has three favorite desserts, but she finds that a cool, light sweet like easily made apricot soufflé is perfect to complement a four-course dinner.

Here is the recipe:

One cup canned apricots (drained), 14 level dessertspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 eggs, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 cup hot water.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Sieve apricots, beat egg-yolks with sugar and add to apricot pulp. Put into double boiler and heat, add lemon juice and dissolved gelatine. Remove and cool, then add stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pile into individual glasses, top with whipped cream, decorate as desired, and serve.



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FIRST DINNER PARTY

From page 46

secure with cocktail sticks or tie with coarse thread. Brown in hot fat, turning to brown evenly. Place birds in ovenware dish, pour water and tomato soup or puree or sauce over. Cover, cook in moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove birds, keep hot. Blend gravy powder with a little extra water, add to liquid in dish. When boiling, correct seasoning, serve with the birds.

VEGETABLES

Place dish with fat for vegetables in oven at same time as meat. Prepare potatoes and pumpkin, peel, wash, and dry; cut into pieces and sprinkle with salt. Place in heated fat and cook until tender and golden brown, turning three or four times while cooking.

Cook peas 20 minutes in warm salted water to which has been added 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 sprigs mint, and 2 or 3 pea-pods; or pressure-cook with flavorings and 1 cup water 4 minutes. Drain, and remove pods and mint before serving.

Cook shredded washed cabbage in 1 to 1½ cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, and pinch nutmeg in lidded pan 8

minutes, shaking pan occasionally. All water should evaporate during cooking.

PEACH MERINGUE SPONGE

Three dessertspoons butter or substitute, 4 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, tinned or home-preserved peaches, 2 egg-whites, extra 4 tablespoons sugar, toasted almonds.

Drain peaches, reserve three halves for decoration. Chop balance roughly and place in greased ovenware dish. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spread over peaches. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Pile on to pudding, place reserved peaches on top. Fill peaches with meringue and decorate with almonds. Return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.



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1. **TROUPE** of Italian troubadours make a first appearance before the populace in an improvised theatre. During the performance, Camilla, playing Columbine, (Anna Magnani), right, attracts attention of the Toreador, a local hero.



2. **INFATUATED** toreador (Ricardo Rioli), left, calls on Camilla after the show. He discovers her with her soldier admirer (Paul Campbell).

The Golden Coach

★ French director Jean Renoir made "The Golden Coach," a technicolor film with English dialogue, which is set in 18th-century South America when Spain governed her possessions there through Viceroy.

The story tells of a troupe of Italian Commedia dell'arte players who appear in one such colony. It is led by Camilla (played by Anna Magnani), the temperamental star and femme fatale of the company.

Camilla, largely responsible for the dilemmas and predicaments which befall the group, solves them her own way.



3. **BY COMMAND** of the Viceroy the troubadours give a performance at court, where Camilla adds to her conquests and further complicates the plot by catching the eye of the Viceroy (Duncan Lamond), left.



4. **COMPETING** for Camilla's favor, the Viceroy creates a court crisis by giving her his golden coach. The council threatens to depose him unless it is returned.



5. **CONFUSION** increases when her admirers call on Camilla in turn. She spurns the Viceroy. Then the other two are arrested for duelling. Now all are at the mercy of the Bishop.



6. **CAMILLA** resolves the triple impasse by persuading the Bishop, a powerful man, to claim the golden coach for the church. Then she turns back to her one true love—the theatre.

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Cole OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

3

How to
flatter
your HIPS



Above: "Sea Bird", style 69. Proves a stripe or boyade design curving around figure and dipping to a central back seam carves inches from the back outline. 99/6.

Original Alcorso Hand Print

"Sarong", style 76, for large hips, heavy thighs; side-swept drape. Matching briefs.

"Swim Lively", style 54, half skirt folded in Chrysalis Drape softens tummy.

"Waterlily", style 68, for short or stocky legs. Slanted leg & mailot drape add inches to leg length.

"Buccaneer", style 206, the short-type Swim Suit for "problem" thighs. No elasticizing to grip.

★★★ Seven Brides for Seven Brothers

MASS romance in CinemaScope Oregon backwoods about a hundred years ago provides the gayest sort of entertainment in Metro's new color musical, "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers."

Jane Powell and Howard Keel, the leading lights in this whimsy, are in good acting form and voice. But they are by no means the whole show.

Here is a film of bright, multiple talents if ever there was one. Michael Kidd's imaginative ballet-type choreography is splendid, and the musical score, helped by Johnny Mercer's lyrics, is fresh and gay.

The line-up of brothers includes such dance artists as Tommy Rall (from "Kiss Me, Kate"), Marc Platt, and a sensational newcomer named Matt Maddox.

All of these performers together with the graceful girls of the corps de ballet help to put the show across with zest and swing.

The story behind "Seven Brides" is also new and dif-

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

ferent. It is based on "The Sobbins' Women," a sly, modern variation of Plutarch's "Rape of the Sabine Women."

Briefly, it tells how Adam, the eldest brother (Howard Keel), picks up a wife (Jane Powell) as well as the grocery order in the village one day. Soon his six husky brothers reckon they'll get hitched too, and court six local girls.

Outwitted by the girls' steady beaux, they abduct the lasses of their choice. When a lynching party of indignant menfolk turns up to effect a rescue, the girls refuse to budge, and a minister who happens to be handy marries them all on the spot.

In Sydney—St. James.

★★ Genevieve

"GENEVIEVE" (J. A. Rank) is a gay technicolor comedy of enormous charm through which laughter bubbles constantly.

In it veteran motor cars and their proud owners come in for a lot of good-natured ribbing.

Genevieve, a 1904 vintage "crock," is the heroine of the story which involves her owner, London barrister John Gregson, and his delightful, long-suffering wife, Dinah Sheridan, in a string of comic situations during the Veteran Car Club's annual London-to-Brighton rally.

Their misadventures along the road are aggravated by Kenneth More, a veteran car rival and extrovert friend of the family, who has as his passenger glamorous Kay Kendall.

Comedy highlight of the film, however, is the drive back to London, in which the friends stage a private race for a big wager.

No stratagems are barred during the run, but Genevieve's winning ways put the final issue beyond doubt.

In Sydney—State.

★ Elephant Walk

BY carving significant events out of the Robert Standish novel, Hollywood has trans-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

formed "Elephant Walk" into a moody triangle drama.

The story, set in the luxurious atmosphere of a vast Ceylon tea plantation, stars Elizabeth Taylor as the English bride of millionaire planter Peter Finch, and Dana Andrews as the other man.

The Paramount film moves at a ponderous pace in showing how the lonely bride, her happiness threatened by the dominating influence of her husband's dead father, seeks lady-like solace with plantation foreman Dana Andrews.

Peter Finch gives an authoritative performance as the man living in the shadow of his ruthless father.

Maddened elephants provide a thunderous finale in which they demolish "Elephant Walk." The stampede saves the marriage from going on the rocks, but by then it's too late to revive the picture.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Yankee Pasha," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jeff Chandler, Rhonda Fleming. Plus "Ride Clear of Diablo," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Dan Duray, Susan Cabot.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon Is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "Flame and the Flesh," Eastmancolor romantic drama, starring Lana Turner, Pier Angeli, Carlos Thompson. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★★ "Knock on Wood," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus "Special Agent," thriller, starring William Eythe, Laura Elliot. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Elephant Walk," technicolor drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Finch, Dana Andrews. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Broken Lance," technicolor Western drama, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Jour de Fete," French-language comedy, starring Jacques Tati. Plus ★★★ "Big Top," special circus film in color.

STATE.—★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "The Voice of Merrill," murder thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown.

ST JAMES.—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor CinemaScope romantic musical, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Parnell. Plus featurettes. (Comm. September 27: ★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel.) (See review this page.)

VARIETY.—★★ "Infidelity," Italian-language omnibus film, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica, Aldo Fabrizi. Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Sabre Jet," air drama in color, starring Robert Stack, Colleen Gray, Julie Bishop. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"The Net," aviation drama, starring Phyllis Calvert, James Donald, Robert Beatty. Plus "It Started in Paradise," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Hylton, Ian Hunter, Muriel Pavlow.

MAYFAIR.—"The Grace Moore Story," technicolor musical biography, starring Kathryn Grayson, Merv Griffin, Joan Weldon. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Siege at Red River," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Van Johnson, Joanne Dru, Richard Boone. Plus "Music in the Moonlight," musical on ice, starring Dorothy Lewis, James Ellison, Jerry Colonna.

PARK.—"Make Haste to Live," suspense drama, starring Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally. Plus "Wrecking Crew," action melodrama, starring Chester Morris.

PLAZA.—"Carnival Story," technicolor circus drama, starring Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"The Far Country," technicolor Western drama, starring James Stewart, Ruth Roman, Corinne Calvet. Plus "All I Desire," domestic drama, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Carlson, Lyle Bettger.

FACTS ABOUT MOYGASHEL



4. Embroidered 'Moygashel' linens are the fashion of the year. 'Moygashel', cool with eyelets, with lacy drawn thread, or plain, perfect for applique.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 29, 1954

Joan's new deal

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

A blossoming screen star must take great care in choosing the place where she is born. Italy and California, where the film industries have an appreciation for curves, are ideal. But she shouldn't choose England.

BRITISH films can turn out pretty sagas of Empire, quaint comedies, an occasional drama of merit, and now and then a good thriller. But give them a siren and the producers really don't know what to do with her.

Joan Collins is as lavish a piece of home-grown glamor as Britain has found since the war and then lost the courage to promote.

The general drill when you discover a vamp in Britain is to put her under contract, feature her timidly in a couple of bad-girl parts, and then rush back in panic to the arms of your true screen love, the nice girl with the nice face and nice manners.

Sultry charms

IT takes other countries to see a vamp's possibilities.

Italy, which boasts a high-voltage vamp to every square metre of studio space in Rome, is nevertheless devoting pages of magazine space right now to detailing the sultry charms of their new visitor, England's Joan Collins.

She is currently starring there as an Egyptian princess in "The Land of the Pharaohs" for Warners' Hollywood unit.

And despite the rich competition of the great Italian stunners—Gina Lollobrigida, Silvana Mangano, and a new femme fatale called Silvana Pampani—the entry of Joan Collins into any of the cafe society nightspots causes the heads to turn.

At the same time, no fewer than five Hollywood companies are wooing Joan's agent in the knowledge that they'll have to buy her out of her English film contract, which still has three years of run.

In her few starring appearances so far in British films, the dark, wide-eyed Joan Collins has caused a flutter not only among cinemagoers but



JOAN COLLINS, British glamor girl, is being wooed by several Hollywood studios. All are prepared to exploit her spectacular looks in a way that Britain has never done.

also among the critics. Some were surprised to note that anybody with her sultry good looks could also show signs of acting talent.

Hollywood had its first close look at 20-year-old Joan when producer Howard Hawks

Film Fan Fare

goggled at a dark beauty who undulated across the lobby of a Paris hotel on the arm of a very tall hunk of man—her husband, Maxwell Reed.

Hawks, who has launched a whole string of leading Hollywood vamps on a glad world, stepped forward.

Said he, "I don't know you, but I think I have a part for you in my picture."

Miss Collins gave Hawks a devastating look and said, "I don't know YOU. But if the part is suitable and it fits in with my work, I would be glad to consider it."

Four months later she was swaying around the set in ancient Egyptian negligee and keeping clear of her rivals for the attention of the Cinema-Scope cameras. These rivals are two cobras the film men are starting to liven things up.

Joan is busy denying a few of the legends that have already grown up around her.

One says that instead of shaking hands with the gentlemen who are introduced to her, she embraces them.

This started quite a queue. She is indignant.

"That beastly lie! Because of that, strange men have been coming up and kissing me before I can stop them!" she said.

Divorce

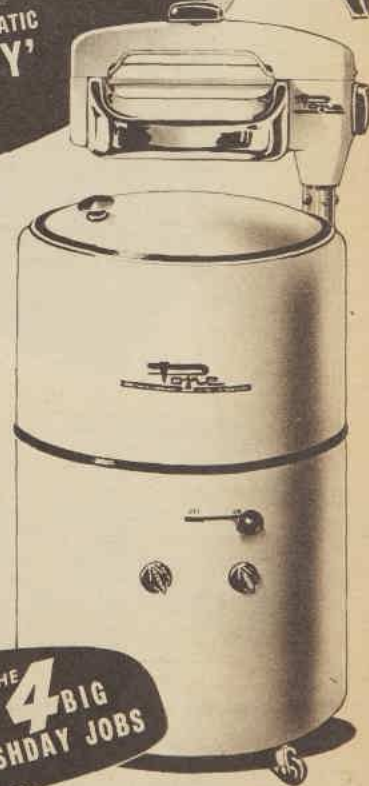
SHE is not denying that her marriage to the husky Maxwell Reed has broken up. But when asked about a divorce she waves at languid hand and murmurs something about "one of these days."

The Italian papers, however, which pride themselves on being up to date, have already divorced them and engaged Joan Collins to the equally tall and equally husky Sidney Chaplin, son of the great Charlie Chaplin. He is starring opposite her in "Land of the Pharaohs," and holds her hand occasionally.

This is causing some confusion, because, the last anybody else had heard, Sidney was exchanging sheep's eyes with the lissom Kay Kendall.

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★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): The strong possibility of misunderstandings with one you love, September 28, is a danger signal not to be ignored. September 30 beams on happy reunions or a romantic adventure.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): A new niche in your employment, or an exchange of services for mutual benefit, could be featured, September 30. October 4 shines on health matters, medical appointments.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A project which kicks off to a fine start, September 30, whether concerned with love or money, should reach a successful conclusion, October 4.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If a house hunter, or a purchaser of an article for the home, October 1 is lucky. October 2 is tops for asking favors of members of the family.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Undertake that little journey with congenial friends, October 2, and renew your zest for living. If you can stay through October 3, so much the better.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You'll be obliged to come to grips with finances for those rosy hopes; your judgment will be sound, September 29. Lucky buying or selling, October 4.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Use that famous Libra charm to persuade others, September 30, to co-operate with your ideas; then October 1 will be out of this world.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Put September 28 to use by cleaning the slate of odds and ends, which have lost interest for you. October 1 or 3 may push you out of your present groove into new worlds.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Meetings set for September 28 are likely to be stormy. September 30 is fine socially.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Grit your teeth, hop into plenty of hard work, September 29. If seeking a new job, don't expect results before October 4.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Changes in your surroundings, journeys, or temporary removals may be welcome, September 29, but you are almost certain to find enjoyment, October 1.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): That brainwave is worth cultivating, September 28. If you finally decide to carry it out, the events of October 3 may help you.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

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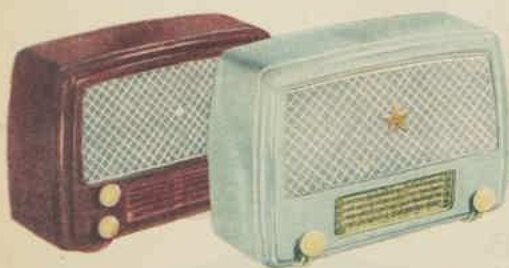
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VOLLEYING: Two plans of attack for the net game.

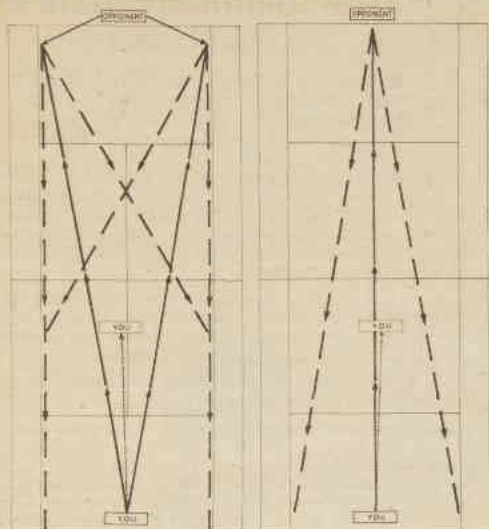


DIAGRAM 1, above, shows the sideline theory. You hit the ball (long, arrowed lines) to either corner and advance to net (dotted line). The opponent runs to either corner (dotted lines). She has the option of either a down-the-line or cross-court passing shot (short, arrowed lines). Hitting the ball to the corners gives the opposition a better angle to try for, but also it is more difficult hitting the ball on the run. By watching the racquet and the position of her body you can generally guess where she will try to aim the ball.

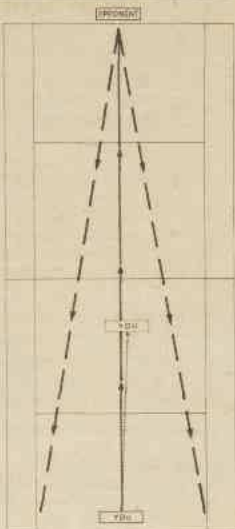


DIAGRAM 2, above, shows the centre-court theory. You hit the ball down centre (long, arrowed line). The opponent either hits cross-court or down the line (short, arrowed lines), but you will notice her angle is not as severe as in the sideline theory. It is harder hitting an angle when a ball comes down the middle, but you also have more time to plan your shot when the ball comes to you. Of course, you have advanced to net (dotted line) as soon as you hit the ball from the back court.

How to play tennis

No. 4 in our series by
MAUREEN ("Little Mo") CONNOLLY

Volleying is but a moderation of your ground strokes with a few slight changes. One of the main changes is to keep the same grip on both the forehand and back-hand volleys.

THE reason for not changing grips is that in a fast net exchange you would not have time. Your reflexes have to be extra sharp up in this part of the court.

The Eastern grip is preferable and is the one I use.

To volley you should be well inside the service line and take the ball in the air. Volleying is a way of finishing off a point, because when you take the ball in the air your opponent does not have time to recover position.

You are rushing her, whereas if you allow the ball to bounce she would have time to return to the centre of the court.

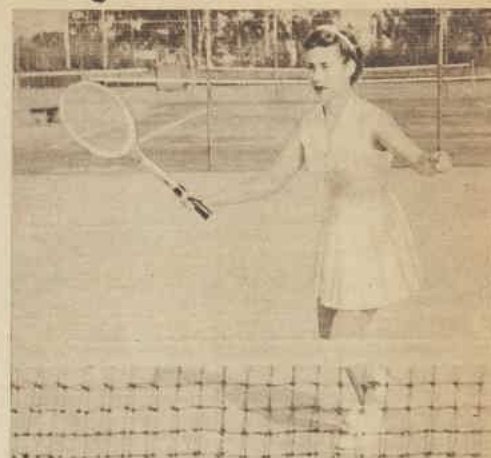
The correct way to volley is to "punch" at the ball—not stroke it. Since you are up in the forecourt, the ball comes at you with a far greater speed, and you do not have time to make a full swing. (See Figure 1 at right. Note short back swing and slight "choking" of racquet handle).

I find this slight choking of the handle by moving up your grip about an inch helps to keep a firmer wrist and to guide the ball. Some players disagree with this theory, but I have found it to be most helpful. (Figures 2 and 3).

A volleying game is an attacking game, and therefore should be used when your opponent is even the least bit out of position. It would be folly to charge the net if you hit a short ball because the player could then shoot past you on either side.

The two plans for the volleying attack are the "deep court sidelines" and the "centre" theories, shown in Diagrams 1 and 2 at left.

A very common mistake with baseliners learning to play net is that they remain too far back in the court, or, as we say, in "no-man's land"—the distance between the service line and baseline. When going into net, be sure to place yourself well within the service line. Otherwise you make yourself a sitting duck.



1. Forehand volley start.



2. Backhand volley start.



3. Volley hit.

"Four Good Reasons why Mrs. Sara uses Velvet Soap"



IN THE PUBLIC EYE: Wherever they go the Quads are the centre of attraction. They must be well-dressed—and always are. "Sometimes I think the Quads get their clothes dirty four times faster than other children," laughs their mother, "so I'm certainly glad of Velvet—especially for those very grimy parts. Its extra-soapy suds keep their cottons fresh and neat and their woolies soft and warm."

says *Aunt Jenny*

"Quadruplicate mischief means a big daily wash—so Mrs. Sara needs all the help Velvet can give."



CHARMING MRS. SARA gets a hand from the Quads' big brother, Geoffrey. "When I'm not washing I'm washing up," smiles the Quads' mother. "But good pure Velvet makes both jobs easier. And I do like it for my hands."



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Continuing . . . False Face

from page 10

the two small downcast beams of the parking lamps. The friar's habit was on the seat.

She might have moved off, comfortably to freedom. The keys had been left in the car. By the parking lamp's downcast light she saw a circle of white crushed stone on which the car rested, none pointed towards the highway. She had merely to switch on the motor, touch the accelerator, drive off.

Why not? She stretched a stiff hand towards the ceiling light. On the dashboard the clock showed twenty minutes to three. The fading hour, the night's climax, the time of low vitality when the patient dies. What am I doing here? Is this a nightmare?

She turned the key in the ignition. Her foot moved towards the pedal. Drowsiness seized her. The mists thickened. This lethargy, this paralysis was protest. She switched off the ignition and made the offending hand prisoner behind her back. Until she heard the sighs and groans with which the floor of the forest bore the weight of human footsteps, she sat there.

Panting, Nick climbed into the driver's seat. Exhaustion lay upon his chest like an instrument of pain. He breathed as though he were crying.

"What is it, Nick? You're not hurt?"

His right hand lay upon his thigh, unrelaxed. A gun was gripped in the fingers.

"I'm okay. Getting soft. Not used to exercise." He examined the safety catch before he put the gun into his pocket. Slipping into Friar Tuck's habit he said, "I'd better keep this on. It's my magic robe. I'm not so lucky without it."

"What happened?"

When they were on the highway he was ready to talk. The words fell from his lips bitterly. "A pipe dream."

"What?"

"The cabin. I ought to have had more sense. But I always had a soft spot for that place, like it was my own. Other people felt the same way, I guess. Somebody else got there first."

"Who?"

"It's all changed, modern, twice the size. New paint and tanks for storing gas. Electricity, too, probably their own dynamo. You wouldn't recognise the place, it's like a hunting cabin, one of those de luxe dumps a millionaire sportsman uses once a year, during the season." His voice came from a deeper source, sour.

"It's the season now, I guess. Only it's not wild ducks they come to The Cushion for. Not this season."

"How do you know? Did you recognise anyone?"

"Millionaire sportsmen don't have their places guarded like a hide-out." Nick slapped the place under the friar's robe where he had tucked the gun. "Anyway I got a nice souvenir. Handy to have in case of emergency. I told you there was one thing I'd asked for that my connections didn't provide me. I mentioned it in my list but they forgot. On purpose, I bet."

"You think someone didn't want you to have a gun?"

"A man can't always trust his connections."

"How did you get that one away from the man who guarded the cabin?"

"He thought I'd been scared off with the first shot. I got him from behind, surprised him, jerked him off his feet."

"In the dark?"

"I got cat's eyes. And I told you before, I know this place blindfolded." Nick enjoyed a small show of pride. "Did you hear the second shot? I fired it."

"You didn't kill him?"

"I hope not."

She laughed. This puzzled Nick. "What's so funny?"

"The way you said it, so nonchalantly, as if I'd asked about the weather or would you pass the sugar."

"I'm not Bushie. I don't want a rap for shooting unimportant people."

They came to a crossroad. Nick stopped at the sign, pondered, drove a short way north, then turned back. He had retreated into himself with such completeness that he seemed, more than indifferent, quite unaware of her presence.

"Nick." She spoke hesitantly.

"Uh?"

"If they, your connections, didn't want you to have a gun, they must be your enemies. Then why did they give you the other things, the car and clothes and money? Why didn't they shoot you right away or keep you from escaping or let the Westfield authorities know where you are?"

"They probably wanted to watch. To see where I was going."

"Why?"

"Certain people are scared. They don't know what's in my head and how much of it I told you."

"What do they think I know?"

They passed through a small town in which street lamps burned. In flashes of light Nina caught sight of his face, only half-shadowed by the friar's hood. How could eyes that had seen so much of evil retain so much of innocence?

NICK'S sigh was gentle, his voice barely audible. "A pipe dream. For years in my fool head and last night I kept thinking how we'd be there again with the fire and the candle-light. I must be crazy. You don't make plans out of pipe dreams."

"Where are you taking me?"

His hands tightened on the wheel.

"Take me home."

"I thought you were smart, honey. I thought you liked being alive."

Nina thought of her bedroom, tidily awaiting weariness with clean sheets, blankets turned down, robe and slippers ready. Had fingernails ever scraped at her window? Had there been a threat in the breathing and humming of the empty telephone? Would someone take a rap for shooting an unimportant woman?

"I don't believe any of it. If someone wanted me dead, why didn't they shoot me straight away? They've had plenty of time. We can't go on driving forever."

"I'll say we can't, not in this car or these clothes. Hallows'een's over already."

A truck rumbled past. Nick watched the mirror until the tail-light disappeared. An old touring car filled with milk cans rattled out of a farm driveway. Nick skidded around a corner and drove off at hideous speed.

"Why did you do that? Are you afraid of every farm truck? It must be awful not to trust anyone or anything?"

"There's someone I trust. One person. Can you guess?" He waited but she did not answer and he said, as though talking to himself, "And I was right. You could've got away. Up there at The Cushion I left the keys in the car. I took a chance on you. Didn't you notice?"

Although it was dark again and he could not see her face, she turned away. She had been thinking of the keys, regretfully.

Nick drove with one hand. The other lay upon her knee.

"The way I figure it," he said, "is if there's one person

you can trust, you're okay. Only one person in the world." His hand grew heavier on her knee.

Flo's party had been a success, one of the best in her long history of parties: she woke with a frightful hang-over. Hammers of all sizes beat in her head. She could barely stretch out her hand to ring for her morning coffee.

By the time her maid brought the tray she was asleep again. At one o'clock her telephone rang.

"Mrs. Allan, did Miss Redfield stay at your house last night?"

"No. Who is this?"

"Mrs. Allan, I'm sorry to trouble you, but there's something funny here. I'm at Miss Redfield's and she ain't."

"Who is this?"

"Jewel Turner. I clean for Miss Redfield Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Her bed ain't been slept in."

"Maybe she made it," Flo said, yawning.

"She never makes her bed Tuesdays and Thursdays, nor washes the breakfast dishes. Tuesday and Thursday she always leaves things for me."

"Maybe she did it today for a change."

"Then she'd made the bed and not left it turned down. I'm kind of worried on account of those threats in the newspaper."

"She might've gone shopping or back to work. Dr. Griffin may have asked her to come back."

"But her car's here and all her clothes." Jewel Turner said. "Her good coat with the fur collar and her old tweed and the raincoat. All her spring coats, too. And there's a letter come just after I got here, special delivery. Oh, Mrs. Allan, do you think anything could have happened to Miss Redfield?"

"No," Flo said firmly, but when she dialled the school's number, her hand trembled. Dr. Griffin's office reported that Miss Redfield was absent on account of a slight indisposition.

"You might try to reach her at her home."

Flo dressed hurriedly and drove to Nina's house. She checked with Jewel Turner the closets. Neither she nor the cleaning woman could recall a garment that was not on its hanger.

The Special Delivery letter bore the return address of Philip Everclyde. Flo telephoned his office.

"Not in now," the switchboard operator said. "Is this Miss Redfield calling?"

"I'm trying to find out if Mr. Everclyde knows where Miss Redfield is."

"I'm sure he doesn't because he's left a message that if she calls him . . ."

"Where can I reach Mr. Everclyde?"

"I'm afraid you can't. He's in court. But if you care to leave a message . . ."

"Never mind," said Flo and hung up.

The switchboard girl took this instruction literally, made no note of the call and left before Philip returned to the office. He came in late and found a client waiting. The meeting lasted until half-past seven. He drove home hastily, heedless of newboys' cries, for he had to dress for a dinner in honor of a retiring judge.

At the apartment he looked to see if his housekeeper had left the usual note about telephone messages. There was one from a rich and nervous client. Philip had to telephone back; talk, shave and dress. Confound Nina, he thought, as he straightened his jacket before the mirror. If she continued to act like a schoolgirl,

Beauty in Brief

New manicure item

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Are you a home manicurist? If so, there's a handy gadget on the market designed to treat your cuticles gently and make your nail-grooming easier.

IN shape it looks like a short, thick pen, and, according to the makers, it is self-contained and self-filling. It is useful in reshaping nail cuticles without cutting or trimming delicate cuticle edges. It removes thickened skin particles and is also helpful in removing nicotine stains from the fingertips.

This is how the gadget works: When you squeeze the flexible barrel-container, sufficient cream flows on to a nib, which, used as an applicator, enables you to shape and soften each cuticle easily and quickly.

An ideal item for the handbag, and refills can be bought at chemists and stores.

if she expected him to wheedle her back to sanity, he was not interested; but he would have liked her to see him in his dinner jacket, for it was new and very becoming.

Dinner had been announced when he came into the club. Most of the guests were elderly. Philip found his place among the youngsters of forty, across from an empty chair and between a pair of lawyers carrying on a lively conversation. They continued across him:

"... might've bolted. Tired of all the fuss and publicity. When I represented the Doll-rup family . . ."

"... cannot entirely disregard the possibility of reprisals. Take the Schuster case in New York. That mystery has never been solved . . ."

Michael Q. Shannon made his entrance, bowed to the company, paid his compliments to the judge and hurried to the empty chair. As he sat down he explained that important work had delayed him, but he did not bother to notice who his neighbors were until he had tasted his bouillon. When he saw Philip his spoon clattered to the floor.

"You here tonight?"

"Why not? I've known His Honor since I was a Boy Scout and . . ."

"But the blow, my dear fellow, the shock!" Shannon had remarkable eyes. Large, clear grey, and heavily fringed, they were so expressive that they seemed able to will them to turn to ice or to jelly. Sympathy softened them now.

"When you phoned about

her on Saturday, I had no idea she was more to you than a client. Or perhaps one of those clients you'd taken on for the sake of knowledge that might help in one of your famous exposures of laxity in the District Attorney's office."

For an instant his eyes showed the crystalline glitter of irony, but softened as he continued. "But your letter to her put a more personal construction on the case. You understand that in the circumstances we had to open it. I must say I sympathise with you, old fellow, and while we've our differences I feel now that we're bound to work together. Believe me, my office will leave no stone unturned."

The man on Philip's left said, "But what about the clothes? A woman doesn't bolt stark naked in late October . . ."

"Nor at any other time of the year if she's sane," returned his friend. "But Miss Redfield might have had some clothes her friend and her servant didn't remember, or bought some new ones . . ."

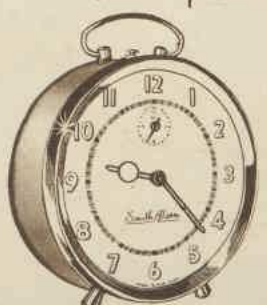
"Will someone kindly tell me what this is all about?" asked Philip in a voice whose firmness was the result of long training in self-control.

There are few sensations so satisfying as the relating of bad news. These neighbors of Philip's were all so practised in the art of dramatic exposure, so enchanted by their own voices and such skilled exponents of so many schools of

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when you think of time

think of Smiths



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30 hour alarm, available in ivory/gilt; blue or green with chrome bezel; bordeaux/gilt. 31" two tone dial non-luminous markings, plus Smiths exclusive "Automatic Reset". Plus 12 months' guarantee! Price: 25/6 Capital Cities.

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for NEURITIS, BACKACHE, 'FLU
RHEUMATISM . . . FEEL IT HEAL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 29, 1954

Spend your Summer in a

Speedo→

left— Speedo lastex swim shorts. Satin or dull finish, brief or half skirt style. All the colours to choose from.

right— Speedo boxer swim shorts. In-built support, key coin pocket. Plain shades or neat small check. Fabrics include nylon, bengeline, gaberdine, denim.

Step out in Australia's finest beachwear. So smart, it wins admiring glances. So comfortable, you'll want to spend the whole Summer in it. Such solid down-to-earth value—you can't buy better . . . anywhere! Specify Speedo at your favourite store.

1. For boys too! Speedo denim boxer shorts featuring the novel denim-style patch pocket that the youngsters like
2. Speedo "Beachmates" — matching boxer shorts and beach coat—plain or small check design.
3. Speedo tailored walk-shorts of covert cloth or Bedford cord—all shades with solid leather belt to tone or contrast.

All good men's wear and department stores have Speedo—ask for it by name—and be sure of getting Australia's best.



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SLIDE DOORS ON BANGOR



This kitchen door slides neatly back beside the sink—is completely out of the housewife's way when she is working. The track shown is Bangor No. 205. No. 200 is even neater and lighter.

There is no waste space when you put sliding doors on **BANGOR** track

IF YOU ARE BUILDING
or planning to build you know how steep costs threaten to make your home smaller than you want. Yet, every old-fashioned door that swings on hinges, eats up 9 sq. feet of your living space. Look at the home you live in now—estimate how much space you would save if all your doors slid back along the walls. Think how much better you could group your furniture. Plan those advantages for your new home.

BANGOR CREATES SPACE INEXPENSIVELY

The cost of Bangor throughout your home is amazingly low. The track requires no special doors—the fitting is simple, and working parts are easily concealed under a pelmet.

Doors can slide behind cupboards, beside furniture, or simply along the face of

the wall. Even heavy doors slide easily... smoothly... are unaffected by winds.

NO FLOOR TRACK

Doors are carried on a neat overhead fitting. There is nothing on the floor to catch dust or interfere with carpets. Bangor slides smoothly, stays as far or as little open as needed.

OUTSIDE OR INSIDE DOOR

One Bangor exterior installation at Whale Beach, Sydney, exposed to wind and Pacific gales, remains weatherproof through all storms that beat on it, while even well-weathered hinged doors and windows in nearby houses leak badly.

TROUBLE FREE

Once installed, sliding doors on Bangor track give years of trouble-free service.

HOW SLIDING DOORS SAVE SPACE



This diagram shows an 18-ft. window space fitted with ordinary French doors. See how much space (shaded) is wasted.

Same room with Doors sliding on Bangor track. See how a settee can be placed beside the window.



ANY STYLE OF DOOR CAN SLIDE



Bangor Track can carry any style of door—from a simple 2' 8" flush-panelled wooden door to an enormous steel-framed sheet of glass that allows indoor-outdoor living. There is a Bangor Garage Door Track, too.

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Please send me the booklet which tells me all about Bangor Sliding Door Track and its installation.

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BW-WW4

Continuing . . False Face

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eloquence that each told a different story. Each also put forth a different point of view.

"Tell me what happened, not what you think," Philip pleaded.

At the other end of the long table someone called for quiet. The speeches started. The old judge's career was reviewed, his victories celebrated, his idiosyncrasies dwelt upon, all with maximum verbiage.

For Philip it was sheer torment. He could neither insult the judge by leaving, nor whisper across the table. While he chafed against passivity, he planned his strategy and decided to use rather than oppose Shannon. He was no longer interested in furnishing himself with political ammunition, but only in finding Nina.

Later from Shannon's lips he learned whatever facts the District Attorney's office had gathered. Everything had been printed in the newspapers. With one exception, "That letter you wrote her. We haven't made it public."

"Thanks."

"You mailed it last night?"

Philip nodded.

"The postman brought it just after her cleaning woman arrived. You said you'd been trying to reach her on the telephone. When was the last time you tried?"

PHILIP drank wine and his lips relaxed. "Last night before I wrote the letter. But that doesn't mean anything. I'd advised her not to answer the phone because the threats made her nervous. Perhaps she was there when I telephoned. Have you any idea when she was last seen?"

"She saw several people yesterday morning: Mrs. Allan, the milkman, a boy from the grocery store. And several kids who rang her bell early in the evening, the latest a little before nine. It was Halloween and she gave them candy and stuff."

"What about the cops on guard at her house? You gave me your solemn promise..."

Shannon interrupted. "We've had Miss Redfield under observation twenty-four hours a day since I was informed of the threats to her safety. That was on Saturday evening, you'd recall. The only time our vigilance was relaxed"—here Shannon allowed his eyes to soften—"was on Sunday afternoon, when we left her to your protection. According to the record, she drove off in your car shortly after noon and returned alone, walking from the bus, at five-forty."

"In the face of such unrelaxed vigilance," snapped Philip, "how could she have been snatched from under the eyes of your man? People don't vanish into thin air."

In the leather chairs behind them... they were now having coffee and brandy in the club library... the two lawyers who had flanked Philip at the dinner table were discussing the case with other attorneys. "... my opinion that he killed her first. Even the toughest gunman doesn't take a woman out on a cold night stark naked."

"Not completely naked. The servant reported one set of underwear missing. She'd washed them the week before—a complete set of white nylon..."

Philip's blood chilled as though he had been forced out unclad on an October night. Nina's underwear had become topics of conversation in a men's club. He forced out his bleakest courtroom voice. "What did she have on when she was seen the last time?"

"So far as we know, a striped green-and-gold robe and slippers. Some of those little girls who rang her bell are remarkably observant."

Philip remembered Nina on Sunday morning, heavy-eyed and sweetly drowsy, in the green-and-gold dressing-gown. His voice became colder. "If your men were on duty since Saturday night, they ought surely to have seen her leave."

"The guard was withdrawn last night. At five-twenty-five p.m."

"Why? Have you any sound reason for the withdrawal of this badly needed protection?"

"We discovered the source of the threats."

Philip waited.

"Another woman," Shannon said. "The lady in whose loving arms Bushie Neal was found."

"I know all about her, Grace Malloy."

"Her telephone was the source of the mysterious calls, her husband author of the blackmail scheme. You knew about this?"

"Nina'd told me about Grace's visit. The husband apparently didn't mind a bit of dalliance if he could make something out of it. He must have been the one who whispered 'squealer' on the phone. Are you going to prosecute?"

"The Malloys have nothing to do with the disappearance. I'm certain of that."

"Isn't extortion still a crime in this State?"

"So's withholding information in a criminal case," Shannon reminded him. "This, mind you, is a warning. What else do you know?"

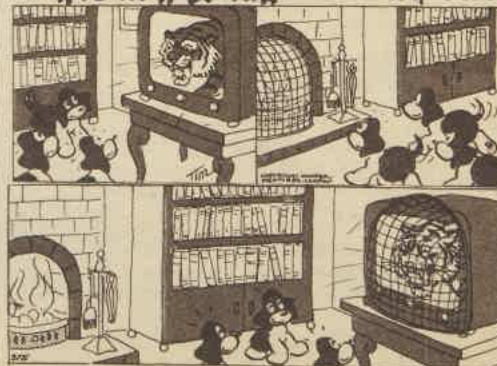
"What I read in the papers," retorted Philip, who had given Nina his lawyer's pledge of secrecy. The schoolgirl idyll, small and tender, had no place in Shannon's world of crime.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





Giving handkerchiefs?

For Him * Single, cellophane-wrapped, coloured Polo Handkerchiefs in finest Egyptian cotton. 3/3 each. Also in white, 2/9. Initials, 9d extra * Hand-some gift boxes of coloured Polo Handkerchiefs. Box of 3... 9/9. Box of 6... 19/6.

...make sure they're Polo! ...

For Her * Delicate ladies' Polo Handkerchiefs, attractively cellophane-wrapped. Striped designs guaranteed colour-fast... 1/9 * Free gift box of 3 ladies' Polo Handkerchiefs... 5/3. A present any woman would love.

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...she's known the value of genuine PHILIPS



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Stay as sweet as you are with
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The Deodorant you can trust
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 29, 1954

Continuing . . . False Face

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and prosecution. There was no law against having fallen in love unwisely. That Nina had withheld part of her story Philip knew, but he believed that that rufel rather than criminal guilt kept her silent.

Shannon said, "You know, of course, that Mrs. Malloy was at one time associated with Nick Brazza?"

"I thought she was Bushie Neal's girl," Philip said.

"Fidelity is not one of Gracie's virtues. We've got evidence, written proof, that she was with Nick in a place called The Cushion, up near the reform school at Sutton. It was when Tootsie Martinson was shot, you remember the case, don't you?"

"The gambler who had that club on the river?"

"Oakheart."

"You're still looking for the killer, I believe. But I never knew Brazza was mixed up in it."

"He was and he wasn't," Shannon said. "Someone mentioned him as a suspect and he was held for a few days. But Grace McHenry... it was before she married Malloy... signed an affidavit to the effect that she'd been with him the entire day, it was a Sunday, of the Martinson shooting. And since Miss Redfield was apparently fond of him, too," Shannon smiled wryly, "it's not surprising that she held a grudge against Grace. Perhaps it was not only civic duty that caused her to let the police know where Bushie could be found."

"Has anyone questioned Nick Brazza?"

Shannon's fingers beat time on a coffee-table. "Naturally, after Nina spoke of him to newspapermen last week. I sent a man to question him. He's serving a six-month sentence at Westfield, you know."

"Yes, I know. Did Brazza have anything to say?"

"Nothing except that he hasn't been close to Bushie recently and knows nothing of his activities. Muter than the Sphinx, Nick is. Like most members of his profession."

"Has he no comment on the disappearance?"

"You might be interested in Bushie's remarks. When they questioned him this afternoon, Bushie remarked that squealers always got theirs."

"But he knew nothing?"

"If he did, would he squeal?" Shannon thrust a gold cigarette-case towards Philip.

"Have one?"

"Thanks, I'll smoke my own if you don't mind. What about the fake insurance man?"

"The person you told me about on Saturday? The man who said he represented the insurance company that had offered the reward?"

Leaning over to touch Philip's cigarette with a flame from his gold lighter, Shannon smiled again.

"Was the Everlyde Committee put out because someone else was trying to take the credit?"

Philip pulled back stiffly.

"Have you tried to discover the identity of this man?"

"We knew at once."

"No?"

"My dear fellow, if you are ever actively in the business of law enforcement rather than on the sidelines from which you watch our errors so scrupulously, you'll learn not to be distracted by every crank who hopes to share in the excitement."

"What makes you so sure this man's a crank?"

"Experience," answered Shannon. "Every front-page case brings them out in swarms. They're irritating, but not important."

"Then why did you give Miss Redfield a police guard at all?"

"To satisfy you."

"So I'm a crank, irritating but not important."

"Keep cool," Shannon offered a conciliatory grimace. "When you told me on Saturday that Miss Redfield had been threatened, I not only authorised a police guard but ordered an investigation. And we discovered that the Malloy woman's threats were real. Miss Redfield had reason to be frightened."

"As is now apparent," sniffed Philip.

"How were we to anticipate this? No one thought of an abduction. If indeed it is that."

"What do you think it is?"

"Who knows?"

"If you're trying to insinuate that she might have run off, I can assure you it's completely unlike Miss Redfield. The idea of a mysterious disappearance would never occur to her."

"I bow to your superior knowledge of the lady," Shannon conceded, "but it has occurred to me that someone might have put the idea into her head. Such a thing would serve well to demonstrate laxity and inefficiency in the office of the present District Attorney."

"You don't believe I'd go to such extremes!" shouted Philip. "Particularly with her. And you don't think she'd ever put up with a trick like that?"

"Forgive me," Shannon's voice turned soft with unctious. "Let's not waste time in recrimination. We're both after the same thing, aren't we? If we can find Nina and bring her back safely, that's good enough for me. And for you, too, I imagine."

MUCH as he disliked Shannon's fluid emotions, Philip had no choice but to show friendliness to the District Attorney. In the present situation he needed unstinted official aid. "There's one thing I ought to tell you. Maybe you can make something of it. Do you know the whereabouts of Jake Lansome?"

"What's he got to do with it?" Shannon's face showed no change.

"I tried to reach him at home, but he's not there. Do you know if he's left town recently?"

"He always goes to Florida early in the season. For his health, I believe. Why are you interested in dragging Lansome into this?"

"Lansome dragged himself in. Last Friday when he visited Nina."

"Impossible!"

"But true."

"How can you be sure? Even if Lansome were connected with this," Shannon hesitated, his mouth drawn as with a purse string—"even if he were, though I'm inclined to doubt it, he would not do his own trivial errands."

"Evidently he doesn't consider this trivial. He told Nina his name was Samson and that he represented the insurance company that had offered the reward. He then proposed doubling the reward if she would tell him everything she knew."

"You got this from Nina? Was the positive? Does she know Lansome?"

"She identified his picture. At once. No hesitancy. She'd never heard of him and was as shocked as you are when I told her who he is."

Lowering his voice, Shannon said, "We'd better have another talk about this. I'd like you to tell it to some of my staff. What time can you make it?"

"I'd like to talk to Nick Brazza. Is it possible?"

"Of course. We'll both talk to him. Can you be at my office at nine? We'll drive up

to Westfield together. Leave all the arrangements to me." As they parted Shannon pressed Philip's hand. "May we find the little lady?"

A storm had swept in from the west. The air was thick with the atmosphere of autumn and tragedy, the sky darkened by clouds. Nina stood at the window and watched young tree trunks bow and old boughs bend in obedience to the wind's fury.

Below the bluff the river's color changed from dappled-green to the cloud's own purple. The water, usually serene, frothed with bearded anger. A hand fell upon her shoulder.

"Sorry if I scared you. Good morning," Nick smelled of soap. His cheeks were newly shaved, his tie carefully knotted. The clothes provided by his "connections" were not so flattering as his expensively tailored suits had been, but the brown jacket fitted well enough, the knitted tie and white shirt were not unbecoming.

"What time is it? They didn't remember to give me a watch. Mine's being kept for me at Westfield."

Nina always wore her watch. "It's almost four. We've slept through the day."

"Why not? After driving around all night," He wheeled around to look at the room. "How do you like the dump?"

"Not bad for a hide-out," commented Nina and could not, in spite of the circumstances, keep from smiling.

The grounds, when last she had seen them, had been trimmed as with manicure scissors, flower-bordered, floodlit. Hard electric brightness had been shed upon ornaments designed for moonlight, pergola and garlanded urn, iron deer, bronze nymph, marble cherub.

A preposterous place, this Oakheart, built with a quick-rich flamboyance by the happy inventor of a remedy for liver complaints. A place of gilded balustrades and mahogany panels, alabaster and Carrara, with every chandelier a Venetian masterpiece. High stone walls surrounded Oakheart's weedy lawns, rutted tennis courts, neglected orchards and dry fountains. On its iron gates the padlocks had rusted.

Nick had driven past them all, left the car in a farmer's barn and led Nina through a tangled small wood, over a vegetable patch and into a greenhouse inhabited by the shrivelled ghosts of rare plants. A door in the wall had led to a cellar, through a maze of stairs and cupboards to this great hall with its obsidian mantel supported by black caryatids with gold ribbons, reported to be fourteen-carat, woven into their plaits.

"Meet the girl friends. Miss Redfield, this is Bertha and Marylou." Nick strode from one to the other of the massive figures, caressed cold obsidian cheeks. "I was always trying to get one of them up to my private apartment, but no dice. I couldn't move the girls an inch. How about coffee? I got some hot in the kitchen."

He led Nina through great pantries to the kitchen, an enormous chamber as white and cold as an operating room. Gas and electricity were off, but Nick had built a fire in the iron grill where chefs had once broiled four-inch steaks.

To page 60

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

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Page 59



Brush away "Morning Mouth!"

DENTISTS SAY
Mentasol IS BETTER THAN ANY
OTHER TOOTHPASTE

"Morning Mouth" . . . that stale, furry taste you often have on waking. Don't greet your family with it! Don't take it to work with you! Get rid of it first thing in the morning by cleaning your teeth with Mentasol — and have a clean fresh mouth all day long.

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Mentasol DESTROYS
ALL MOUTH ODOURS



for gamblers. The air was filled with the smell of coffee. "You'll have to drink it black. My connections neglected milk as well as guns. They might've put in a few cans of condensed. We've got some eggs, though. Can I fix you some?"

"Let me."
"Keep away from that stove. I'm a better cook. Besides I'm familiar with the dump."

There was no corner of the dump to which he was not attached by proud memory. Everything that remained of Oakheart's glory, from Venetian chandeliers to the last saucer and fingerbowl, was personal and beloved.

Nina remembered him as she had seen him then, lord of the domain, moving through the gaming rooms like a medieval prince in a midnight-blue dinner jacket, condescending to laugh with honored guests, dancing with the loveliest women, giving orders to stewards and croupiers; and in his apartment on the top floor showing her the books he owned, the two oil paintings and thirty-six tailor-made suits.

Now she saw that the kitchen had also been his domain, tool cabinets and woodshed as well. He worked all that afternoon and evening arranging their living quarters on the ground floor because the upper stories were impossible to heat. She had a private room in the old office, a bed with angora blankets from his apartment, and constant fire (for there was plenty of wood) under a chaste mantel of carved walnut.

She was not allowed to lift a finger. Her job was to admire. And her praise was honest. A child of poverty, brought up in a home where no crumbs had gone to waste, Nick enjoyed work and practiced ingenuity. No effect was neglected, no sloppiness permitted.

The obsidian figures looked down upon a couple dining at a small table set before the fire. Nick did not approve of eating in the kitchen. "At Oakheart!" he cried contemptuously. Now he had his fire-light and candle-light and in the glow, the great hall took on some of its old grandeur.

"What does this remind you of, Nina? Remember how it used to be here with the music and all the swell people? The first time you came, I'll never forget. June, you had on a yellow dress and that night we had yellow roses in all the vases and the candles were yellow. Like we'd known you were coming."

She remembered guilt because she had deserted her nice young man to dance again and again with Nick. Sonny Vance had been in love with her, on the verge of proposing, and she had thought, until that night, that she would accept.

Was it Flo who had brought the party to Oakheart? Had she known it was Nick's place? Nina had never had the courage to ask because it had been such a secret, even though her father was dead then, that she was seeing Nick again.

Below the bluff the river

Continuing . . . False Face

from page 59

tossed, moaning like the sullen sea. Wind and rain attacked the walls.

"In the old days I'd be cursing a storm like this," Nick said. "Business'd have been ruined. Now I'm glad. Makes you feel safe for the night, anyway."

"Aren't we safe in good weather?"

"What do you think?"
"Then why did we come here?"

"Don't you remember last night? My plans happened to go wrong."

"But it's so shut away. Not a soul within sight or sound."

"Like a castle in a fairy-tale where the dragon guards the princess. Or a fort on the ocean. But"—Nick had gone

be living within these walls and within this situation of awareness without intimacy. They were bound to each other as they were bound to their youth, attracted while repelled, trustful yet afraid, aching to cling while straining to be free.

"Like a dream," Nick's voice was as light and far off as a final echo. "I used to dream it when I lived here; I'd think of you in this house with me."

He moved a step closer. She saw his hand thrust towards her.

"I don't know what's come over me," she said, quick and evasive in voice, determined in movement. "I'm so terribly tired. Suddenly. Good-night, sleep well, Nick." And she slammed the door of the small room he had arranged for her in what had once been the office where he counted the profits of the gambling club.

Under the angora cover she lay cold, her eyes open. Perhaps she had slept too late in the day to need sleep. Perhaps it was Nick's cough that disturbed her. Earlier in the evening, when she had commented on its frequency and harshness, he had snapped that it was nothing—a mere tickle in his throat. Now, alone and unobserved, he coughed and walked.

Would he never stop pacing? Like a prisoner, Nina thought, and saw the caryatids as two black guards. She could tell within the fraction of a second when he would reach the wall, and the length of the pause before he recrossed the room.

Into sleep the rasp of his cough, the rhythm of his pacing pursued her. There was no separateness of dream and circumstance. Where am I? What is this Oakheart, fairy-tale castle, princely retreat, ghosts' gambling joint? And Nick, guardian angel or convict abductor?

Sleep disturbed by images of day was followed by an awakening more soundless than sleep. Nick's pacing and the storm ended, wind and cough were silent. This, she told the surrounding darkness, is Oakheart uninhabited, a crypt empty of bones.

She waited. If only a board had creaked, a hinge whined, a branch scraped a window. Had she gone blind? She groped for match and candle. The return of light revived her. With her mother's velvet cape wound about her she walked bravely in the wake of the candle's light.

In the hall fierce draughts attacked her. She could not hear the wind, but felt its touch, so sharp and potent that a thaw of perspiration broke out. She touched candle-light to each of the hall's couches, but found nothing save a heap of blankets on the floor.

"Nick! Nick!" Her voice was a dead leaf's rustle. The cold grew denser. As she tried to wrap the cape tighter about her body, the candle fell. Darkness again; this time a plunge into a well. "Nick! Nick!" He had fled, deserting her.

To be continued

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD

DADDY, WHAT HAS EIGHT LEGS, PINK EYES AND A BLACK BODY?



LOOK, SON! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CHILDREN'S RIDDLES, WHY DO YOU KEEP ASKING?



BECAUSE IT'S CRAWLING ON YOUR NECK!!



tons of
time to
take it
easy...



WHEN YOU
WASH THE
MODERN
WAY WITH



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FOAM
DETERGENT

TINY
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Continuing . . . Princess Gigi

from page 9

bred. She's going to be a prize-winner one of these days."

"Have you gone mad?" "Perhaps. I'll do anything to win a bet, you know. I went to a place in Sussex yesterday to buy her."

"Really?" said Faith. "And why didn't you ring me last night?"

"Sorry. I was busy. Puppies need a lot of attention."

She thrust out her jaw and frowned. She tried to look fierce, but, oddly enough, that was when she seemed most vulnerable. Norman felt a momentary stab of softness.

"It was a mad idea. Perhaps we'd better cancel the bet."

Her head shot up and her eyes flashed. "Why, Norman! Are you afraid your charm and the little dog aren't enough to do the trick?"

She walked into her office and closed the door crisply.

Norman was so furious that he was rude to the rest of the girls when they rallied round, vying with one another in adorning Gigi. He finally managed to extricate both of them and escape into his office, where he slammed the door so hard that Gigi went into a nervous collapse.

Norman sighed. He had never imagined himself with a dog, much less a dog that would lose a one-round fight with her own shadow. If he had any sense at all he would send her back to the kennels immediately. Then Gigi fixed adoring eyes on him, and he spent ten minutes patting her before he could turn to the stack of work waiting on his desk.

Gigi slept quietly under his desk and Norman was astonished to look at his watch and discover it was nearly twelve o'clock. He looked out of his window. He had a moment of unreason.

What if today, of all days, the girl had a luncheon appointment? He told himself he had been a fool. One of the reasons why he was a good advertising man was because he didn't waste a lot of money on far-fetched schemes. But when it came to doing business for himself . . .

He took a deep breath. He was saved. The golden girl and the golden dog had arrived. Norman grabbed his hat and Gigi's lead.

He was careful not to rush things. She was at one end of the path when he arrived. He stayed at the other, letting Gigi investigate the dubious quality of London grass. Gigi was not precisely at ease.

The noise of the Piccadilly traffic made her tremble and she threw herself on Norman in a panic when a small grey squirrel peered at her and hopped away. But Norman talked to her gently. And soon the golden girl and dog came by.

The girl kept her chin in the air. The dog made a lurch towards Gigi and was about to be pulled back when the girl saw the puppy was an Afghan.

She said, in a voice soft as marshmallow: "How enchanting! I'd forgotten you ever looked like that, Silky . . . How old is she?" and the golden girl looked straight at Norman.

"Seven months—a difficult age—and in London. I've just brought her back from the country. She's terrified."

Again that smile. Again that creamy voice. "Let Silky speak to her. He's gentle and sweet. And I think they recognise their own kind, don't you?"

Norman wasn't sure — Gigi was flat on the ground, clutching at it as though for security — but he warmed his own voice, in a way he knew how to do well: "If I could only get her a nursemaid!"

The smile receded just a trifle. "We all have to be our own

nursemaids, if we love dogs enough to keep them in London."

"You're staying with your sister, aren't you?"

The smile faded, leaving her face stony. "How do you know?"

"I read the papers, Miss Henderson."

She gave Silky a sharp jerk. He could feel her hesitate. "My name is Norman Carr. I'm in advertising. Magazines are my business. Shouldn't I have recognised you? I don't want to deprive Gigi of a playmate."

Her smile was faint, but it was a smile. "I'm Marcia—but of course you know that. I'm sorry. We have to go now. We'll see you again, perhaps."

Norman stopped at a milk bar on the way back to the office. Gigi had ham sandwiches for her lunch; at least, she had the ham and Norman consumed the bread.

He did not feel particularly well groomed when he got back to work. He decided to go to his office, shut the door and wallow in layouts for the rest of the afternoon. He was not pleased to see Faith standing at his window.

She wore a beige suit with a white blouse and ruffles crisped round her face like flower petals. She had binoculars in her hand.

"Spotting any planes?" he asked.

FAITH turned. "I was looking for you. What happened? Did you get run over? You look as if you might have been."

He said coldly: "You ought to get married, Faith."

"May I ask why?"

"You need a man to protect you. Otherwise, one of these days, I am going to forget who rules this department and smack you hard."

Faith didn't look so cool now. The color was creeping up in her face. "Men! Your egotism kills me! You think just because I'm a woman that I automatically need protection?"

"Don't you?"

She brushed past him. She was almost out of the door when he reminded her, "My binoculars!"

She looked as though she was going to throw them. When he took them out of her hand their fingers touched. Norman drew a quick breath. "Faith, listen. You aren't so hard and self-sufficient. Don't try to pretend. Sometimes I wonder why I stay here, letting you crack the whip over my head. I've come to the conclusion that you need protection and I'm elected until somebody else comes along."

"Will you get out of the way?"

He stepped back. She ran past him, her face screwed up.

When she came back, late that afternoon, she had a new account in her pocket. She didn't tell Norman about it. He heard it from the blue-eyed copywriter.

It was the beginning of a new life for Norman and most of it circled round Gigi. He started cooking at home, using the gas stove for something more than the boiling of a kettle. He got up earlier in the morning and walked with Gigi to the office.

At twelve, usually, he met Marcia in the park and they let the two dogs play together. Marcia and he got on very well now. They even discovered mutual friends.

One evening he was invited for cocktails—without Gigi—and got into robust Navy conversation with Marcia's brother-in-law. He had to leave early because, of course, one couldn't expect the porter at a block of

flats to look after a puppy the whole evening.

The next day in the park he suggested dinner to Marcia, at a French restaurant, where they could leave Silky and Gigi with the manager, who was as much a lover of dogs as he was of crepe suzette. She accepted without hesitation, and he made the date just thirteen days from the date of his bet with Faith.

If Faith had witnessed his success with Marcia, she gave no sign. The atmosphere in the office, in spite of the approach of summer, was chill. She communicated with Norman only when necessary and then by memo. She rushed out to lunch early and came back late.

So it was with a certain satisfaction that, on a morning just two weeks from the day they had made their bet, he walked into Faith's office.

She was on the telephone, looking fierce. When she saw Norman she looked even fiercer and put her hand over the mouthpiece while she told him she'd see him in his office later.

Half an hour later, there was a polite knock on his door and Faith came in.

"Smells like a kennel in here, but I suppose you two don't care."

He decided to ignore that. Gigi was in need of a bath, but she had just had an injection against distemper and the vet had advised against it. He said, instead: "You owe me five pounds. I took Marcia out to dinner last night."

Faith put a cheque on his desk. He noticed it was dated two days before. "I believe you. I suppose I should congratulate you. You're a very fast worker, Mr. Carr."

"Naturally. You have to get up early and work hard. Competition is dog eat dog. I don't have to tell you that, darling."

She sat down primly in the visitors' chair opposite his desk. Gigi, being female enough to give out the most charm to people who ignored her, put her head on Faith's lap.

"Come here, Gigi!"

Faith's hand fell lightly on Gigi's ears. "It's all right, Norman. I don't hate dogs. I just think there's a place for them, and that place isn't in the office. You should know that."

Gigi was making her happy noise, the one between a purr and a snore. Norman tried not to listen. "Yes, I know that. But what can I do with her? She can't stay at home alone."

"That's not my problem." "In a way it is. You bet me I couldn't get that girl to come out with me. Gigi was my campaign."

"You've taken her out now. Isn't it time to get rid of Gigi and get down to business?"

He turned his chair and looked out of the window. It was a beastly day. Coming to work it had been sticky and humid and now the rain was starting to come down.

Rain, snow, or hurricane, Marcia would be out there in her hooded raincoat, walking with Silky. She could go home and change, but it was another matter for Norman. He couldn't take Gigi for a walk and then sit all the afternoon with soaked trousers.

Faith was right. These past two weeks he hadn't paid much attention to business. As head of the department she had a perfect right to force the issue.

He said slowly: "Gigi can't go back to the kennels now. She is used to people. She needs love." "Well, give her to somebody who will love her."

"Who?"

"Your Marcia, for example."

Norman wheeled round.

"Marcia has one dog."

"Well, there's the R.S.P.C.A."

They'll find a home for her

To page 63

"They'll whisper about you!"



Perspiration
odours
do offend

Play safe—use
MUM

She was going to make such a splash with her new swimsuit, instead of which she's left out of the swim altogether all because of underarm odour. It shows how a simple oversight can upset the best laid plans. She forgot to include her jar of Mum when she packed. You bath every day—but that's not enough—that just washes away past perspiration. You may think you're safe, but although you rarely notice underarm odour yourself — others do! Everyone perspires — including you. And even perfume won't hide that tell-tale odour. Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

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a matchless, miracle
complexion



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By Kathryn Hulme

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and sympathy.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 29, 1954

Continuing . . . Princess Gigi

from page 61

surely. Listen, Norman. It was
a good joke, but there's a
limit. You can't go on working
here and spending half your
time taking a dog for a walk
in the park. We've always
agreed that if a person can't
give his whole mind to his
work the only thing to do is
sack him."

Norman jumped up. "Thanks.
That's decent of you. The five
pounds will tide me over until
I get another job, I suppose."

She stood up, too. "I'm not
sacking you. I'm not even
going to take the matter to the
higher-ups. I'm only telling you
to be careful."

She was right, Norman knew.
Completely right. Not only
that, she was keeping her tem-
per. But Norman was not in the
mood for keeping his. He shook
his finger at Faith's face. "I'm
going to leave, anyway. I can
get a better job anywhere.
Whatever I do, I'll make a
point of taking a lot of your
accounts with me when I go."

She met his eyes. "And what
are you going to do with your
precious dog? You won't be
much of a menace to me, I as-
sure you, while you have Gigi
draped round your neck. What
about your dog, Norman
Care?"

She studied him, her eyes
round. "Why, Norman darling,
I hope you'll be very happy in
your new job. I don't imagine
Marcia would be very much fun
to live with, but, then, you
don't have to be fun if you're
beautiful, do you?"

Norman watched her leave
the office. Then he slammed
the door and began to pack his
brief-case, selecting carefully
from the files. He went through
his desk and made a pile of his
personal belongings on it. He
then drafted out a letter of
resignation to the managing
director.

He asked the switchboard
operator to make an appoint-
ment for him with another ad-
vertising agency, and he called
in the blue-eyed copy-writer to
tell her he was going out and
would she keep Gigi until some-
body called for her.

He rang Marcia. "I'm not
going to be able to meet you
today," he told her, "but would
you do me a very great favor?
I have to go out for an urgent
appointment. Would you pick
up Gigi and take care of her
this afternoon?"

She hesitated. "Norman, you
know what my sister's like. I
really couldn't have two wet,
smelly dogs here all the after-
noon."

"Go to my flat. I'll tell the
porter to let you in. I'll be
home about five. Then I want
to ask you something very im-
portant. Please, darling."

"Well, Norman, if it's really
important . . ."

He assured her it was and she
agreed. He rang the porter at
the flats and told him to admit
a beautiful girl with two dogs.
Then he took Gigi and left her
in the back office.

He spent a very successful
day. He managed to get taxes
when he needed them. The
client was enthusiastic about
the new campaign and promised
to leave everything to Norman.

The director of the advertis-
ing agency where he hoped to
work in the future seemed inter-
ested in his qualifications and
experience and promised to let
him know within the next two
days.

On the way home he con-
gratulated himself. Even if he
yielded to his better instincts
and passed the new client over
to Faith when he left, he could
exist fairly comfortably until
the new job materialized.

Meanwhile, there was only
one small matter of unfinished
business waiting there in his flat
with two dogs. There was a
chance she might refuse him, of

course. But the nearer Norman
got to his flat, the more unlikely
that chance became. She had
taken him home to meet the
family, hadn't she? She had
even spent a wet afternoon dog-
sitting in his flat.

WHEN the taxi
drew up before his block he
took so long over paying his
fare that the traffic behind him
began to hoot. He stepped out
into the rain as though it were
a cold shower. All the way up
in the lift he was revising the
proposition so that it would be
a sort of trial engagement with
dog-sitting privileges. Even to
his prejudiced point of view it
did not look particularly allur-
ing, but he squared his shoulders
and opened the door.

The flat was empty. Norman
stared blankly. A feeling of
impending doom seized him
even before he got Marcia on
the telephone, at home.

"Darling," she said in her
best creamy voice, "I couldn't
be sorrier. But an old friend
came up today, and I just
couldn't get round to pick up
Gigi."

"Where is she?"
"Still there, I suppose. Do
you want to have a drink with
us before dinner? You said you
had something important to ask
me."

Norman looked down at his
left fist, clenched so tightly the
knuckles were striped red and
white, but he kept his voice
calm: "No, thank you, Marcia.
It will keep. It will keep an
awfully long time."

Then he hung up and rang
the office. The phone rang
maddeningly, but no one an-
swered. It was after five and
the operator, who lived in the
far suburbs, always left on the
stroke. But there would have
been night wires plugged in if
anybody were in the office.
Somebody would answer, for
even Faith would run all the
way to the switchboard room if
the telephone rang.

He swore and hung up. No-
body, not even a not-very-
bright, blue-eyed copy-writer,
would leave a scared puppy
alone in an office. Or would
she? He had no idea where
the copywriter lived, but he
rang Faith's flat. No answer.
Then he grabbed his hat.

The office was empty. Not
even a scared dog crawled out
to greet him. He went to all
the offices, even Faith's. Almost
desperately, he ended up in his
own. With the pile of stuff on
his desk were his binoculars. He
picked them up and walked
over to the window.

The rain was a grey sheet
over everything, but in the park
he could distinguish a girl and
a dog. Neither of them was
worth staring at or whistling
at. The dog, tail between its
legs, was huddled beneath a
tree. The girl had an umbrella
held over her, but it was inside
out. Even from that distance

you could tell that her dress
was soaked and that she was
furious. Norman took a deep
breath and ran.

By the time he reached them
and had persuaded Faith to
throw away the useless um-
brella, and Gigi to come out
from under the tree, he was in a
sorry state himself. Three
taxi drivers passed them by be-
fore one finally showed pity.

Faith gave the driver her ad-
dress. Then she turned to Nor-
man coldly. "That was the last
straw. Taking the afternoon off
to find another job and leaving
me with your dog."

"But the girls—"
"They couldn't do anything
with Gigi. Gigi has been hang-
ing round me all the afternoon,
crouching under my desk."

Norman said, "Faith—"
"Don't stare at me. I can
imagine what I look like. But
Gigi had to go out."

"You look wonderful. You
always do."

"Don't try to be charming.
It's too late. By the way, while
you're walking off with my ac-
counts, there are one or two
more you can try your hand at.
I'm not doing too well lately.
I was told this morning that my
work hadn't been at all satis-
factory lately."

"Faith—"
"In fact, I'm sick of the whole
thing! I'm the one who's going
to leave—"

"Darling, listen—"
"Don't be sorry for me! And
don't you dare touch me! You're
going to propose to another
girl!"

Then, as if Norman wasn't
wet enough, she burst into tears
on his shoulder. Norman held
her tight, murmuring the same
sort of comfort he had learned
for Gigi. It was a combination
of soothing sounds and strokes
and promises that he would see
to everything, that she wasn't
to worry because he wouldn't
let her lose her job. She was
his girl and he loved her.

At last Faith stopped crying
and sat up. Gigi, having be-
haved like a perfect lady
throughout the storm, put her
head on Faith's lap. Faith
looked up at Norman through
red eyes.

"And to think of the things
I've done just to show you how
efficient and sophisticated I am
—and all the time what you
really wanted was to p-protect
me."

"Save your sophistication for
the long winter evenings when
you have to sit knitting while
the children do their homework.
And now . . ."

He put an arm round both
his girls. The dog might never
grow up to have the courage to
look a squirrel in the face. The
girl might not be the kind of
beauty who gets photographed
in the glossy magazines; in fact,
at that moment, she was posi-
tively plain. But they were his
girls. When Norman looked at
them his stomach turned over
and his heart broke into two
pieces. One for each.

(Copyright)

SEX EDUCATION

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

SEX education should begin
at a very early age. Sex is
bound up in the physical and
mental development of the
toddler and the young child.

Early mistakes are to make
an issue of toilet training, or to
show too much concern when
the child becomes interested
in the various parts of his
body.

When the developing child
begins asking questions about
the origin of life, parents
should not tell a fanciful story,

but the truth, simply and
naturally.

Young parents should equip
themselves with the proper in-
formation by attending lec-
tures by experts on this sub-
ject, or then should obtain
good guiding literature.

A leaflet giving some simple
advice on the subject can be
obtained from The Australian
Women's Weekly Mothercraft
Service Bureau, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped
addressed envelope must be
enclosed.

FOR SEA-ING (AND BEING SEEN IN)



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ing circular skirt converts

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dusk outfit.

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Berger Paints keep on keeping on!



ROCK POOL at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Norman, Sylvania, N.S.W., features a decorative display of popular cymbidium orchids.

ORCHID CULTURE

The cymbidium orchid—the type most commonly seen in florists' windows in late winter and early spring—is easily grown at home. It carries its flowers, 20 or more, on long, graceful stems.

SYDNEY'S climate seems to be ideal for cymbidiums. The only protection needed is broken shade from high trees in summer and shelter from drying westerlies at all times.

In Queensland, a simple bush-house will provide desirable shelter. In Victoria, most growers think a glass-house is necessary, and in Tasmania it certainly is. South Australian opinions vary between bush and glass houses, though some growers are successful with out-of-doors culture.

Two of the most important ingredients in success are light and air, which are necessary to produce strong, dark green leaves. And without light and air, large, healthy back bulbs—the name given to the orchid bulb which has lost its leaves—won't develop.

Cymbidiums are essentially pot plants. They should be grown in unglazed flower-pots, big enough to give the plant plenty of room to grow. The pots are long and fleshy and take up a lot of space.

Good drainage is vital. To ensure that the hole at the bottom of the pot does not block, it should be covered with a layer of broken crocks.

Orchids are grown in a compost which must be light in texture and acid.

Even the merest trace of lime spells disaster.

A popular compost which gives very good results is made of equal parts of tan bark, leaf mould, coarse river sand, and old cow manure,



CYMBIDIUM orchid "Lu Woodward" is named after Mrs. C. R. Woodward, of Hornsby, New South Wales.

with some small lumps of charcoal.

Cymbidiums need re-potting frequently, often yearly, for best results. After a few years the strong growers become so tightly jammed that it is almost impossible to remove them from the pots.

Provided reasonable care is taken not to damage new leaf growths, which come from the base of the bulbs, or freshly growing root tips, the period just after flowering seems the best time to re-pot. The plants can then go into the summer growing season with a good supply of food.

Have your pots crocked and

GARDENING

the compost ready before starting to de-pot, and, because the plants have to be divided at the same time, have a sharp knife handy too.

Turn each pot upside down and give it a sharp knock on the rim to dislodge the plant.

Then shake the compost from the plant and decide where to divide it.

You should also remove the matured back bulbs. This must be done carefully and according to the rules, because the back bulbs are the main means of increasing the supply of plants.

These bulbs will be found joined together at the base by a thick, woody kind of stem called a rhizome, which should be cut through.

Put the back bulbs aside and deal with them after the plant has been potted.

Examine the plant for dead roots, which should be

removed. Re-pot the plant, setting it so that the level of the compost will come to the base of the leaf-bearing bulbs.

Press the compost down as firmly as possible—it is very springy, but will settle itself in time—and water it thoroughly.

The pots can be placed on the ground but you must watch the drainage holes for blockages. Some growers prefer benches, but this way the pots are apt to dry out faster.

Now return to the back bulbs and remove all root growth.

Place the bulb in a small pot about a quarter to one third full of compost, then water.

Within six to eight weeks, though sometimes it is much longer, a small shoot will appear from a bud near the base of the bulb.

The small plant can be planted out into a larger pot in about a year. It should flower in about four years.

Cymbidiums must be watered regularly. Once or twice a week is sufficient in winter, but daily or even twice daily watering is necessary in summer. The best method is by spray, so that the leaves as well as the compost are thoroughly wet.

There are few pests. Scale, which can generally be removed with the fingernail, attacks sometimes. Keep a watch for slugs, snails, and caterpillars.

Extensive crossing within the hybrids has built up today's wonderful collection with its tremendous variation in color, markings, form, and flowering period.

With all the varieties that are now available, it is possible to have flowers from May right through to October.

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Continuing . . . Summer Night

from page 3

flaming sunset through the trees. Early summer, he thought, was the best part of the year. The cold weather was all over and the long hot days had not yet arrived. He and Mary had first met on a day like this.

He had seen her standing near a fountain, watching two little birds splashing in the water. Her soft lips had been smiling, but her eyes had been sad with loneliness.

He had guessed right away that she was a girl who had grown up in a small friendly town and had not been in the city a great while. It had taken him a long time to gain her confidence.

Suddenly deciding to surprise her, he took a path that circled through the trees and came up behind the row of low, marble benches in front of the Soldiers Memorial Building.

This was where they were to meet; and there she was, sitting on the nearest bench, watching eagerly for him.

She was a rather small, slender girl. Slender almost to the point of thinness, he thought worriedly, for she was a serious-minded girl and worked much too hard.

She had a full, rounded figure and a clear, delicate profile. Her inner eagerness and excitement gave color to her cheeks. She turned her head abruptly and saw him.

"Surprise," he said, stepping quickly up to her.

"Jim!" she cried, her eyes shining. "What's the idea of slipping up on me like this?" she demanded, laughing up at him.

"Just a crazy notion," he answered. "Have you been waiting long?"

She glanced at her tiny gold watch. "Five minutes, perhaps." Her eyes fixed on the violets in his hand. "Jim, for me?"

"For you," he said.

When she took the violets, their fingers touched and her eyes came up to his and fell away quickly.

"I wanted to buy you an orchid," he said, "but—"

"I'm glad you didn't," she interrupted. "These are so lovely."

For a moment she held the violets against her cheek. He had been right about violets and her eyes being the same color.

"Thanks, Jim," she said softly.

They sat down on the bench very close together. He lit a cigarette and watched the reds in the sky deepen. A great contentment filled him.

"Well," he asked presently, "what shall we do tonight?"

"I have a lot of things planned," she told him soberly. "Dinner in the Century Room.

Then we'll take in that new revue. After that, a night club and —"

"Hey!" he said, sitting up straight. "I don't own the bank. I just work in it, and—"

Seeing the dancing lights in her eyes, he knew that she had been joking.

"I don't care what we do," she said, "just so long as we do it together."

He frowned in deep thought, thinking how they could make the most of the evening together. They had so few chances to be together like this.

"Remember that little Italian restaurant in River Street?" he asked at length.

"There was an old man who played a violin," she said eagerly, "and his granddaughter played the harp."

"The spaghetti was out of this world."

"Always thinking of food," she chuckled. "Doesn't the beautiful ever appeal to you?"

"Yes," he said warmly, putting a hand over hers. "You appeal to me."

Her eyes danced up at him. "Do you say nice things like that to all the girls you meet?"

"Of course," he answered, smiling at her.

By the time they arrived at the restaurant, darkness had fallen completely, but overhead were a million stars and the promise of a full moon.

They went down the dingy steps to the half-basement dining-room with its heavy wooden tables and straight-backed chairs.

It was too early for the place to be crowded and they found a table not far from the small stage where a golden harp stood.

The waiter, a thin, dark young man, brought the spaghetti in two large brown bowls. It smelled delightful and Jim suddenly discovered that he was famished.

Later, a young girl came out on the small stage and sat down at the harp. She began to play a soft, sad little melody.

The food forgotten, Mary sat entranced. She loved music. Music and flowers, and she had so little of either.

"Wonder what's become of the old man?" she whispered.

Jim motioned to the waiter, and when the young man came to their table, said, "There used to be an old gentleman who played the violin. Long white hair and pink cheeks."

"He no longer plays, but listens," the waiter said, smiling and nodding towards a darkened corner of the room.

Turning, they saw the old man sitting at a table, his eyes fixed on the girl.

"His grandson will soon be here," the waiter continued, "as soon as he has played for the radio show."

They had finished eating and were sipping coffee when the young violinist stepped out on the stage and stood tall and smiling beside the girl and the golden harp. He played brilliantly, much better than the old man had ever played, lovely gipsy melodies.

As the music rippled and danced about them, Jim watched Mary.

He put his hand over hers and she looked at him. And all the things in her heart became a part of the expression on her face. He felt a lump in his throat; and the music went on and on, while time was forgotten.

"More coffee?" he asked at last.

Startled, Mary lifted her head; then glanced at her watch.

"If we're going anywhere else," she said, "we'd better be going."

They climbed out of the restaurant to the rude, noisy street.

"Now what?" Jim asked.

"Whatever you say."

He glanced from her lovely eyes to the violets pinned on her blouse. He must remember to buy her violets more often.

"A picture?" he suggested.

"If you want to, but I'd rather not. It would take too much of the evening away from us, wouldn't it?"

"I know," he said, facing her again. "There's a place near here where we could dance. Once or a dozen times."

"Let's go," she said gaily.

Then went along to the dance hall. They danced twice and were waiting for the music to begin for the third dance when they saw Don Nichols with a tall, red-haired girl.

"The first thing you know," Jim said, scowling. "Don will see us. Then he'll want to dance with you."

"Would that be bad?" Mary asked teasingly. "Don's quite nice. And the red-head is gorgeous."

Don had seen them and was pointing them out to the girl.

"I'm spending every minute with you," Jim said. "Let's get out of here."

They slipped out through a side door and Mary stopped under a light to study the tiny dial of her watch.

Frowning, she said, "It's later than I thought. Perhaps we'd better call it a night."

He suddenly felt frightened at the way time had of running out on them. He wished now

To page 68

Dancing tonight?

Mind if we speak frankly and to the point? No matter how carefully you bathe or shower beforehand, that alone will not ensure dainty freshness.

You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

A safe way to make sure that you are "nice to be near" is to eat one or two Chloro-PHILLIES deodorant tablets. Pleasant-tasting Chloro-PHILLIES stop perspiration odours before they start, and a special instant-acting ingredient helps give you a sweet and wholesome breath. Be flower-fresh in breath 'n' body with Chloro-PHILLIES—and you'll have a wonderful time!



STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down — that dull, listless feeling, that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood — lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Don's Backache Kidney Pills. Don's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get Don's without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.



FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm. Nixaderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.



We live like Kings for less

than anybody in our street!



There's four in our family and our income is only average, yet we've found a way to live well and stay within our budget.

It began when we first planned our house. Naturally we looked for savings wherever we could, yet we wanted modern conveniences too. I had a mental picture of my home with labour saving devices, steaming hot water in kitchen, bathroom and laundry and I was constantly watching for ideas that would give me more leisure.

I was the most surprised woman in town when a hardware man suggested I buy a fuel stove. I was even more surprised when he convinced me I should. And now I have it, it delights me every day with its efficiency and economy.

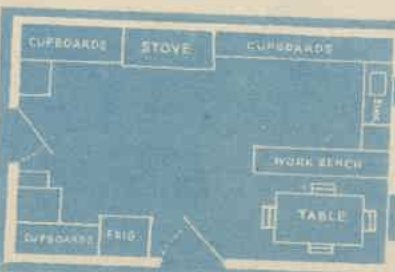
You see this is no ordinary fuel stove — it's a Rayburn. The essential difference is that Rayburn is a *slow combustion* cooker. I didn't know what that meant but I do now. I know it's the most successful cooking method ever perfected and I know it has meant far more spending money for all of us. The first good thing the Rayburn did for us was to completely eliminate the cost of buying and installing a separate hot water service! There's a magni-

ficent one built right into the cooker itself. It gives us an ample supply of hot water — **REALLY** hot water — every day and we don't spend a penny extra for fuel.

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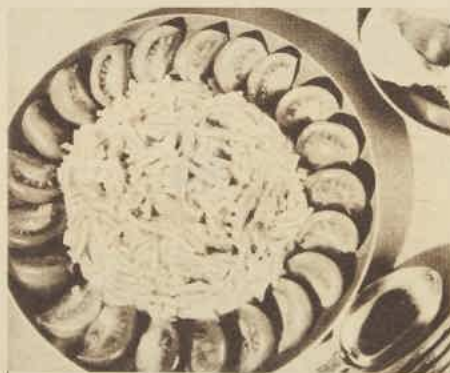
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Costs
only a few pence
per serve!

KRAFT DINNER

in the RED and YELLOW packet

Continuing . . .

Summer Night

from page 66

that they had not stayed so long
in the restaurant.

Taking her arm, he said almost
fiercely, "Another hour
won't matter and there's some-
thing I've been wanting us to
do for a long time—take the
ferry to Riverhead and back
like we used to do."

"I really shouldn't," she said
slowly, "but I want to so much.
If you think another hour
won't matter."

After they were aboard the
ferry and had found a secluded
seat near the stern, Mary
nestled her head against his
shoulder and said, "I'm glad
you thought of a boat trip. The
night's just right for it."

The breeze brushed a strand
of her hair against his cheek.
The water made a soft, rippling
sound, and somewhere on the
upper deck a girl laughed
merrily. Then someone's port-
able radio began to play, and
in the distance a steamship
whistled hoarsely.

Jim drew Mary a little
closer, and they sat in silence,
watching the receding lights of
the city.

On the return trip they stood
in the prow of the ferry, bracing
themselves against the wooden
rail. The moon behind threw
the shadow of the pilot-house
over them, giving them a feel-
ing of being hidden from the
careless, prying eyes of the
world.

All too soon the boat grated
against its wharf again.

"This is it," Jim said, "un-
less we do it over again."

"I'd love to," she said, and he
caught a note of wistful long-
ing in her voice, "but I think
we'd better not."

They walked in silence back
to the bright, flashing lights,
and found that it was almost
midnight.

"Take me home, Jim," Mary
said.

He wanted to hail a taxi, but
she told him that that would be
foolish, wasting money on a
taxi when they could go by bus.
So they caught a late bus, and
after the crowd had thinned out
held hands until they came to
their stop.

It was a block to the big,
shabby brick apartment house,
and they walked without speak-
ing, for each felt a little sad,
perhaps, because the evening
had gone so quickly.

When they came to the front
door, which was locked, Mary
dug a flat key from her small
purse and opened the door. The
hall light touched her face, and
he saw the laughter forming in
her eyes.

"Would you like to come up
to my apartment?" she asked.

"If you think it will be all
right," he answered, smiling
back at her, "I wouldn't want
to start people gossiping about
you."

"If we're very quiet," she
said, "no one will ever know."

He closed the door carefully,
and they tiptoed through the
hall, up a flight of dim stairs,
and along a narrow corridor.

The living-room was not very
large, and the furniture had a
worn, weary look, but every-
thing was very clean. Almost
as clean as Mary herself. A
thin, long-legged girl in a
crumpled, brown dress lay
curled up on the divan, sleep-
ing soundly through a radio
programme.

"Your sister?" he asked in a
whisper.

"No," Mary whispered back,
"a poor neighbor girl. Her
father beats her, so I've taken
her in."

She turned off the radio and
tiptoed on into the tiny kitchen.
Jim followed her and closed the
door to the living-room.

"A cup of coffee?" she asked.
She put on the percolator;
then unpinned the violet and
put them into the refrigerator.

"Perhaps I can wear them

again tomorrow," she said hope-
fully.

She came back to the dinette-
table with sugar and a plate
of biscuits.

"Tired?" he asked when she
sat down with a little sigh.

Smiling, she shook her head.

When the coffee was ready,
she poured a cup for him and
put in just the right amount of
sugar. Then she poured a cup
for herself.

"You brew the best coffee in
the world," he declared.

The kitchen door opened and
the long-legged girl in the
crumpled, brown dress came in,
rubbing her eyes and yawning.

"I didn't hear you come
home," she said to Mary. "I
think I was dozing."

"I think you were," Mary
said, smiling and pushing the
biscuit-plate towards her.

The girl took a couple.

"I'd better go home," she
said. "Buzz me whenever you
want me."

After the girl had gone, Jim
and Mary finished the coffee.
Then he lit a cigarette and sat
watching the lights in Mary's
hair. He never seemed to grow
tired of looking at her.

"It's been a wonderful even-
ing, Jim," she said at last.

Wanting to touch her, he
reached for her hand. But at
that moment there came the
faint cry of a child. They both
lifted their heads to listen. The
cry was not repeated, but a
change had come over Mary.
She seemed suddenly older, and
now he was no longer the centre
of interest.

"I'd better have a look," she
said, getting to her feet.

He followed her across the
small living-room into a small
bedroom.

The light came in from be-
hind them through the open
door. Jim looked down upon
the two children sleeping in
a double bed. Mickey, aged
four, who had his own dark hair
and long dark lashes. Jeanie,
the baby, who some day would
be as lovely and as fair as Mary
herself.

"They're all right," Mary
said softly, "but when you
leave them with a baby sitter
who goes to sleep on the job,
you never know."

He followed her back into the
living-room and, after she had
closed the door to the children's
room, took her in his arms and
held her close.

She smiled up at him, but
now she looked tired. And
he could feel an unconscious
resistance in her against him,
for now some of the magic of
their evening together had been
lost. She was no longer the
gay, laughing-eyed girl who had
met him in the park by the
Soldiers Memorial. She was
a woman and the passing years
had given her responsibilities
and worries.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "there's
so many things to think about.
We must find somewhere else
to live. A place where the chil-
dren will have room to romp
and play. There are the doctor
bills and Mickey's tonsils and
—"

But he could not let her go
on. He could not let the day-
end like this on a note of
worry.

He stopped her with a kiss
and said, "Happy wedding an-
niversary, darling. And may
the rest of our years together be
as wonderful as the first five
have been."

He felt all the resistance
against him go out of her and
once again she was completely
his.

"They will be," she said, her
voice warm with assurance. "I
know they will be!"

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Our fine two-part serial Part 2

Conflict of wings

By Don Sharp

A BATTLE-ROYAL is going on between the villagers of Saltings-by and the R.A.F. over a local area known as the Island of Children. The Air Force wants it for a target range; the villagers have always kept it as a bird sanctuary.

Relations between the village and the R.A.F. have always been friendly and SALLY, daughter of "OLD CIRCULAR," the light-house-keeper, is in love with BILL, a ground-crew corporal. But now the villagers, led by HARRY TILNEY, TOM WADE, and JOE BATES, the pubman, are doing everything possible to defeat the Air Force project.

All seems lost when, in drunken confusion, Tilney attacks MR. WENTWORTH, who, though in charge of the affair for the Ministry for Land Acquisition, had actually come to the village representing the Bird-Watching Society, who want to help.

However, shortly afterwards, a telephone call from the retired solicitor "BOOKIE" to "SOAPY," the eel-catcher, sets the villagers rejoicing. NOW READ ON:

SQUADRON-LEADER Parsons was restless. The trouble was, he kept telling himself, that he didn't have enough to do. And then there was the uncertainty about the future of the Squadron. He was aware that the Group-Captain knew what was in store for them and that, in his own good time, he would pass on the information. Were they going overseas? If so, what would be their destination?

He played with the idea as he made his way slowly on foot across the marshes to the Island of Children.

He walked on amid the calling of the cuckoos and the restless flight of the lapwings, pausing every now and then by the river bank to watch the diving of the grebes. Somehow, he had no wish to arrive at the range. He forced himself to think of it as a range and not as a sanctuary. And yet he was delaying his arrival simply because it was a sanctuary, and he had no wish this morning to see the work of construction disturbing the ancient area.

Then away across the marshes came the echo of a slow hammering—change knocking at the door of time—and he knew that the working party had begun their task.

When he reached the area of the range and came down from the river bank on to the wide, clear corridor of lifting turf, he saw that an amount of equipment had already arrived. Nearby stood a group of airmen, under an N.C.O., gathered round Flight-Lieutenant Edwards, who was to be Range Con-

troller. Parsons joined them and saw from the plan, which Edwards passed to him, where the Range Control hut would be situated. Away beyond it, about three hundred yards distant, the targets would be erected. The proposed position for the huts was where they now stood; the targets would be near the crescent-shaped water, the Number Two targets being fairly close to the river bank.

The N.C.O. and the airmen went away across the flat marsh towards the distant sandhills, looking for a suitable place at the extremity of the range to erect danger flags. The two officers were left together, discussing the suitability of the range. Flight-Lieutenant Edwards was of the opinion that the area itself was quite workable, but complained that the equipment would be a bit makeshift.

"The position of the hut and the targets is fine; couldn't be better. If only I had some communications, everything would be bang on. But the C.O. says there isn't a hope of getting the radio equipment inside two weeks. I don't see why we can't wait till it arrives. It'd only mean about a week's delay."

Squadron-Leader Parsons had no authority in the matter and merely reiterated that his orders were to begin training as soon as the conversion was complete. "Aren't you putting in a temporary line of some sort?" he inquired.

The Range Controller showed him on the plan what they proposed to do as a substitute until the radio equipment arrived.



Tense, fearful, but still grimly determined, the villagers waited as the planes drew steadily nearer.

Then they noticed their Commanding Officer walking across the marshes towards them. They went to greet him.

"Well, how does it strike you?" he greeted Parsons.

"It's fine from my point of view," Parsons told him. "But Edwards here is worried about communications."

The Group-Captain strolled back with Parsons. He nodded in satisfaction at the progress of conversion, and told Parsons that as soon as the Squadron had completed its four weeks flying training on the range they were to proceed on leave before going overseas.

Parsons received the news with delight. Now that it was a certainty and not just a speculation, he realised that it was what he had been hoping would happen. His next thought was of the actual

destination, but this the Group-Captain didn't yet know.

"But," he added, "I imagine you will be getting some opportunity for action."

They left the river bank and strolled down towards the place where the targets would be erected. The Group-Captain paused to look about him. "It's a lovely place," he admitted. "Not as many birds as I expected, though, and our presence doesn't seem to be worrying them."

Parsons realised that he had been aware of this for some time. He had expected hundreds upon hundreds of birds to be wheeling in protest at the invasion, but apart from an occasional outcry from the crescent-shaped water or a quick sortie by the starlings from the Small Wood, the birds seemed oblivious of their presence.

It is almost as though we were

here on sufferance, thought Parsons. There's a feeling that the birds are allowing our presence not to frighten them, because they know we will not be here permanently. He dismissed the thought. The time for such considerations was past. The Squadron was going overseas and he had a full-time job to get them ready.

A Sergeant came bustling across from the far corner of the range, where it shelved out into the bend of the river. He saluted smartly and addressed himself to the Group-Captain.

"Beg pardon, sir. But we've struck a snag."

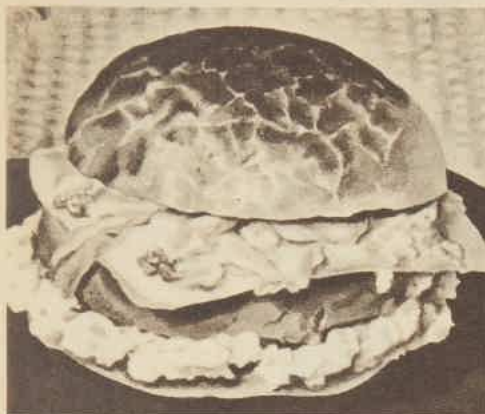
"A snag?" the Group-Captain frowned. "There can't be any snags at this stage. What is it?"

"Well, sir, it's an eel-catcher."

"Eel-catcher?" repeated the

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officer. "Oh, a bird! I'm afraid we can't halt our work just because of nests in the way, Sergeant. An eel-catcher, eh? Is that the type with the long beak?"

"It isn't a bird at all, sir. It's a man. A man with a shed."

"A man with a shed?" The Group-Captain was more puzzled. "What are you talking about, Sergeant?"

"An eel-catcher, sir. He's squatting on the river bank not far from Number Two target. And it's not a shed exactly, sir. Funny sort of thing, something like a boat, only it has a chimney."

"Why haven't you told him to move?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I did. That's the snag. He says he has every right to be there. He even quoted a long rigmarole, stating the authority."

Soapy, the eel-catcher, had arrived early that morning at the selected position, aided by Harry Tilney and Tom Wade. For some years now he had been living on the water aboard an old boat, with a built-up cabin superimposed on top. The boat had been stripped of its engine to give more living space and had to be towed from one place to another.

It was several years since it had been shifted, and the present journey hadn't proved too easy. But with the aid of a powerful launch, and the help of Harry and Tom, the journey had been made. He had watched the working party arrive more than two hours before. Then, when they were selecting the actual sites for the targets, they had come down near the flat land shelving out into the bed of the river and there they had seen the chimney of his boat jutting above the tall reeds.

Soapy hadn't been too comfortable when the first batch of four men arrived and told him to move. But remembering Bookie's words and the coaching he had received from Tilney, he stuck to his ground and recited the authority.

No one had been more amazed than he when this seemed to impress the R.A.F. men. True, they had argued and persuaded, but in the end they had gone away. Soapy was delighted. The first round of the battle had been won and he was happier now that it was over. It was terrible responsibility, he thought, to have the whole dispute depending on him.

He chuckled to himself and set about repairing some of his cell sets. He didn't know how long he might be required to stay here, so he might as well prepare to work. He was working at the repairs when the Sergeant returned with the two officers. He recognised Squadron-Leader Parsons, whom he had seen many times, and guessed that the other officer was the one commanding the station at Fallowfield. This looked more serious.

The Group-Captain thought he was going to be reasonable. "That's right. That's why we want you to move."

"But I don't want to move. I want to fish here for eels."

"I'm afraid you can't do that. This is Air Ministry property and you're trespassing."

"Oh, no, I'm not," protested Soapy. "I have every right to be here."

He almost stood to attention as he recited the words he had used to the Sergeant earlier. "King Henry the Eighth gave to the people of Norfolk the right to take eel from any tidal waters. No

OUR TWO-PART SERIAL

power, military or otherwise, can stop the people from exercising that right. As a professional eel-catcher, I am within my rights in carrying out my trade on these waters."

He stopped and looked at them triumphantly, amazed that he had got through it all without a mistake.

It was obvious to the two officers that he had been coached and put up to this by someone else. They tried to reason with him. It was important for the air firing training to go ahead. Couldn't he fish for eel somewhere else? But to all their persuasions he turned a deaf ear. He could see by now that he was in a strong position, and it gave him more courage in resisting them. They made one final appeal to his reason, but the only satisfaction they could get was a dogged "Here I be and here I stay!"

The two officers looked at each other in helpless exasperation. Was this just an idea thought up by some of the villagers to annoy them because of the dispute, or was there some legal right on this strange fellow's side.

The Sergeant suggested that if the eel-catcher was a squatter, a trespasser, he could easily get a squad of men and shift him. The Group-Captain shook his head. "No, Sergeant. You go back to the working party and tell them to continue erecting the targets and the hut. We will have to check this man's claim."

The Sergeant saluted and went off, much to Soapy's relief. The Group-Captain turned to Soapy and informed him that he could stay where he was for the present while his claim was referred to the Ministry for Land Acquisition. He would return to Fallowfield and immediately contact the Air Ministry by phone. A decision could be expected in a few days. Then they turned and left him.

MISS FLEW walked across Trafalgar Square, a tide of camera-conscious pigeons, flowing away towards a new group of tourists at Nelson's Column, brushing across her as she passed. The fine weather had come to London, too, and Miss Flew felt almost gay as she stood on the kerb waiting for the stream of buses and cars to pass.

Her mood lasted even as she went down the dull corridors and into her office. Then it broke forth into laughter as she opened the door and caught sight of Mr. Wentworth. He was holding a memo in obvious disbelief and murmuring incredulously, "Henry the Eighth!"

She didn't know what he was talking about. She twirled the umbrella she was carrying several times, then firmly laid it on his desk. "I've got your new umbrella," she announced. He didn't acknowledge her at all. He was still staring at the memo as though it were something from another world. "And you need a new suit to go with it. What had made her say that?"

"Yes, yes, Miss Flew. I know I do. But what are we going to do about this? This Saltsgaby affair has cropped up again. I do wish Jessup would come back. It really is his pigeon."

Lightheartedly she took the memo. An eel-catcher was squatting on the range and claiming some local privilege granted by Henry the Eighth. The idea delighted her and she laughed aloud.

Mr. Wentworth looked at her in painful surprise. "Really, Miss Flew, you're not being very helpful. You might at

least take the matter seriously."

"What do you want me to do? The only thing anyone can do is to check the claims."

Really, she was being difficult. Oh, confound things! Confound Jessup! Confound Tilney! Confound Miss Flew! Confound the bird-watcher! The rebellious thought startled him. Hastily he picked up the memo again. Was there any truth in the claim to a fishing right? The matter would have to be investigated by the Treasury Solicitor. He picked up the phone and asked for the number.

Sally and Bill lay on the warm turf in a clear patch fringed with reeds. The gull, Perdita, perched on the mast and looked the other way. The slow waters gurgled about the stern of the dinghy a few yards away. The sky was high to them now, but narrow, its expanse lessened by the reeds which pushed up close by them.

Somewhere beyond the reeds was a breeze, but no breath of it entered this still place. They luxuriated in the sunshine, arms and legs bare, sunning themselves.

"Bill?" her voice was far away.

He murmured a query, watching her.

"I went into the Island of Children the other night. I was there on my own and somehow, all of a sudden there in the quietness, I saw that perhaps we were both after the same thing, you and I. It's just that we are going in opposite directions to look for it."

She stopped, searching for her words. He waited a moment, and an ache came into his throat as he watched her. "Oh, Sally," he choked. Their arms clung for a moment, and then swiftly they met in a kiss that carried all the urgency and insistence of the hot afternoon; all the compulsion of the high spring day.

She pushed him gently away, their faces were still close, hands framing them, eyes searching, inarticulately wanting and hoping.

From somewhere an echo of fate came whispering into the back of her mind. "Don't ever go away, Bill," she begged.

Thoughts of the rumors at the station raced into his mind. He didn't move. He was still inches from her, but the attention of his eyes had withdrawn. Should he tell her, he was thinking. But, to Sally, the withdrawal of his mind behind the eyes could mean only one thing. She saw his face above her, framed against the sky. The sky. That was it. She would have to blot it out, make him forget it.

Swiftly she put her arms about his neck and drew him down to her.

Only the reeds, hearing a message across the marshes, knew that this was not to be the moment when she would make him forget the sky. They got it from a passing boat at the same moment as Perdita began to squawk.

The gull's first cries went unheard by Sally and Bill, and then Sally heard it. She turned her head and looked up at the bird. It was fluttering and squawking above the dinghy. "It's someone coming," she gasped.

"It may not be."

"It is, Bill. I know. Please."

He sat away and let her rise, watching her quickly brush the grass from herself with uneasy gestures. "There's a mast just coming around the bend."

She stood, silent, away from him, looking at a boat she couldn't yet see. He stood up and went over to her. "I do

love you, Bill," she said simply. He kissed her hair and they stood with arms about each other's waist, waiting for the boat.

"It's Soapy!" Sally said suddenly, a note of anxiety in her voice.

Slowly the small sailing punt put in beside their craft, Soapy's silence ringing its warning in each of them. He came ashore, took a letter from his pocket, and held it out to them.

"A policeman came and read this to me this morning," he said.

Bill took the letter and read it aloud. It was addressed to the eel-catcher from the Ministry for Land Acquisition and stated that the local privilege claimed by him had been investigated by the Treasury Solicitor. Their own officers in Norwich had also checked for any local knowledge of such a custom and no such knowledge could be found.

They regretted, therefore, that he must remove from the area in question as it was now Air Ministry property and his presence constituted a trespass.

As he finished reading the letter, Sally turned to the little man, her voice full of dismay. "Oh, Soapy!"

"I did all I could," he told her. "Everything that Bookie said, I did."

"You couldn't have done more," Bill comforted him.

They had asked him to move at once, the eel-catcher continued. He was now on his way to the village to borrow a launch to tow his houseboat back to its old position.

For a long moment they were all silent, each searching his mind yet again for some way of averting the defeat that was drawing closer. Soapy broke the silence, saying that the Air Force men had told him that they would start using the range in three days' time.

"Three days!" cried Sally. "Then we must do something—anything. Let's go straight back to Harry Tilney's and get all the village together. Someone may think of something!"

"But, Sally," Bill pleaded, "it's too late now. There's nothing more that can be done. You have exhausted every possible idea."

He moved closer to her and took her hand. "You're beaten now, Sally. There isn't anything you can do."

"I won't be beaten. There's still three days. We must think of something. We must."

"But all the legal, official ways have been tried..."

"They won't get it. The Island of Children will always be a sanctuary. They have no right to it." Her voice was strong with a desperate determination.

Would reasoning do any good? "At least, look at the Air Force point of view..." he began.

She snatched her hand away, anger beginning, unreasonably, to break through. "I don't want to know about the Air Force!" She turned towards Soapy. "Are you coming back to Harry Tilney's?"

The eel-catcher agreed, stepped into the sailing punt, and moved away down the river. Sally turned to Bill, her eyes wary and guarded. "Well? Are you coming?"

He looked at her, searching for some trace of personal warmth of a few brief minutes before. There was none. Here was determination, a choice between ideas, a maturity that could exclude personal feelings in the larger issue. The new strength in her made him love her all the more. He nodded in answer to her query and swiftly they launched the dinghy and sailed away.

The gull, Perdita, rose from the small boat and sped away before them towards distant Saltsgaby.

The sun was dropping away towards the edge of the marshes when they gathered at Harry Tilney's boatyard.

Soapy, his punt faster in the light air, had arrived before Sally and Bill and told his story at once to Mrs. Thompson. He knew that was the surest way of making certain that no one would miss hearing the news. Then he had hurried away to tell Harry.

Soon they came streaming in, men and women, some from their jobs, others from housework. Old Circular had been phoned, and he joined them too, coming in with Tom Wade, who had been about some personal business beyond the wood.

Bill and Sally were there, sitting together on an upturned dinghy. Fanny and Joe Bates, Soapy, Harry Tilney and his wife, Mrs. Thompson; these and many more were sitting about now around the open end of the boatyard.

At first the general reaction had been vociferous indignation. "We'll have to do something," they repeated again and again. Harry fumed about "meddling officials" in Whitehall. But it was all to no avail; no one could think of any plan for stopping the Air Force. They lapsed into a dull, hopeless silence.

Away across the marshes, the early evening calls of the birds began, drifting across to them as a reminder that they should bestir themselves to action. Frustration made Tilney irritable, and he rose and paced about, but all that came from him was another tirade against London.

Old Circular had been watching his daughter, knowing her attention was but half on the actual problem, and half on the implications it would have on her relationship with Bill. At Tilney's words he roused himself to comment. "Abuse is all very well. But are we going to do something, or is this just another meeting of protest?"

A long, low whistle followed by a snap of the fingers came

from Tom Wade. They looked at him expectantly. "What is it, Tom?"

Tom turned to Soapy. "You know, maybe Bookie had the right idea. Would you go back there, Soapy, if some of us went with you?"

The little cat-catcher was not keen on the prospect. The Air Force men had told him that they would begin firing rockets in three days, and he had no wish to be there when that happened. Joe Bates joined Harry Tilney in inquiring what was on Tom's mind, but Tom now turned to Bill.

"Bill, do you reckon you could let me know when the Air Force will be using the range?"

Everyone looked at Bill, who sat undecided.

"What do you want to know that for?" asked Tilney.

Tom Wade looked slowly around at them. "It's just an idea I've got. But I'd have to know exactly when the Air Force would be using the range. Well, Bill?"

"I . . . I don't know . . ." Bill was unhappy at being put in such a position.

"I want only an hour or so's warning," Tom persuaded him.

Bill suddenly knew that he couldn't do it. "I'm sorry," he told them. "I couldn't give away Air Force information."

Sally turned to him. "Tom only wants to know when they are going to use the range."

"I'm sorry, Sally, but I can't do it."

This was the split she had dreaded, and the tiny moment of fear inside her made her leap to widen the breach. "You can't!"

Bill recognised what was happening and tried to explain his position to them. "I want to see the Island of Children saved. But I am in the Air Force. I can't give away Service information."

The reasonableness of his argument made Sally even angrier

CONFLICT OF WINGS

and she flared out at him. "You mean you won't!"

Old Circular rose swiftly to his feet and moved towards Bill and Sally. "Now, wait a minute," he pleaded. "The boy is quite right. Most of us have been in the Services at some time or other, and we all know he can't do that."

Harry and one or two of them grumbled an agreement, but Tom Wade didn't think this was the time for such niceties.

"It's a matter of whether he wants to help us or not," Tom declared. "But if that is the way you want it, then stay here and talk your heads off." He walked to the door and turned. "But remember that I have an idea that means action—if only someone can tell me the exact time the Air Force are using the range."

THAT was too tantalising to Mrs. Thompson. "Well, tell us what the idea is," she snapped.

"And have you repeat it to everyone—including the Air Force? No; maybe it isn't legal, so I'll keep it to myself. Now, who's for a beer?"

Several of the men joined him and the gathering began to disperse. Old Circular saw his daughter and Bill sitting side by side, but not a word passing between them. He knew how miserable they must both feel. He walked across to them.

"Coming for a beer, Bill?" he asked. Bill looked sideways at Sally, wanting to ask her, but unable to voice the questions that were pushing into his mind.

Old Circular glanced swiftly at her and said, "You're coming, of course, Sally?" But

with a quiet defiance she stood up and said, "No. I want to talk to Fanny." She hurried away out of the shed. The lighthouse-keeper put an arm on the young airman's shoulder and they walked together after the village group.

There was an expectancy in the very air of Fallowfield on the following morning, when the first air tests were about to take place. The rumors of an overseas posting were now on everybody's lips, causing an inner delight behind the hurrying of ground-staff and aircrew alike.

Bill and Buster stood by as Squadron-Leader Parsons ran up his Vampire. Then he taxied away from them, swinging in a wide circle on to the perimeter track, progressing past the control tower, and then, after receiving his clearance from Flying Control, turning on to the end of the main runway.

For a moment he was static there, pointing away to the east, from where the light breeze was blowing, then he was speeding down the clear, wide pathway, faster and faster until the ground could hold him no longer and he burst free from it and rose slowly into the air. Other aircraft followed until the airfield became one glorious stream of sound.

Later that day they went out in sections and the people of Saltingsby heard them faintly as they went over, flying high. On former days they would have briefly recognised the sound and then dismissed it from their consciousness, but today the very first evidence of their approach seemed to make the whole village stand still for a moment, like that moment of immobility before

flight or action when danger threatens. Then the village breathed again and went about its work.

Two days to go. Two days before the Island of Children would be used as a range. Earlier in the morning the local constable had come riding in on his bicycle and posted a notice beside the previous one on the board in the Open Place. It was headed with an Air Ministry warning and stated that the area in question was now officially Air Ministry property and would be used henceforth as an air-to-ground firing range. It stated the safety precautions that would be in force and named the points where danger flags would be flown.

The Norfolk people read it slowly and went silently away again. There was a desperation now in their attitude—a desperation born of their inability to combat the inevitable.

By evening all the air tests had been carried out and few of the aircraft needed much servicing. Early the following morning all the pilots left the station by car and visited the Island of Children to look at the new range and become familiar with the layout.

Their cheery enthusiasm lasted them most of the way across the marshes, but Parsons noticed with surprise that a quirkiness descended upon them when they were standing in the centre of the range. It was like a party of noisy tourists who suddenly realise that they are in some great cathedral. He had been conscious of the atmosphere when he had paid his solo visits, but that it should affect a whole squadron of men surprised him greatly.

He became brisker than was his normal attitude on such occasions and pointed out the various features and located surrounding landmarks on the

large-scale map he carried with him.

During the afternoon each pilot would add to his knowledge of the range by making dummy runs, flying in low over the targets. The targets—two huge white squares of canvas stretched on wooden frames—were now in position. Several hundred yards from them the chequered hut that was to be Range Control stood out against the background of reeds. Parsons visited it, and Edwards showed him where the land-line stretched low across the water and then away in the direction of Fallowfield.

The party walked back along the river bank for some distance before striking off towards Saltingsby, and they saw at regular intervals the Air Ministry warning notices that punctuated the approaches to the new range.

By the late afternoon all the pilots had made their dummy runs. The aircraft had been checked and made ready for the following day. The land-line to the range was in working order. All was ready. It had been a busy two days for all the personnel at Fallowfield, and Buster, Bill, and Flight-Sergeant Campbell, as they watched the last aircraft being wheeled into the hangars, were not sorry that it was successfully over.

The next four weeks would also be busy, but with the more routine pressure of keeping aircraft serviceable. They strolled together along the front of the hangars and off towards the quarters, leaving a strangely silent and empty field relaxed in the late afternoon sun.

Only one aircraft still stood out on the apron. Not a Vampire, but the Meteor which the Group-Captain always flew as his personal aircraft.

Parsons, the Adjutant, and Flight-Lieutenant Edwards—the Range Controller—were waiting for the Group-Captain

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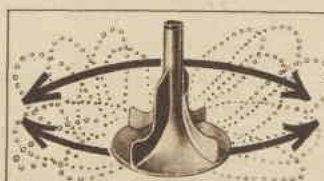
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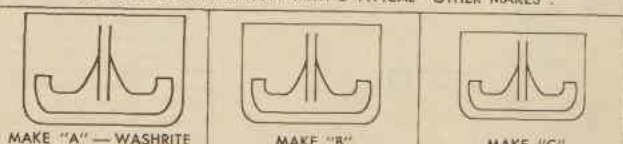
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now. He came into the room, carrying a large briefcase and wearing his flying-suit, and apologised for calling them together at this late hour of the day.

"I've just had an urgent call to go up to Group Headquarters. I'm taking off in fifteen minutes."

"When will you be back?" "Late tomorrow. That's why I want to run over all the details of tomorrow's flying now before I leave. There must be no hitches, no possible delays. Group are insistent upon that."

On the wall was a large-scale map of the target area. The targets, control hut, and communications were all marked. So, too, were the flags, danger notices, and other warnings that had been erected on the approaches to it. Flight-Lieutenant Edwards pointed out the land-line. The Group-Captain wasn't completely happy about it and asked if there was any traffic along this water.

"No, sir. Nobody uses the river now and we have erected warning signs all along it. The line will only be in use for a few days, anyway." He went on to ask about the radio equipment, and the Group-Captain said he would have another word with Group about speeding up the delivery. Edwards detailed the method they would use meanwhile. He, as Range Controller, would spot the rockets and report on them by land-line to Flying Control, who would relay the information by radio to the aircraft. "A bit cumbersome, sir, and slow, too," he concluded.

The Group-Captain then checked on flying procedure. In the morning Squadron-Leader Parsons was going to make the first firing tests on his own. Then in the afternoon he would take out eight aircraft in two sections of four. Various aspects of the flying were discussed and the Group-Captain, satisfied that everything was in order, strolled towards the door.

"I know the permanent notices are in place," he remarked, "but what about Saltingsby? Is there any special warning for them?"

The Adjutant told him that a special flagpole had been erected in the village and that the local constable would hoist a red flag there an hour before Squadron-Leader Parsons made his first test.

Parsons strolled with his commanding officer towards the Meteor. He learned that by tomorrow he would probably know their overseas destination. That was part of the reason for the visit to G.H.Q. The Group-Captain was well satisfied with the way everything had turned out. He still regretted the conflict with the local people and mentioned yet again how the legend of the place intrigued him.

"They certainly tried everything in their power to stop us. But now they seem to have given in. In a way I'm rather disappointed. I thought they'd have fought to the last ditch, particularly since I visited the area. It has a quality that affects you strongly."

They arrived at the aircraft, where the mechanics were waiting, and the Group-Captain climbed into the cockpit. The first touch of the controls brought the technical world of his choosing flowing back to him, and the world of ancient legend sang from his mind.

Tom Wade was making his way through the thin wood that runs behind the sandhills just to the north of Saltingsby. His pace was slow, but not leisurely, for Tom was angry. Tom didn't like being beaten, and now it looked as though the Air Force had beaten him and the people of Saltingsby.

This morning, a bright, warm morning buffeted by a gusty wind, they were to start using the range. He slashed at the

OUR TWO-PART SERIAL

bushes as he pushed his way forward. It wasn't that the Island of Children meant as much to him as it did to most of the villagers; it was just this prospect of being defeated.

He reached the end of the churchyard that stands on the wood and came into the edge of the Open Place. Caught against the accustomed blue and white of the sky, a large splash of color suddenly attracted his attention. It was bright red. It was the warning flag being hoisted on the newly erected flagpole. He threw away the stick he had been carrying and strode angrily towards the Open Place.

The constable finished hoisting the flag, mounted his bicycle, and rode away. The red cloth flapped in the gusty wind, dragging every village eye towards it. Joe Bates and Fanny saw it from the pub. Mrs. Thompson saw it from the store. Mrs. Tilney saw it and told Harry.

Gradually, slowly, the news went around the village, and they began to drift out from the houses and places of work towards the front of Mrs. Thompson's store. Sally came up from the boatyard with Harry Tilney, and Old Circular was with them, too. There was a slow, defeated sullenness about them. To tear down the flag would not help them, but it was the desire of each one.

It was into this slow gathering, moving restlessly under the red flag high in the bright windy morning, that a spluttering sound edged its way. As it came closer the crowd heard it, and turned towards the church around which the road ran in from distant Norwich.

Sally was the first to recognise the note of the ancient car that belonged to Bookie, the retired solicitor who had been absent during the past few weeks. But there was no hope in her recognition; he was too late now to be of any assistance to them.

The battered car stopped in the centre of the Open Place, and quietly they greeted the returning man. Soapy, the rel-catcher, was seated beside him in the car, for he had picked him up a mile along the road. He pointed to the red flag and asked what it was. Harry Tilney told him it was the signal that the range would be used for firing practice that day.

"Then I'm just in time," announced Bookie.

"You're too late," they replied. "We have tried everything, but the Air Force have the land now. It is theirs."

"Oh, no, it isn't," Bookie laughed. "That is where they are all wrong. It isn't Crown land at all."

The people who had been through all the stages of the struggle looked warily at each other, not daring to give voice to a hope that at this late hour they might yet be able to save the sanctuary. Sally spoke their query. "Does it make any difference whether it is Crown land or not? Isn't it too late, anyway?"

"Of course it makes a difference. They are exceeding their powers. There is no authority at all for the supposed transfer of the land to the Air Ministry."

Harry Tilney, a small spark of hope lighting again inside him, became angry at the legal generalities that he knew would follow. "I'm not interested in authorities or legal nonsense any more," he growled. "All I want to know is: can we stop them?"

The crowd caught his mood and pressed around the car in a strong murmur of agreement. Bookie realised the urgency in their attitude and quickly told

them the facts of his discovery. He had been carrying out some research in connection with a book he was proposing to write about Norfolk and had come across some startling facts.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a great deal of the land in this area had been owned by the Church. The whole of the Island of Children was included in the Church property. Then, in 1537, the monasteries were suppressed and their lands taken over by the Crown. But a few years later there was a rebellion under a leader named Kett. The nearby Abbey of St-Benet-at-Holme rendered valuable assistance, and for their help were rewarded by the return of some of their old lands.

At the mention of these facts Harry Tilney could not resist throwing a meaning glance towards Old Circular.

"So," he exclaimed triumphantly, "we supported Kett's rebellion, did we? And here was silly Suffolk trying to tell me . . ."

Bookie interrupted him: "We helped to put it down."

In spite of the moment, Sally couldn't help a half-smile at her father's enjoyment of his victory over the Norfolk man. But the older solicitor was continuing his story. "The point is that part of the lands which were returned to the Church included the Island of Children. It is Church land."

"But that was centuries ago," declared Sally, "and there is no Abbey of St-Benet-at-Holme any more. It has been in ruins for centuries."

"All that is left of the building is a small ruin," agreed Bookie. "But the title still exists. In fact, the present Bishop of Norwich sits in the House of Lords under the title of Abbot of St-Benet-at-Holme. No, there is no doubt about it. I have checked it thoroughly, and the Island of Children belongs to the Church."

A delighted smile swept through the crowd, and for a moment they felt victory to be within the realm of possibility again. Then a quick gust of wind whipped the red flag into a loud slap and drew their attention to it.

"But are we too late?" Sally asked.

"And will the fact that it is not Crown land prevent the Air Force from using it?" demanded Tilney.

"Once they are advised that it is Church land, they can't possibly use it. Not until a full investigation is made. At least it will delay them." His voice was definite.

"But they are firing there this morning!" Sally was suddenly desperate again. "We must tell them at once. It will be no use tomorrow. Once they have fired their rockets there, the birds would never use it as a sanctuary again. We must do something at once."

The crowd shouted their agreement and Harry Tilney was swift to action. "Bookie, you'll drive us to Fallowfield. We'll tell the Air Force at once." He jumped into the car beside Bookie and told Sally to get in as well. Three of them would be enough, he decided. Sally hastened to get into the car, but then stopped and searched around for Perdita.

"What's wrong?" Harry demanded.

"Perdita. Where is she?" "Never mind her now. We can't take her with us."

Sally climbed into the car. What had made her suddenly think of taking the gull with her? The idea puzzled her. And yet she felt a strong need to have the bird with her. A puzzled half-knowledge of something came swimming up and then disappeared again.

She shook the idea from her as the car rattled away out of the Open Place.

About the same time, Bill was standing beside the Vampire watching Squadron-Leader Parsons shorten his chute straps. The officer turned, put one foot on the catch-step that Bill had pulled out, and vaulted lightly into the cockpit.

The step clicked automatically into place, and Bill pulled it out again and climbed up beside the cockpit, easing his weight with one foot on the wing. He leaned in and assisted the pilot with the straps.

"All O.K., sir?" he asked.

Parsons nodded his approval. The aircraft had behaved beautifully on the two previous days. In fact, it occurred to him, it had given no trouble since the young corporal had taken over as his personal mechanic. There was never any waiting for something to go wrong and then fixing it; somehow the boy seemed to anticipate the trouble and thus keep the aircraft in perfect running order.

As he checked his instruments he realised the young airman was still perched beside him, and he glanced inquiringly at him.

"This is victory for the Air Force, eh, sir?"

"The range? Yes, I suppose you could call it that. They are all pretty upset, I suppose?"

Bill nodded and the pilot continued: "I haven't liked to go into the pub this last week. Seemed better to keep away with this feeling about it. I hope they don't think too hardly of us after this morning . . ." He paused and then roused himself into action.

"Well, better get cracking," he said more briskly. "I'm due over the range at half-past." "Good luck, sir," said Bill automatically. And then, as he jumped down, he added with a grin, "Pretend it's a tropical jungle, sir!"

Parsons glanced quickly at him and then grinned in return. So the airman were guessing the same as he was about the destination, were they? But all he said was, "You blokes know too much for your own good!"

The trolley-acks were in position, contact was made, and the whine started on its upward journey. Within a few minutes the aircraft was taxiing swiftly away along the perimeter track, a double pair of rockets slung beneath its wings.

Bill was still watching the aircraft, his thoughts raving ahead of it to the range, when Buster strolled up and joined him.

"I wish that was one of the Meteor trainers." Bill nodded in the direction of Parsons' Vampire. "I haven't been up for weeks."

Buster, however, soon took his attention away from the aircraft. The young Cockney had been passing the gate when Sally, Bookie, and Tilney had been at the guardroom. One of the Service Police corporals had called to him and asked him to show the trio over to the Adjutant's office. On the way there Sally had told him about the Island of Children being Church land and had asked him to tell Bill.

"She seemed very excited," finished Buster. "In fact, she sent her love to you."

Bill was delighted at the news, but then he stopped and swung back towards the airfield again. The Vampire was just becoming airborne towards the end of the main runway.

"It's too late, Buster," he said. "Even if it is Church land, it is too late. He is due over the target in a few minutes."

The same thought was occurring to the Adjutant as he sat easily on the corner of his desk listening to the story which Bookie was telling him. The story seemed to have the ring of truth about it, and

doubtless it could be checked quite simply. He knew that Squadron-Leader Parsons was on his way to the range at this moment, but decided not to tell them this fact, as there was no use in upsetting them unnecessarily.

Harry Tilney and Sally were leaning forward in their chairs watching him as Bookie finished his recital of the facts he had discovered. There was a slight pause and then the Air Force man said, "Your information certainly sounds as though it is correct. Now, will you write to the Ministry for Land Acquisition, or do you want me to pass it through Air Ministry channels?"

The three Norfolk people looked quickly from one to the other. They hadn't expected this. Surely some immediate action could be taken, they thought.

Tilney said, "Do we have to put it in writing? That will only waste more time. Can't you do something about it immediately?"

The Adjutant pointed out that such matters as allocation of land for purposes of defence training were dealt with at a much higher level. He was sorry, but the matter would have to be referred to London for a decision.

Sally was not concerned as much with the general dispute now. Today's was the urgent issue. The Island of Children held thousands of birds nesting in peace—a peace that had lasted for centuries. She knew that once that safety was shattered by the firing of rockets the birds would in all probability never breed there again. At the least it would be decades before they dared to return. She appealed now to the Adjutant.

"Even if you can't make a decision about the range, you can at least stop the flying. Just for a day or two while they investigate our claim. You can't let them use the sanctuary now. You mustn't!"

He knew that she was upset, and so he addressed himself to the two men. "I'm sorry, but flying is quite outside my province. I have no authority at all to cancel training."

"Then who has?" asked Bookie.

"The Commanding Officer. But I'm afraid he is away. He had to go to Group Headquarters and won't be back until later today."

"But someone must be in charge?" Harry Tilney was becoming angry.

"Naturally."

"Then who is it? We'll see him."

"I'm afraid that is impossible. Squadron-Leader Parsons is the Squadron-Commander, and . . ."

Sally came eagerly to her feet. "I know him. You must let us see him. I know he'd help us."

There was no dodging the issue now, and the Adjutant rose to his feet. "I'm sorry. Squadron-Leader Parsons is out making the first tests at the moment. In fact—he glanced at his watch—he should be over the target at any minute."

In the desperate silence that followed the Adjutant left them and walked through the open connecting door into the Group-Captain's office. He switched on the V.H.F. set and called back to the three in the other room. "You will probably be able to hear him on this in a minute."

They stood silently, but then, as the voice of Parsons came metallically from the radio speaker, they moved slowly towards the communicating door.

"Hello, Tower. This is Archer One," came the voice. "I'm making a dummy run first. Get Range Control to report on my run and then relay it through to me. I just want to prove to Edwards that the system works all right. Over."

An answering voice came from the speaker on the wall:

CONFLICT OF WINGS

"Roger, Archer One. Range Control are standing by waiting for your dummy run. Over."

There was another brief moment of silence, and then they heard Parsons' voice again, an impersonal voice coming from the small square speaker on the office wall. "Archer One to Tower. Flying level now at Angles One Two. Making a dummy run now. Here we go."

There was silence from the voice now, only the sound of the aircraft, caught by the pilot's microphone, came to them in the office. Down, down, down they heard the plane dive. Even though they knew he was not going to fire, there was a tightening in their throats as the sound increased in pitch.

Nobody moved. The Adjutant didn't look round at the other three standing by the door. Then out of the long noise of the jet came a changed note as the aircraft pulled out of the dive and climbed away over the target.

The Adjutant turned now, and the others moved uneasily. The next dive would be the real thing. Still nobody spoke. Then from the speaker came the voice of the officer at Flying Control. "Tower to Archer One. Range Control report your dummy run concluded and angle correct. Are you requiring all details of your test noted? Over."

Again the momentary pause and then came the metallic voice in reply. "Archer One to Tower. Yes. You'd better take the details. It may help in case there is any consistent inaccuracy in the modifications. I will give altitude; time target is in my sights; and height at release. Over."

They waited, but no more was heard from the voice on the wall for a long moment. The silence went on, it seemed, interminably. Tilney shuffled uneasily.

"What is happening?" he asked.

The Adjutant, trying not to look at Sally, replied quietly, "He is climbing again. He has to get into position at twelve thousand feet. Then he will make the first real test."

The words sounded coldly, inexorably, bouncing from wall to wall in the small room. It couldn't be happening, thought Sally. She couldn't be standing here helpless, listening to the voice of the man who was doing it. She wanted to run from the room, but found herself unable to move.

Out of the pregnant silence came a click and the voice of Parsons once more. A voice cool, easy, unexcited. "All right, Tower," it said conversationally. "Flying level at twelve thousand. Single pair firing test. Rocket pair A selected. Beginning to dive now."

The noise of the aircraft changed its note as it peeled over into the dive.

"Eleven thousand feet," said the voice.

Tilney and Bookie moved forward beside Sally, listening intently to the set.

"Ten thousand."

The Adjutant felt the electric tension of the small room, and found himself hardly able to breathe.

"Nine thousand. Target wavering in sights."

Sally began to clench her hands, her nails biting into her palms.

"Eight thousand. Target steady in sights." Parsons' voice was rising in pitch as the excitement of the dive took hold of him.

Sally was trembling now, hands clenched, teeth biting hard into her lips.

"Seven thousand. Target steady in sights." The voice was rising. The sound of the

engines, caught by the microphone, came through to them now in a scream.

"Six thousand. Target steady in sights."

Oh, no. It can't end like this, thought Sally.

"Five thousand. Target steady in sights." Parsons was almost shouting now.

The strain was becoming too much. She didn't think she would be conscious to hear the end of the dive. If only she could rush away. Anything to stop that voice.

"Four thousand. Target steady . . . Look out!" An involuntary yell was followed by a curse and a wild scramble of sound. They heard the note of the aircraft change. It seemed to have pulled out of the dive. But no voice came yet from the speaker on the wall.

The Adjutant, his thoughts now all on the pilot, moved closer to the speaker, trying helplessly to drag some clue from it. The moment went on unbearably, although the sound of the aircraft continued. Then came the voice of Parsons again.

"Hello, Tower," the voice was a little unsteady. "Have had some bad luck. Something hit my windscreen and blacked it out. A bird of some sort, I expect. Sorry to startle you by yelling like that. It shook me, though. Am cancelling my run and returning to base. Over."

The Adjutant didn't wait to hear any reply from Flying Control, but hastily switched off the set and moved towards the door.

"Will he be all right?" Tilney's voice was cautious with inexperience of the dangers in such matters.

"I hope so," the Adjutant's voice was strained. "It's no simple matter landing with a blacked-out windscreen. I'm sorry, but I must see him come in. You'll have to excuse me."

"Can we come with you?" The query came from Bookie.

The Adjutant agreed, and the two men followed him at once. Only Sally was left standing in the same position, her face still turned to the radio set, tears streaming down her face.

"Perdita," she whispered.

NOW that he was returning slowly towards Fallowfield Airfield, Squadron-Leader Parsons was able to concentrate on the confusion of events that had crowded the past few moments.

At the climax of the dive, he decided, there must have been a flash of something in front of the windscreen, although he had not consciously noticed it at the time. When his windscreen splintered and an explosion cracked through the small cockpit, pieces of glass splattered the inside of the plane. None touched his face or helmet, although several pieces were buried in the wooden head-rest behind him.

This made him believe now that he must have ducked very quickly at the moment of impact. But automatically, even with his head down, he had managed to pull the aircraft out of the dive. Then when he was certain that he was climbing slightly, he tried to sit up again, but the buffeting was too severe. He eased the throttle and opened the air-brakes to reduce speed on the shallow climb.

A check showed that his air speed was dropping to about 200 knots, and soon after he was able to sit up. It was then that he had contacted base and decided to return at once.

Now, with flaps lowered, but the air-brakes closed, he was cruising home at a steady 150 knots. It was not a com-

fortable flight, though, as there was still an amount of buffeting. In addition to the hole in the windscreen, the rest of it was severely opaqued and any forward vision was extremely difficult.

He sweated slightly at the thought of having to land in these circumstances. A gusty wind had been blowing all day, and the additional load of four rockets wouldn't make matters any easier. Gradually he eased the plane down to about 1500 feet and flew in on a long approach to Fallowfield.

On the airfield they waited for him to come in. They had opened the windows and come out on to the balcony of Flying Control. Nearby a jeep raced in and halted at the edge of the perimeter track. In it were the Adjutant, Bookie, Harry Tilney, and Sally. All along the field, from both ends of the hangars, airmen were coming slowly out. News of the mishap had spread quickly. It was going to be a tricky landing.

Bill stood with Buster and Flight-Sergeant Campbell, and then pointed away to the west as the Vampire materialised out of the sky, coming in low. They could see that it was not going to make a normal circuit, but approach in a direct landing.

Down the aircraft dropped towards the field, slowly, almost jerkily. A small murmur ran through the airmen grouped along the field. "He'll do it." "Best pilot we've got."

The Adjutant was standing up in his jeep, watching the Vampire dropping, dropping, slowly towards the near end of the runway. Then the Vampire was inside the confines of the field; in a moment it would touch down.

A gust of wind slammed across the field, catching the aircraft and seeming to make it bounce in the air. A chill froze each onlooker for a moment, for it appeared that in the wobbling one wing-tip must surely touch the ground. Then she rose slightly, levelled up, and began to drop in towards the runway again.

"He'll never do it. He's too far down the runway," groaned Bill.

"Give her the gun. Pull her up and go round again," prayed the Adjutant.

But the aircraft came down again, touched, bounced slightly, and then settled jerkily on the runway. Still it raced on, towards the fence at the eastern end, brakes screaming in an effort to halt the progress. Gradually, slowly, the speed dropped away from it and on the outer edge of the perimeter track the tail slewed violently around and the aircraft came taxiing back towards the apron.

The Adjutant literally mopped his brow in relief and sank back on to the seat of the jeep. Bookie gave him a moment or so, and then brought up once again the object of their visit. He reminded the Air Force man that he had said that Squadron-Leader Parsons could authorise cancellation of flying training. Would it, therefore, be possible for them to see Parsons?

The Adjutant agreed to contact the Squadron-Leader at once and put the problem up to him. Leaving them at his office, he went over to Flying Control.

As soon as he was alone with Parsons, the Adjutant began to tell him all the facts just as Bookie had related them to him. Parsons heard him out to the end with increasing worry.

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"In my office," replied the Adjutant. "I asked them to wait there while I talked to you."

Parsons, still in his flying suit, paced about the room. The story was probably true,

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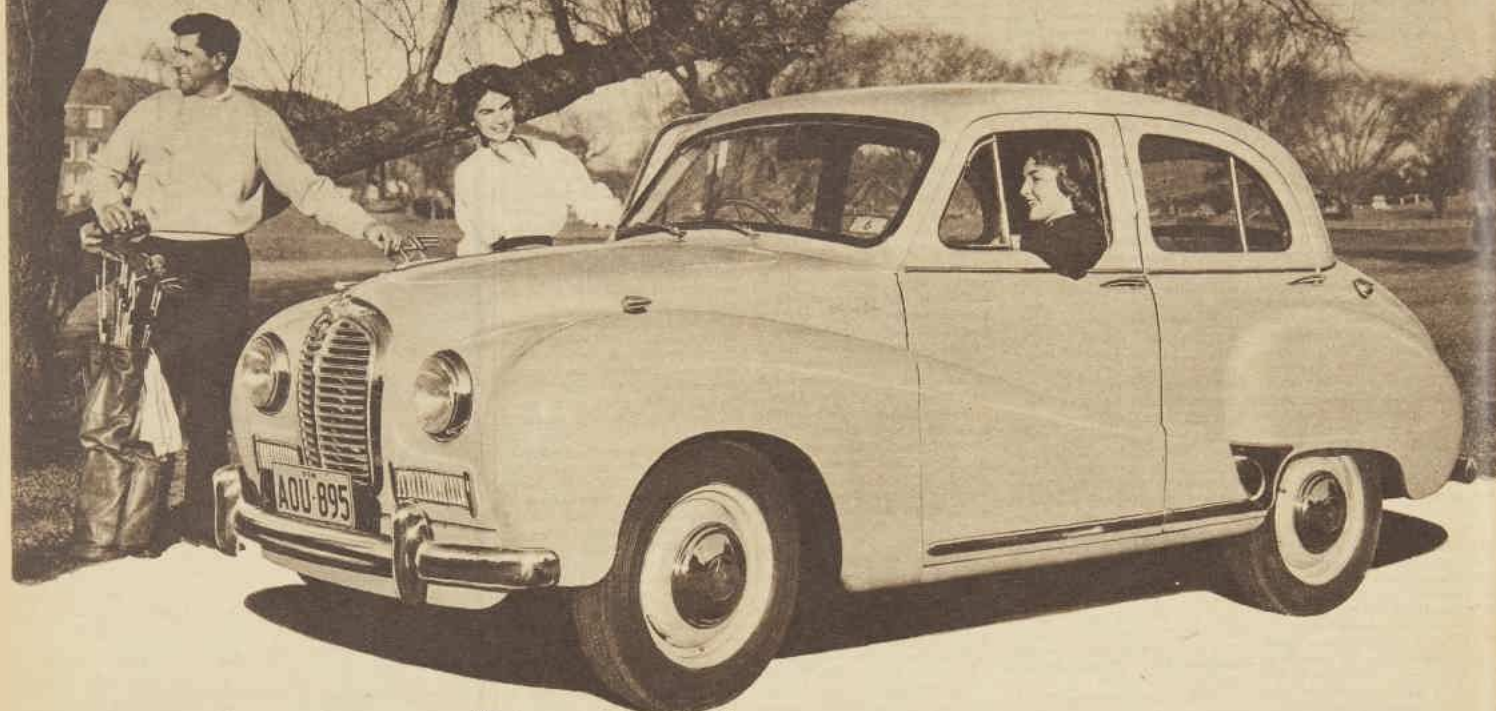
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 29 1954

hot could he trust them? They had claimed it was a sanctuary, and that had been disproved. They had claimed an ancient fishing right, and that had proved to be without basis.

"How long would it take to check their story?" he asked. "Not less than two days, I should say. It might be longer."

Two days. Valuable time when he had only four weeks in which to get the squadron ready for overseas duty. If he gopped the training and then their claim was not upheld, he would have lost valuable time. If he went ahead with their training and their story proved to be correct, there would be the deuce of a row.

The Adjutant watched him, wanting to help him in some way, but knowing that the younger man must make his own decision. "I told them that officially they should make their case known in writing to the Ministry for Land Acquisition," he proffered.

"Never mind what's official. What's the right thing?" The older man paused for a moment. Then quietly, he said, "Remember you are going overseas."

Parsons stood looking at him steadily, then turned and walked away to the window. Out in the gusty noon the Vampires were drawn up on the apron. Airmen were loading the rockets on to them for the afternoon tests. Shortly, in a matter of weeks only, they might be doing this in action against the enemy. He stood watching for a moment, then turned around to face the Adjutant.

"All right," he said calmly. "Let's go to your office and tell them."

The swift events of the morning had taken all the excitement from Bookie, Tilney, and Sally. The downhearted beginning, followed by Bookie's arrival with his hopeful news, the frustration of the interview with the Adjutant, the agony of hearing Parsons' test flight, and the drama of his landing with the damaged aircraft; all these had combined to leave them feeling rather flat.

Now Bookie and Tilney stood about the Adjutant's office, waiting. Sally sat quietly, half-dazed by something that she instinctively knew, but even now would not admit to herself.

The door opened and Parsons came in, followed by the Adjutant. Sally rose urgently and went to him. "Mr. Parsons, that bird you hit—what was it?"

His mind concentrated on the larger problem, he dismissed her question as of no consequence. "It was just a bird," he stated and addressed himself to the two men. "I've discussed this claim of yours with the Adjutant. If you will let me have it immediately in writing I will see that there is no delay in forwarding it to Air Ministry."

There was a tiny shocked silence. "But that will take days," Sally gasped. "And what will happen in the meantime?"

"I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid the training must go on."

"But . . . but . . ." Sally couldn't continue.

Bookie made one last effort. "Aren't you exceeding your power?" he asked.

Parsons retained his patience, knowing how much this must mean to them. "I would be exceeding my powers if I cancelled this important training," he explained. He looked from one to the other, trying to avoid the stricken look on the girl's face. He half-turned towards the door. "I must ask you to excuse me now. I have

to see to the repairs on my plane, and I have a Squadron target practice at three o'clock."

For some reason Harry Tilney, as he watched Parsons go through into the other room, found the words "three o'clock" insisting themselves upon his consciousness. There was some reason why he had to remember that time.

The Adjutant closed the door behind Squadron-Leader Parsons and turned back to the three people still standing in his office.

"There is nothing more we can do?" Bookie asked.

The Adjutant explained that all that was left now was for their claim to be forwarded through normal channels. If he could be of any assistance in expediting the matter . . .

"But three o'clock this afternoon?" Sally asked desperately.

"That must stand."

Silently they left him and went out into the pale chill of the hot noon. Several airmen, passing them as they made their way towards the gate, gazed curiously at the dejected figures and then hurried on about their work. The industrious sounds of the airfield drifted across to them, but they were unconscious of it all as they climbed into the small car and drove back towards Saltingsby.

THE pilots at Fallowfield had been waiting some ten minutes when, at ten-past-two, Squadron-Leader Parsons arrived at the Squadron Office, where the briefings were held. He had been making a final check of his aircraft and was satisfied that it was once again at one hundred per cent. serviceability.

He was not so satisfied about his decision towards the village people. He knew it was the only decision he could have taken, especially in view of the Group-Captain's final warning the previous day that nothing must hold up the training. Now he was determined to go through with it, but nevertheless he was still unhappy at the situation.

He apologised to the pilots for keeping them waiting and then sat straight down to the business of the afternoon. Those who noticed the extra brusqueness of his manner wrongly attributed it to the experience with the damaged aircraft just before lunch.

A time-check was made, and positions in the formations were gone over on the blackboard. Then before getting down to the details of the exercise, he decided to check with the Range Controller.

"What is it like down there?" he asked on the field phone.

"Lonely," came the reply. "Haven't seen a blessed soul all day. The weather might be a bit tricky for you. This wind is blowing a lot of that North Sea scud about. It is pretty thin stuff, though. The sun keeps on breaking through it for minutes at a time, so there should be enough gaps for you to see the targets."

Parsons checked with him about the direction of the wind, which he learned was strong and gusty and blowing right across the targets.

Replacing the receiver, he got down at once to the job in hand.

Eight aircraft would take part in the afternoon's firing practice. They would be in two sections, Red Section and Blue Section, with Parsons leading Red Section. Starting buttons would be pressed at 1440 hours in order to take off at 1445 hours—a quarter to three, civilian time. The take off would be in rapid succession and they would form up immediately so as to be over the targets at 1500 hours.

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Frequencies, distances between sections, and other matters were discussed, questions were asked and answers given, and within twenty-five minutes the whole briefing was concluded. The pilots strolled out of the Squadron Office and across the grass border towards the apron where the Vampires, loaded with four rockets each, were standing waiting.

Away across the marshes on the Island of Children, Flight-Lieutenant Edwards came to the door of the Range Control hut and stood for a moment looking slowly around the extent of the range. His gaze searched the sandhills where the two red danger flags blew vigorously in the wind, and then the wide corridor of open ground. There was no sign of life anywhere.

He went back to the hut and contacted Flying Control on the field telephone.

"Just a last-minute check to let you know that everything is clear down here. The danger signals are in place, and there is no sign of anyone. Cloud is about the same, patchy and low."

Flying Control reported that the Vampires were already running up and would be taxiing to take-off positions in a matter of minutes. Edwards replaced the phone and with his staff of airmen settled for the short wait.

It was shorter than he expected. In a very little while a burst of bird sound attracted his attention and brought him back to the door of the hut. For a second or two he stood just inside the door watching the hundreds upon hundreds of birds circling above him. Then, as he moved outside to inspect it further, he stopped suddenly, unable to believe what he was seeing.

Away in the far corner by the river a crowd of people were thronging in from the reed sand spreading out towards the targets. There must be thirty or forty people, he thought, with more coming from the reeds at every moment.

The village had still refused to accept defeat. Led by Tom Wade and Harry Tilney, they had taken the law into their own hands and come swarming here to stop the afternoon's firing by the simple expedient of squatting all over the targets.

Flight-Lieutenant Edwards turned and rapidly ordered the corporal to get Flying Control on the phone at once. Impatiently he waited while the airman tried to do so. There was no reply. He took the phone from the operator and tried for himself. A few seconds were enough to satisfy him that the line was dead. Frantically they began a check of the equipment, but there was no fault in the phone or the terminals at the hut.

They could not check as far as the channel, where a torn wire trailed from leaning posts. It had been carried away by Joe Bates' launch.

"I can't let the fools kill themselves," snapped the Range Controller grimly. "I'll get rid of them somehow." He took a Verrey pistol and several spare cartridges and hurried from the hut.

Harry Tilney stopped the villagers from bunching up in one group, and spread them out about the two targets, with a thin scattering of people linking them in the space between the targets.

He looked around the crowd, now about fifty strong. Silently, in small knots of twos and threes, they stood facing away towards distant Saltingsby. From the distance, Edwards began waving and calling to them as he approached.

"Get away. Get away all of

you. Do you want to be killed?" he shouted.

Tilney reassured the Norfolk people and asked Edwards who he was. An argument developed between them, but Tilney insisted that they would not move. The land was Church land and the R.A.F. had no right to it. He and his people were determined to stay here — if necessary until the matter was settled.

Edwards finally realised that nothing he could say would shift these people. His references to the danger, however, affected some of the people. They had realised for some time that they were taking a risk, but now that it had been put into words by the R.A.F. officer it suddenly assumed a definite, more concrete, shape. Tilney realised what was happening and moved out in front of the crowd to give them confidence again.

"Don't worry, lads," he called. "Air Force wouldn't shoot at us." He stood and watched them, waiting for signs of panic, but there were none. His wife came and stood beside him and took hold of his arm. Over near the second target he could see the workmen from his boatyard, and just beyond them was Soapy the oil-catcher. Near them, in front of the second target, a small group was gathered behind Tom Wade. Men and women, some holding each other's arms, stood in threes and fours all along the target area.

He looked at the other target, nearer to him, and saw Sally standing quite still beside her father and already watching the low sky. Near her was Fanny Bates and Mrs. Thompson, and scattered around them another fifteen people were grouped in couples. The whole village must be here, thought Harry as he raised his voice to call to them again.

"As soon as the planes begin to dive, everyone start waving. Use handkerchiefs or scarves if you have them. It'll help them to see us," he called. Then he turned again to face the sky from which the aircraft must come.

IT came to Sally that her feet and hands were quite cold, almost without feeling. But she made no attempt to bring back the circulation. It seemed pointless, somehow. Everything was unreal, outside her feeling, even her arms and legs and the gusty wind blowing here on the hot marshes.

She caught the slight movement through the hushed crowd as someone thought he heard the first sound of aircraft. Everyone strained, but there was no sound yet. They waited, tense and fearful, but still grimly determined as the moments became longer. Tom Wade felt it and looked about him and was excited. It was he who caught the first strong note pulsing somewhere above the clouds.

"Here they are!" he called on a rising excitement.

The information spread quickly from group to group, and then the sound became strong enough for all to hear.

"I wish those clouds weren't so low," muttered a man.

"You mean they might not see us?" queried Mrs. Thompson.

The rest of the crowd were silent. No sound came from the birds behind them. Only the reeds cried their warning. Sally slid an involuntary hand into her father's as the sound above them increased.

"They are circling." The information passed from group to group.

Out in front of the crowd, Flight-Lieutenant Edwards

loaded the Verrey pistol and waited tensely.

It was a minute or two before three o'clock when the Group-Captain returned from Group Headquarters and walked into his own office at Fallowfield. The Adjutant was standing by the V.H.F. set, which was switched on.

"Are the boys at it?" asked the Group-Captain briskly as he tossed his briefcase on to his desk. The Adjutant came forward to help him out of his flying jacket and told him that the two sections were over the target now and that they should be making the first run at any minute.

Briefly he related the news of the morning's visit by the three people from the village, and the Group-Captain was relieved when he heard the decision that Squadron-Leader Parsons had made. He had learned while at Group Headquarters that their overseas posting was a matter of urgency and any further delay would have been considered more than just inconvenient.

From the speaker attached to the V.H.F. set came the voice of Parsons. "Archer Leader to Blue Section. There is much more cloud than I expected. Will do circuit now for you to drop astern. Then take up your position. Over."

From the leader of Blue Section came a laconic, "Roger, Archer Leader."

"Cloud?" asked the Group-Captain.

"There have been reports of it since midday, sir. It blew up suddenly. Apparently it is fairly thin and broken, though, and they . . ."

The phone shrilled, cutting short his comment. He answered it, and a second later handed it to the Commanding Officer.

It was the Station Signals Officer calling and reporting that there was a break in the line somewhere between Flying Control and the range. The Group-Captain was immediately alert. The phone was the only means of communication with the range, and if that had gone he knew that he ought to cancel the operation.

"How long since you last heard from them?" he asked. The Signals Officer told him that they had received a report from the range about ten or fifteen minutes before in which they had reported that all was clear.

From the speaker on the wall came Parsons' voice again. "Blue Section from Leader. What is your position?" After a tiny pause came the reply, "Am standing by two miles up-sun. Will follow you in. Over."

The Group-Captain thought quickly and made up his mind. "They are just about to start the dive. Let them go in." He replaced the phone and hoped that he had made the right decision.

Squadron-Leader Parsons caught a glimpse of Blue Section well away to his left as the sun gleamed momentarily on their aircraft. Then he glanced over his shoulder at his own section. Yes, there was his Number Two in perfect position. He was running up towards the range now, and through the gaps in the clouds far below him he could make out the sandhills on the coast and away behind them parts of the river that twisted away to the other side of the range.

Below and in front of him, a puff of cloud blew swiftly across his vision and he caught a glimpse of the white targets looking like tiny pin-points two miles below in the world of green. It was blue and high here in this world of breezes, and only the lightest of breezes came across the sea.

He went through his cockpit drill. Everything was in order. He called up Flying Control and advised them to tell Range Control that they were about to start the dive. Con-

firmed of his message came through. They were in almost perfect position. Now was the moment.

"All right, Red Section. Here we go."

Forward and over, the port wing dipping away as the aircraft peeled off and dropped away to the targets. Down, down, she floated in a lovely, long, shallow dive. Below him wisps of cloud flew very quickly across the green, like some shadow projected too quickly from a movie projector. But always as these lights danced away from before him, the white pin-point was there again, coming up to him, growing slightly larger all the time.

A glance revealed his altitude as eight thousand. The left-hand target was in his sights now. Steadily there. No, not so steadily. There was a strong cross wind which was buffeting his aircraft and making it hard to hold on target. He kept checking as he felt the drift.

NOW he had the measure of it and was able to anticipate the trusting wind and keep that white dot smack in the centre of his sights. It was rushing up towards him now, growing larger and larger. Around it everything was green. The excitement filled him as it always did. He knew he would be able to put his salvo smack in the middle of that target. Not much longer now. The steady white was growing larger against the green.

But the green was moving. Strange the tricks of light one encountered . . . There was something! He peered harder. A lot of colored dots. They were waving. People! The fools! His voice choked as he savagely switched on his radio.

"Don't fire! Don't fire!" His voice broke with agony. "The target is jammed with people. Do not fire! Have you got that? Over." In a tumult of fear, he watched the people below as he waited for the answers. They had heard him, thank God.

Then he realised that he was still diving. He was low. Was he too low? His drill flowed through him, submerging the instinctive reaction. Slow, easy with that stick. Pull her too hard and you'll break her. He knew his body was growing more and more tense as the sweat stood out all over him. She was coming up now. But she was low. She was dreadfully, agonisingly low. Would he still hit something as he scooped out of the dive? He almost tucked his legs up, fearing in a ridiculous flash that he might scrape the people below him.

Then the reeds and the water slid away beneath him and ahead the first edge of the sky came in over the top of his cockpit. He was climbing again. He looked quickly over his shoulder and the others were there. Thank God it was his own section that had been flying behind him. What would a strange section have done? He felt a tremendous gratitude for his fliers; he had known it often during the war. He switched on his radio and called up Blue Section.

Sally and Tom Wade were the only two still on their feet as the last aircraft skimmed over them and climbed away. Tom stood rigid, thrilled by the nearness of catastrophe. Sally was standing quite erect, terrified, but trying to control her fear. She had wanted to run or to throw herself flat on the ground like the rest of the people, but even in her fear she knew that she was doing this to prove something to Bill. She kept telling herself that she had chosen a course of action and must follow it through because she believed it. She could respect herself

then; and Bill would respect her. That was why she couldn't run, mustn't run. She hung on to herself, terrified but willing herself to stand erect as the rockets, gleaming under the aircraft's wings, aimed the whole of themselves and the aircraft straight at her face. After an eternity—an eternity that thundered past with a gust that nearly knocked her off her feet—the aircraft were gone. Vaguely she became conscious of frightened, embarrassed people coming to their feet around her.

The clouds moved swiftly away again, flooding the range with a huge spotlight, illuminating every man's face. Fanny was still unable to raise herself from the ground. Tilney and his wife came slowly to their feet. From behind a target crawled the eel-catcher, Soapy. Sally stood silently in front of the target and very soon the tears began to flow; soundlessly, endlessly, without any trace of emotion, they streamed down her face.

For long moments no one spoke. The sounds of the aircraft were diminishing. High above in a clear patch of sky the aircraft formed up and turned away towards Fallowfield. They were going home. The aircraft were going home. Most of the people noted the fact, but there was no sense of victory in them.

Now they were beginning to feel the after-effects of their experience. Fanny Bates and Mrs. Thompson were still crouched on the ground, and as each minute passed their shame grew greater than their fear.

A few of the men began to drift towards the river, and without conscious words the crowd followed them. Soon they were all silently in their boats and moving slowly away down the river.

On the Island of Children the sound of the birds came once again to cheer the speckled sunshine. And as the last noise of the village boats died away, Flight-Lieutenant Edwards returned to the range hut.

It was two days later, and in the pub another memorable evening was getting under way

Harry Tilney almost regretted that it wasn't a Red Thursday. But they hadn't many things to which they could drink a toast.

Bookie, at first angry with them because of the illegality of their action, was once again their friend. And now they were able to laugh at the memory of how, as they came back from the sanctuary, they had passed an exhausted Bookie sitting in his dinghy at the other end of Waddy Broad.

Those who had been most frightened soon forgot their experience when they knew that there was nothing different about them, when they knew that others had felt exactly as they had.

The evening advanced several hours beyond opening time, and another round of drinks had just been bought and raised once more on high to the toast of "The result of the public inquiry" (for it was now known that one would be held) when the door of the other bar opened and the faces of Squadron-Leader Parsons and the Adjutant appeared at the serving-hatch.

Joe Bates moved along the bar to serve the officers as an embarrassed quietness settled through the public bar. Then Harry Tilney, with one of his impulsive gestures, pulled open the door to the other bar and greeted the two Air Force men and invited them to have a drink with him. After an initial reluctance, they came into the public bar and joined the crowd.

"There's no hard feelings, is there?" inquired Tilney as he ordered drinks for them.

"Well, you're lucky to be alive," answered Parsons. "Just think how my boys would be feeling now if they had killed any of you." His voice was thick with emotion as he continued: "Some of them were pretty shaken. Some of them still are shaken. They don't feel like celebrating." A warning nudge from the Adjutant stopped him.

He kept the conversation off the incident for a few minutes after that, and they talked self-consciously of other things as they sipped their drinks. The Squadron-Leader obviously had

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something he wanted to say to them, and they began to wish that he would say it. Anything would be better than this forced politeness.

It was Fanny who gave the opening. She came in from the room behind the bar, and at the sight of the officers greeted them with delight.

"Hello, Mr. Parsons," she cried. "Have you come to say good-bye?"

Squadron-Leader Parsons looked at her in some surprise. "How did you know we were leaving?" he asked.

Fanny giggled and stepped back from the bar, opening the door that led to the private room behind it. There, sitting on either end of the couch, were Buster and Flight-Sergeant Campbell, both dressed in their best uniforms. They were glaring at each other, obviously neither being willing to give way and let the other have the pleasure of Fanny's private company.

FANNY closed the door and returned to the bar. "They say the result of the inquiry won't be known for about a year and a half, Mr. Parsons. Is that right?"

"About that," he agreed. "Well," smiled Fanny, "you might all be back by then."

The crowded bar were suddenly aware of these and her previous words. What was this talk of good-byes and going away? Harry Tilney asked the question, but before the Air Force men could reply Fanny had supplied the answer.

"The Squadron goes on leave tomorrow, and then overseas. It was announced officially to them today."

Overseas! Quickly the men in the bar exchanged glances. Did that mean action, wondered Tilney. He caught Old Circular's eye, and both men were uncomfortable with their half-knowledge. It was Tom Wade who broke the silence by asking where the Squadron was going.

"Malaya," Parsons dropped the word into their discomfort, trying to keep his voice non-committal. The word echoed through them as they recalled recent headlines of further killings out there in that jungle country. And these boys, all of them, Bill and Buster, and the pilots... would they be sent there now without proper training? What had their actions led to? The silence was too much for Parsons.

"That is why I came in here tonight, I wanted to say good-bye and let you know where we were going." He looked around at their faces—faces that were a mass of conflicting thoughts.

"All right," he told them, "you have your sanctuary, your Island of Children, but you know now what it has cost you. You know now why we told you that training is always given top priority, why nothing is allowed to interfere with it."

Tilney interrupted him. "But you won't be sent overseas without training?"

"No. It is not as bad as that. Tomorrow we go on leave, and then we will have to move to another range. That will mean another delay before we are ready to go out to Malaya. And every day more soldiers are being killed and more planters and their wives are being murdered. Only air attack can really strike at those jungle camps and keep the terrorists on the move. That is why our training was so urgent."

Tilney wasn't certain of his own case, but he was not taking this without a protest. "But a few days can't make all that much difference."

"Perhaps not to us. But there is so little land available for training ranges in this country that when we move to the other one for our training, some other squadron will have to wait. Their delay will be more than a month. Maybe their task is just as urgent as ours. Who knows? I don't, and you certainly don't." He turned away from them to pick up his glass, but played with

it for a moment on the bar.

The silence was absolute. His next words were as much to himself as to the others, and it sounded to them as though he was repeating some words that had been told to him over and over: "We haven't always as much time as we think."

He turned back to them and surveyed them. Each was uncomfortable, uncertain, puzzled by the consequences of his action like a child who has merely turned a tap on and then been blamed for flooding the house.

"There's no end to it, is there?" he asked.

From a tiny pause came Tilney's growl. "No end to what?"

"Being always prepared." He raised his glass to them and tried to smile. "Cheers," he said.

The answering "Cheers," fully half a minute later, were ragged and barely audible. The most miserable, in fact, that Joe Bates had ever heard. No one knew if they should try to explain something. They were still ragged in their decision when the Air Force men finished their drinks, bade them good-night, and walked out of the pub.

Bill and Sally walked along the firm sand near the edge of the tide-line. They had met on the road and pushed through the thin wood towards the beach, avoiding the village of Saltingsby.

Sometimes they had sat on the sandhills and talked, sometimes they had just sat on the sandhills. Now they strolled, arms about each other's waists, slowly towards the distant end of the beach where the light-house thrust cleanly up from the high headland.

They had said many things, things they had said a hundred times before and would say a hundred times again.

Sally said softly, "Maybe by the time you get back we'll know about the Island of Children."

"At least you have gained a year or more of time." His arm, already about her waist, tightened in comfort.

She returned the pressure, but her voice dropped. "You

don't gain anything without losing something," she murmured.

"Perdita?" She nodded, and then suddenly turned and clung to him, all her endeavors at calmness melting away in a rush of emotion. "And now you. Oh, Bill."

They clung together for a moment before her voice came up to him, muffled by his chest. "Don't get shot or anything, Bill."

The pathetic words made him want to smile and say something cheerful, but his heart wouldn't let him.

Suddenly then he was kissing her eyes, her ears, her face, and her neck. She trembled, half-whispering, half-pleading, but he silenced her mouth with a long, long kiss.

They went up to the light-house and Bill said good-bye to Old Circular. Her father thought at first that she was taking the separation calmly, but a further glance showed a new strength whose depth and reason he understood in a way that comes only from the years.

Sally walked with Bill only as far as the gate that led from the small garden. Behind her the open door let out a long finger of light that reached across the gate and faded away down the dark path to the beach. Bill was walking down the path now, gradually losing the pale light and becoming a darker shadow against the surrounding darkness.

She watched and listened until, standing there on the coastline, she could hear him no more. Only the sounds of Norfolk came to her now; the soft, crasing wash of the waves on the clean, white beach, and away beyond them those other sounds from the marshes. The sounds of the reeds, timeless sentinels of the stretching flatness; and, from over at the sanctuary known as the Island of Children, the night sounds of birds. Sounds, these, that had echoed across this place since before the days when the Romans had buried their children in a beautiful shallow lake, and where, two thousand years ago, a group of people had been saved by a child called Perdita.

(Copyright)



Hot scones with JAM

For afternoon tea—
for children's tea—
for fireside supper

When you come to think of it the most expensive savouries or cakes are never eaten with the same relish as your own fresh-from-the-oven scones served with butter and jam. Save money! Save time. Whether you're entertaining friends or "filling-up" a hungry family serve scones and jam more often.

TAKE-IT-EASY SCONES

Save time... save messy rubbing-in... make higher, lighter scones!

8 ozs. (2 level cups) self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, 2 ozs. butter or margarine, a bare $\frac{1}{2}$ cup very hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift the flour, sugar and salt into a bowl. Dissolve the shortening in the hot water, add the milk, then stir lightly into the flour with a knife. Turn out on a well-floured board and fold over and pat out 8 or 10 times to fold air into the dough. Handle lightly. Press out about $\frac{1}{4}$ an inch thick and cut into squares with a knife. Glaze with melted shortening and bake in a very hot oven about 12 minutes. Serve hot or cold with butter (or whipped cream) and serve plenty of luscious jam.



WHY JAM IS GOOD FOR YOU

The jam which satisfies your natural, wholesome desire for something sweet is a luscious combination of Nature's two chief sweet-meats—ripe fruit and pure cane sugar. Sugar is the world's most concentrated energy food. Fresh fruit from which all jam is prepared is a rich source of Vitamins A, B1, B2 and C, as well as the vital minerals—calcium, phosphorus and iron.



Pattern for beginners

F3366—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make tailored jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3395—Bare-shouldered sunrock and matching stole. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445, Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 460, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



F3396—Button-up coat dress styled with a cool oval neckline, and short sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F3397—Tailored one-piece designed for a city's summer climate. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F3397

F3398—Smart sleeveless blouse and tailored shorts. Sizes blouse 32in. to 38in. bust, shorts 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for shorts, and 1½yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price complete, 3/6.

F3399—Three-piece lace-trimmed lingerie set for the spring bride. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, plus 8yds. 3in. lace and 3yds. 1½in. lace. Price 4/6.

F3399



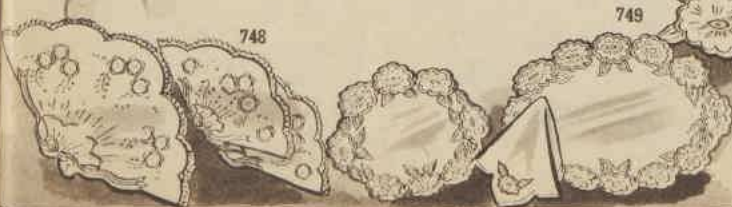
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 747—SMALL GIRL'S SUN PINAFORE
Pretty little summer pinafore is obtainable, cut out ready to make, with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is a good-wearing, candy-striped British cotton cambric. The color choice includes blue, red, lemon, green, and pink stripes, all printed on a white ground. Lengths: 18in. for 2 years, 8/11, postage and registration 1/2 extra; 19in. for 3 years, 9/6, postage and registration 1/2 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 10/6, postage and registration 1/2 extra; 21in. for 5-6 years, 11/3, postage and registration 1/2 extra.

No. 748—FAN DUCHESSE SET
Duchesse set with an unusual fan design is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen; sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green; and Swiss organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size, centre mat, 11in. x 17in., and smaller mats 4in. x 6in. Price, in linen, 7/11, postage 6d. extra; in organdie, 5/11, postage 6d. extra.

No. 749—FLOWER LUNCHEON SET
The set, specially designed for a bride's glory box, is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in a pretty floral design. Stem-stitch, buttonhole, and French-knots are used for the embroidery. The material and color choice includes pure Irish linen in white and cream, and a good quality lawn in white, sky-blue, pale pink, mint-green, and lemon. Size, centre mat, 11in. x 17in., plate mats, 11in. x 10in., cup-and-saucer mats, 5in. x 5in., and table napkins, 11in. x 11in. Nine-piece set in linen, comprising 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/11; the same set in lawn, 14/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Thirteen-piece set in linen, comprising 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 21/6; the same set in lawn, 18/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra. Table napkins to match in linen, 1/6 each; in lawn, 10d. Postage and registration 4d. extra.

NOTE—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



Hear the Lux girls sing this ditty
Hands and undies all so pretty...



Lux
is so safe

The charm of pure silk... real lace... handsewn seams. Exquisite undies—but no lovelier than the lady's heavenly hands! Only Lux is good enough for trousseau treasures. For Lux whisks out perspiration before it can do harm... keeps undies posy-sweet... freesia-fresh! Best of all, Lux keeps undies new looking three times longer. It's true... tests prove it.

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Battle, captivity, five escapes and recaptures, torture endured with superhuman courage and integrity—these are the highlights of this dramatic story.

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Page 77



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BABY POWDER**

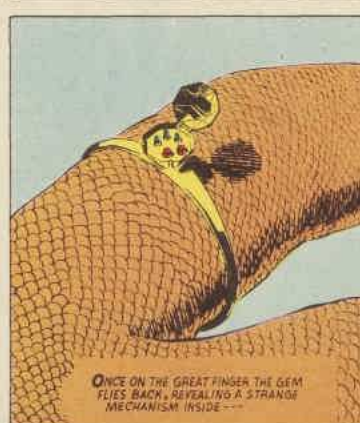
Best for Baby—Best for You!

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Flee for their lives from pursuing natives and escape into a mist-filled valley. There they dis-

cover giant statues partly hidden in the mist. The angry natives set fire to the grass at the edge of the valley, but the three manage to beat it out. Then, suddenly, a giant hand reaches down and plucks Narda into the air. **NOW READ ON:**



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KEEP YOUR LIPSTICK ON YOUR MOUTH. APPLY AS USUAL - BLOT HARD ON ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUE - POWDER YOUR LIPS LIGHTLY. (KLEENEX FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP, TOO.)



EYES RIGHT! SORE, STRAINED EYES? SOAK TWO SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES IN LOTION, OR MILK. SQUEEZE OUT, PLACE OVER YOUR EYES, RELAX FOR 15 MINUTES. THEN WATCH THEM SPARKLE!

NOW SOLD EVERYWHERE IN 3 SIZES. 1' 2' 3'



TEENA *little teeny*

GEE WHIZ, MISS JONES, I WISH I COULD GO TO ANOTHER SCHOOL... THIS SCHOOL IS SO - OH - I DON'T KNOW... SO DULL AND UNINTERESTING.

OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.

WE HAVE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, HERE, MARVELOUS ATHLETIC FACILITIES, OUTSTANDING INSTRUCTORS, AND AN EXCELLENT SCHOLASTIC RATING.

BUT NO ONE FROM HERE EVER GETS TO BE ANYBODY.



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BUT WHAT MOVIE ACTOR?! NAME ONE!



Fashion FROCKS

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"GAIL": A pretty trousseau nightgown designed with a flattering midriff section and lace trim. The material is a lovely slipper satin in white, pink, blue, and magnolia.

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"GAYNOR": Graceful button-up dressing-gown matched to the nightgown and featuring the same lace trim. The material is slipper satin in white, pink, blue, and magnolia.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £8/12/11; 36in. and 38in. bust £8/14/6. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

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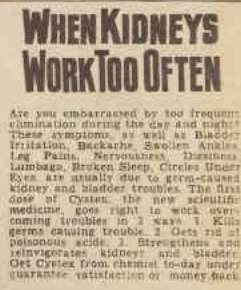
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